PAGES FOR YOUNG SOCIALISTS

BY F. J. GOULD:
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WALTER CRANE

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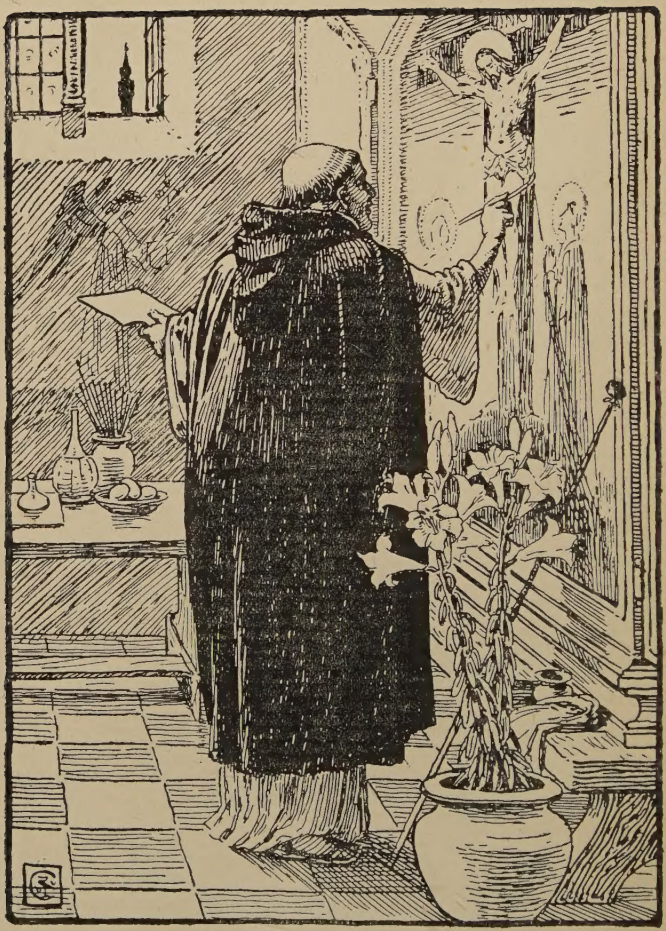

Fra Angelico at work

PAGES FOR YOUNG SOCIALISTS

By
F. J. GOULD
(Author of "Brave Citizens," etc.)

With Prefaces by H. M. HYNDMAN and J. KEIR HARDIE, and Illustrations by WALTER CRANE.

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FOREWORD.

I.

What are the chief reasons why, after just a full generation of steady preaching of Socialism in Great Britain, the progress made here compares so unfavourably with what has been achieved within the same period in Germany, in France, in Denmark, Belgium, and America? How has it come about that there is still no Socialist Party in the House of Commons?

Unquestionably, because the whole of our national education is deplorable; because we have been unable to get at the women; because the old ideas of anarchic individualism, devil-take-the-hindmost, and belief that competition brings out the highest qualities of mankind still hold their ground; and because, above all, besides the wretched teaching of the common schools, which is bad enough, the children are improperly taught at home, which is much worse. Simple scientific knowledge and democratic co-operation do not exist for the mass of our people.

Attempts have been made in many directions to lessen this ignorance and to correct this faulty instruction. But not, hitherto, on a sufficiently large scale.

It sounds paradoxical to say so, but Frederick the Great was the patron of German Social Democracy. Establishing, generations ago, compulsory, gratuitous education for the whole population of Prussia, he has enabled the German working class to organise themselves in the admirable manner which we see to-day. If poor, narrow-minded, and pedantic W. E. Forster had had in 1871 even a little of the great Prussian King's foresight and determination, Great Britain would have been a well-educated country to-day. As it is, our economic development is a long way ahead of our national intelligence, and the workers are not sufficiently instructed to be able to estimate the depths of their own ignorance.

The governing classes of our island, that is to say, have deliberately kept the people ignorant, in order to maintain them in subjection. Their hatred of Socialist Sunday Schools is only an exaggeration of their dislike for all good schools. They are doing their utmost to thwart them and to crush them out. This is quite natural, and is the best possible testimony to the usefulness of such Socialist Sunday Schools.

Mr. F. J. Gould has done a great deal in this volume to help on their development, to make them more useful still, and to bring before children, young people, and even adults, in an attractive, easily-understood form, those bed-rock truths of Socialist Science, Ethics, and Religion, which are destined to transform human life from an anarchical struggle for existence into an organised co-operation for existence.

Story after story does he tell of how men and women, under chattel-slavery, serfdom, and wage-slavery, have displayed splendid traits of personal nobility and self-sacrifice, in spite of the horrible conditions of society by which they were surrounded. He shows, too, in a most telling way the difference between riches, piled up for the ostentation, gluttony, and aggrandisement of the few, and wealth, used for the enjoyment and uplifting of the many. Never were the methods of private and public robbery of the mass of the people—known as monopoly, rent, interest, profit, and taxation—more clearly explained or more brilliantly illustrated.

Each chapter, or essay, stands by itself. Beginning with a tale, or an illustration, drawn from the annals and the classics of all peoples, Mr. Gould leads up, in a manner which all can easily understand and appreciate, to the great truths of the present he wishes to impress upon the mind, and the beauties of the future which he endeavours to bring before the imagination.

It is a most valuable work, because it teaches social morality without dogma and inculcates brotherhood without cant. No youth of either sex can read these pleasant pages without desiring to raise himself for the sake of others, and to raise others for the sake of himself. Economics, the making and distributing of good things by human effort, are shown, without hard words, or harder sense, to be the basis of all human society; but love, sympathy, combination, the higher human qualities, are held up as necessary for real happiness even during the worst periods of the

martyrdom of man to private property and class domination.

In short, Mr. Gould has done admirably a work that needed doing, and one which perhaps no one but himself would have thought of accomplishing in this way. I have myself enjoyed reading the book very much: the more so perhaps that it puts charmingly views of life which the dust and turmoil of a fighting career have somewhat obscured for me.

H. M. Hyndman.

II.

Mr. F. J. Gould is putting our entire movement under obligation to him by this book. I think it was primarily intended for the use of Socialist Sunday Schools, the teachers of which often find great difficulty in framing suitable lessons for their eager and intelligent young scholars. To them this volume will be simply invaluable, and its usefulness is in no way limited to teachers. The oldest and wisest propagandist of the Socialist movement will find herein much that will be of great use in making his message plain.

Mr. Gould has ransacked books of history, biography, mythology, fairy lore, and the records of travel in many lands, ancient and modern, for his material. He first of all tells his story, with a clearness and simplicity of style which is charming, and then he proceeds to point the moral to our Socialist cause. The effects are very happy indeed.

In addition to teachers and speakers, parents will find this a useful addition to their library. In the winter nights it is often difficult to know just what to do to keep the children interested, and this volume will not only provide entertaining reading, but also

good, sound Socialist teaching, given in such a way that the young folks will imbibe it as freely as they do candy sugar. It is the only way in which really useful education can ever be given.

In adding this little foreword of appreciation, I thank Mr. Gould for his untiring labours on behalf of the children, whom he wisely regards as the raw material out of which the next generation has to be fashioned.

J. KEIR HARDIE.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

As regards the general purpose of this book, two points should be noted:—

(1) It appeals to the personal and civic conscience, the sentiment of duty and responsibility, and the joy of practical energy and co-operation.

(2) It represents Socialism, not as a programme of "Social Reform," but as a definite march towards the abolition of the wages-system, rent, interest, and profit-making out of the necessities of the people.

My cordial thanks are due to Messrs. H. M. Hyndman and Keir Hardie for their introductory words, and to Mr. Walter Crane for his beautiful drawings.

F. J. GOULD.

Woodfield Avenue,
Ealing, London, W.
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BY

WALTER CRANE.

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Pages for Young Socialists.

I.

THE BEATING HEART.

You may sit ever so still, and shut your eyes, and look like a statue, but your heart goes beat, beat, beat—pulse, pulse, pulse!

The small babe, new to the world, new to the light, new to its own mother and father, seems so weak that you might say it can do nothing. But it breathes in, and breathes out. It cries—for that is its language:—

"With no language but a cry,"

says Tennyson. It swings its arms, legs, head, this way and that way. Its eyes turn from side to side. And in the centre of the baby-life beats the heart—pulse, pulse, pulse!

In fever the little heart beats too fast. In other illnesses, the little heart beats too slowly. But, you see, if it is well, its heart loves to work, and then the arms work, the legs work, the head works, the eyes work, the skin works, the whole baby works.

Life is WORK; life is force; life is energy.

As baby grows it works in a way that we call PLAY. If a ball is hung over its cradle, it feels a joy in knocking it to and fro, and in making the ball work. It is proud to feel that it can set something else going. Baby is as glad to make the ball move and dance as a captain or a general to command a troop of soldiers. Or it sounds a rattle, and is very proud to know it has

power to make such a noise—just as proud as the master of the orchestra at the theatre, who has power to draw music out of so many drums, flutes, oboes, violins, double basses, clarionets, cornets, and triangles.

Baby grows into a bigger boy or girl; and still the child works—romping, springing, skipping, breaking, building, hiding, seeking, bathing, resting, fishing, dancing, cricketing, hockeying, mischief-making! For to be sure, there is work in mischief-making. There is a good deal of work in climbing over an orchard gate, climbing up a pear tree, gathering fruit, climbing down so as to keep clear of a broken neck, and running at a pace swift enough to get out of the owner's reach. Though if I say this, I can say it without your supposing that I advise the robbing of orchards. All I say is that it means work.

Mother works. Perhaps when she had her bridal dress on at her wedding, and her veil hung prettily before her face, she might not have looked as if she were ready for a long life's hard work. But her heart beat in love for her husband, and she works for him, and she works for her children. The sun in early morn peeps in at the mother's hands that toil; and when he has done his long course over the sky, and bids good evening to the silver stars, his last peep tells him again that mother is at work.

Father works. The work of the fathers is heard and seen all over the earth from dawn to dusk, and after dusk—felling timber, digging coal, fishing in the seas by night, tending sheep and cattle, tilling fields, thrashing corn, building houses, levelling roads, laying railways, driving engines, managing ships, making gas, guiding machines. And the old earth feels the tread of the fathers' feet, and yields to their strong hands. The earth is mighty, but lusty is the beat of the workers' hearts.

They are all—the women and the men—children of the fatherland, citizens who serve their city and

country. And other citizens are the policeman, the sailor in the man-o'-war, the soldier, the councillor, the mayor, the Member of Parliament, the Minister in the Cabinet, the King, or the President.

The baby's heart beats and works.

The citizen's heart beats and works.

The heart of humanity—of mankind—beats and works.

Who would care to come into a world of workers such as this and do naught? Few there be that choose idleness. Very few indeed are idle, if you look at the whole of the folk on this old earth. It is our DUTY TO WORK.

What shall we think then if men walk the streets and carry a white flag on which in black letters are writ the words:—"RIGHT TO WORK"?

And what shall we think if proud and hard people say, "we cannot find work for all"?

To speak so is a sin. Each of us has a right to work, since it is our duty to work. That is why the Socialist claims "Work for All."

But what is work?

Simla is a place on the hills in the North of India. If you stand on a high point near Simla (so I have read in a book by Sir Frederick Treves), you may see a road that runs in and out along the hill-sides for miles. It is a narrow road, just broad enough for men, for donkeys, mules, goats; not for carts. Sir Frederick tells how he watched men carry heavy planks to Simla along this narrow path. They were men hired by masters from the snow-hills of the North; strong, sturdy men; patient, very patient men; ill-clad, and bending under their loads; their skins darkened by wind, sun, and weather. They carried cooking pots, sticks for firewood, gourds to hold water, sheepskins to cover them in the frosty nights. All their things were strapped to the beams they bore. Each carried two or three thick planks, 12 or 14 feet long. Their black hair was white with dust, and the sweat of their

The Labour of the Coolies

faces mixed the dust into pads of clay on their skins. Timber was wanted at Simla. These men wanted a few pence to buy food for themselves and their families. From sunrise to sunset they walked, one by one, fifty in a line; hour by hour as beasts might plod and tramp; hour after hour, hoping the day might end and the light of the stars bring rest.

This was the march to Simla in India; and like to it is the march of millions of women and men each day in all lands, not indeed in bearing planks, but in the doing of countless kinds of work.

When Socialists say, "Right to Work—Duty to Work," they do not mean such toil as this.

They mean happy work: work that is not too long (shall we say eight hours a day, or less?), and work that one may sing at.

How hard mothers work, but when love flutters in their breasts, and dances in their hearts, they sing. That is mother-music.

The negro porters in the town of Rio de Janeiro, in South America, carried pianos and other heavy loads along the streets, and, as they went about their work, they rattled musical rattles and shook them in double-quick time, and sang a melody and chorus as they hurried on their way.

The city council thought the noise a nuisance. They made a law. Streets must be quiet, negroes must not rattle and sing.

What happened? The negroes could not carry so well, their hearts were not so light; work was now toil.

So the wise men of Rio changed the law, and the rattles rattled, and the songs were sung, and the loads did not seem so heavy, and toil was work that did not crush so hard!

So we want all work to go to music. Now do not think I mean always music from a rattle, or a pipe, or an organ, or even a voice. The dentist need not sing as he draws our teeth! Nor the young lady as she sells

us stamps! But nobody should have to do daily work at which he or she cannot often enjoy music in the heart.

Duty to work; right to work; happiness in work; just pay for work.

Well, I have heard of a man whose tears fell at his work.

Was that happiness?

Listen! It was a famous painter of Florence, in Italy, his name was Fra Angelico. He put lovely pictures on the walls of churches and convents. Once he painted a figure of Christ on the Cross—a crucifix. He did not paint it as a man of the snow-hills would carry a beam to Simla. His heart worked willingly—pulse, pulse, pulse. His heart was hurt at the thought of suffering on the Cross—of suffering anywhere.

He painted and painted, and his tears fell as he worked.

Ah! but he was happy in his labour.*

* See the picture of Fra Angelico in the frontispiece.

II.

HE WOULD SING SOLO.

With quick step, at the rate of four miles an hour, the Rev. Thomas Boggis, ninety years old, paced along the streets of the Devonshire town of Tavistock. This breezy, white-headed priest was known to all eyes, for he had dwelt in that place for forty years; and in Tavistock he died at the opening of 1911. For many years he had had charge of the church at the neighbouring village of Sampson Spiney. When he first took up his duties there, he found the church much decayed; only one of the rusty bells would ring; there was no organ or harmonium; and instead of a choir to sing the hymns, or chant the responses, no voice was heard but that of the parish clerk; or, as the report in the *Church Times* says:—

> **The sole provision for music was the Parish Clerk, who always sang solo, and would brook no rivalry or co-operation.**

So that the passers-by on the Devonshire moorland would hear, not the pleasant tones—treble, alto, tenor, bass—of the men, women, and children, but the shout of one man, who thought he was musical enough for the village of Sampson Spiney. In time Mr. Boggis altered all that. He repaired the broken building; he had the bells put in order, so that they poured their sweet chime over the hill and vale; he put in a harmonium; and he gathered together a choir, which sang in happy company, and the shout of the solo was heard no more. The parish clerk was an egoist; that

is, a man who put himself first and other people nowhere. He sang for his private enterprise and glory. Whether Mr. Boggis was a Socialist I know not, but, in any case, he acted as Socialists would have wished him to; he put down the private choir of one man, and formed the public choir, in which voices could join together, and joyfully co-operate.

Joyful co-operation: that is the grand aim.

In 1845-8 war waged in New Zealand between the white men and the brown Maoris, whose faces were tattooed. From behind strong palisades the Maoris shot at the British: many were slain, and much was the sorrow on both sides. The governor at that time was a man of noble spirit, Captain (afterwards Sir) George Grey. When the war was over, he tried to put an end also to the angry feeling between the Maoris and the whites. How could he do that better than by teaching them to labour together? New Zealand was a much rougher land that it is to-day, and roads over stony places were badly needed. Governor Grey set the natives and white soldiers to work on road-making near the towns of Auckland and Wellington. Each Maori had 2s. 6d. a day for his toil. Under the southern sun, and refreshed by the breezes from the great ocean, Maoris and whites laboured together as brethren of one society. The old chief, Rangi-haeta, had fought like a demon against the English. Now he was a path-builder, and he and his people made wheelbarrows for carrying earth, sheds to shelter the workers, and the road that he made was 22 miles long. In such blessed co-operation may all race-wars and class-wars be forgotten. Sad, indeed, is the class-war to-day, and the signs of the war are strikes, lock-outs, quarrels, angry murmurs, sweating, low wages, slums, and workhouses, from whose windows the dull, sad eyes of poverty gaze upon the free sky and the wide earth. Co-operation alone can close this grievous scene. Not the co-operation of the profit-sharing gas companies, where a few workers share in

the profits that are made out of the public. Not the co-operation of garden suburbs, where a few people join together in the comfort of nice houses amid trees and flowers, while their neighbours may be dwelling in miserable dens. But the co-operation which puts an end to all profit-making and interest and dividend, and even to what we now call wages.

Then shall all the land, and not just a suburb here and there, be a garden of co-operators.

A few years ago, in that region of the Transvaal which has given so dreadful a page of war to history, some friends agreed to hold a garden party; and this was the fair mode of it. The place where the feast was held was a plot of earth where stones were many, and weeds grew thick, and there was no beauty that any eye could see. To this rough and wild spot each guest brought plants and seeds, and each brought garden tools, and each came with pure heart and willing hands. While the sun climbed the sky at morn they dug, they sowed, they planted. In song and chat and mirth they did the happy work, and they ate and drank in peace. At eve, as the stars adorned the dusky heaven, the garden was done, and where once had been thorns and pebbles and waste, were now shrubs, and flowers, and paths for the feet of comrades, and a bower for the meeting of friends. Not the work of one worker was this garden, but of many. Not one voice made the music: but a choir.*

* The garden illustration is adapted from Janet E. Stuart's *Education of Catholic Girls*, p. 126.

III.

CUNNING AND CONSCIENCE.

"WHATEVER is the matter?" cried the ten-clawed crabs.

"Oh, oh, oh!" yelled the fox. "The other foxes have driven me out of the wood, because I took your part, dear crabs."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, they wanted to eat you all up, and I said it was a shame."

The crabs looked upon the fox as a very good friend. They felt they could not do without him. He seemed so kind. He danced a jig, and told them funny fox tales. He certainly belonged to their class, and wanted to serve them.

So when the moon came out, and he said it would be nice to go for a walk, they all agreed, and the troop marched, fox first, and the ten-clawed crabs in a crawling band.

When they halted at a dark wood out rushed a host of foxes, who ate the crabs up, every one!

When the feast was over, there was much laughter at the smart business-like habits of the dancing fox.

"How well you know how to *exploit* crabs!" they said.

The business-like fox winked his eye.*

Such is cunning. If you admire the cunning fox; if you wish to make a profit out of the weakness of

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* From *Indian Fables*, by Ramaswami Raju.

other people; if you think it a smart business-like act to exploit your fellow-men, you will only be doing what thousands and thousands of persons do to-day. They think that cunning is the right road to wealth.

A valley in the Black Forest of Germany is called the Murgthal, and on its granite rocks leap beautiful cascades of waters. Many years ago a dispute arose between the Countess of Eberstein and the Count of Würtemburg as to who was owner of a certain part of this district.

One day they met in the Murgthal to settle the dispute.

"I swear," the Countess said, "and I call heaven to witness, that the soil I stand on belongs to me."

So solemn was her oath that the Count believed her, and he gave up his claim, and she enjoyed many a hunt in the Murgthal valley.

But she had gained her end by a falsehood! From her estate she had brought with her a load of earth, and on this (her very own) soil she stood when she took the oath.

This was cunning, but of a different sort from the fox's. He told a lie and only laughed at his deceit. The Countess told a lie, but tried to pretend to herself that it was not a lie. Cunning as she was, she had some little conscience, and she hoped to keep her conscience quiet by making out that she really did stand on her own earth.

Many business men get as far as the Countess. Though they exploit the workers, they feel somewhat uneasy. They try to quiet their conscience by saying—

"Surely I have a right to do what I like with my own money? Surely I have the right to use the cleverness of my brain for my own profit? Surely I stand on my own earth?"

It is a good thing that they are uneasy. It is a first step towards the good conscience which hates to take advantage of a fellow-creature.

A Persian King had a very dreadful disease, and his physicians said—

"You can only be cured by the gall from the liver of such-and-such a boy."

The King's messengers searched the land, and found a youth of this sort, and by great gifts to the parents managed to persuade them to part with their son. A learned judge declared that, in order to save a royal life, it was quite a right thing to sacrifice a boy.

The executioner drew his sword.

The boy looked up as he knelt, and smiled.

"Why do you smile?" asked the King in surprise.

"Parents," the youth replied, "usually protect their children. Judges usually give just judgment. Kings usually act in mercy, but not so in my case."

Tears sprang to the King's eyes as he heard the lad's touching answer.

"I would sooner die than win life by another's blood," he said.

Loading the youth with gifts, he sent him back to his parents. The story adds that in a week he recovered from his great sickness. Whether that was so or not, the tale of the Persian King shows how conscience had here taken a further step. Just for a while the King persuaded himself it was a proper thing to take the youth's life. But his heart was moved by the victim's looks and words. He saw the hatefulness of what he was about to do. He had been willing to exploit a fellow-creature for his own profit. Now he shuddered at the thought. He would sooner suffer pain than inflict it.

There is yet another step.

In the year 1901, at the little town of Lucelle, in the Swiss mountain region known as the Jura, the streets were gay one morning with holiday folk.

A sudden cry of alarm was raised!

A strange dog, with bristling hair and gaping jaws, rushed into the town, and snapped at the people right

and left. One poor woman was severely bitten. People fled in wild haste, leaving a little four-year-old girl alone in the centre of the road. The dog sprang towards the child.

The Mayor of Lucelle, named M. Schwartz, dashed forward, and held the mad creature back. The Mayor's son ran to his father's aid, and thrust his forearm into the dog's throat.

A policeman arrived. With a blow of his sabre he killed the dog, and the two men shook themselves free, none the worse except for a few scratches and torn clothes. The woman was hurried off by train to Paris, in order to be attended to at the famous Pasteur Institute.

Let us look back upon our four stories.

The fox was cunning. He was proud of his cunning. He was proud of his ability in exploiting his fellow-creatures, and we despise him, in spite of his smartness.

The Countess of Eberstein was cunning. She deceived the Count of Würtemberg. She gained her object, and tried to make herself believe she had not told a lie. Her conscience was partly alive, for she stood upon the load of earth from her estate in order to appear truthful. She did somehow think truth was a worthy thing.

The Persian King was at first so anxious to regain his health (and we will not blame him for that) that he was prepared to exploit the life of the poor youth. Then his conscience did a good work. It smote him. He dared not go further. He even showed his sorrow for having caused the youth so much distress.

You will, I am sure, agree that the Mayor of Lucelle was noble. The very moment he saw the child in danger he hastened to its help. There was no cunning idea of doing something for himself. He did not pretend. He did not first run away, and then go back. His heart leaped in the desire to protect the weak, and the next moment he had grasped the dog in his strong

hands. That was his nature; that was his human nature.

People often say, "Human nature is not good enough for Socialism. Men are cunning. Men think first of themselves."

It is true. But something else is also true. Conscience works in the souls of men. Conscience makes some pretend they are doing right, and yet they feel uneasy. It makes others go towards wrong and then repent. It makes others hurry to the assistance of their brethren.

Socialists believe in this Good Conscience.

IV.

THE COW.

It is five o'clock in the morning. The day is only just beginning for the people of India. All on this great land—from the white peaks of the snowy Himalaya mountains to the forests of the Dekkan and the lovely island of Ceylon in the Indian Sea—the folk are stirring to greet the sun, to say the prayers of the dawn, to work in house and field.

Come with me to this hut in the village. At one end of it is a room where lives the cow—a smooth-skinned, gentle-eyed creature that has a big hump on her neck. She gives milk. Her mate the bullock draws the plough, the yoke of wood being fastened to the hump.

Who is this that enters? A little brown-faced, brown-footed Hindu girl. She comes into the cow's room as if it were the room of a mother, a friend.

She has brought many flowers with her. Some of these she weaves into garlands, and she hangs the garlands on the cow's neck. Then she sits on a stool before the animal, which is so much bigger than herself, and she looks at it in respect and tenderness. At times she drops a flower before the cow's feet. At times she offers her some dainty morsel—such as cows love—to eat. At times the child murmurs texts which her parents have taught her to repeat—texts which speak of the help given by the cow to mankind, and of the friendship that exists between mankind and their four-footed milk-giver.

The cow feels at home with the child. She will let the Hindu girl touch her, lead her, and milk her.

You see, the Hindus do not treat the cow as an animal who will give them precious food while they do nothing but give it food and shelter in return. They are grateful to the cow. They love it. They believe that the cow will only give her milk richly and well if she has a friendly feeling towards the milker. The cow is a worker, a servant, a friend, a member of the family.

And so, as the girl grows up, she learns to milk with an easy turn of the hand; she does it in a way that pleases the cow; and when the time comes for the girl to be married, her friends will say:

"Her husband is fortunate; his wife has a lucky hand with the cow."

And if a new cow is brought to the Hindu home, there is a day of joy. The folk greet her at the door as if welcoming a guest; and they place flowers on her neck, and lead her to a room which may not be very grand, but which is as good as any in the house.

The Hindus have a saying: "Milk is the only food that is the product of love."

Wheat, potatoes, and other foods are grown in the soil, or are taken from the bodies of animals in the sea or the air or the field. But milk is the food which the mother's love gives to the child. Therefore the Hindus count it as a very precious thing, and a thing to be held in reverence. Their three favourite foods are milk, honey, and fruit, though many a poor peasant does not get much of these sweet and pleasant nourishments.

The very cow dung which we folk of the West think a nuisance to the ground we tread on is regarded as a thing worth keeping and using. When dried it is used for fuel, and for spreading over the mud floor of the village hut, so as to make it proof against damp. And on no account would a Hindu eat of the cow's flesh.*

Let us look round the world and see if we are always,

* Margaret E. Noble's *Web of Indian Life*, chapter V.

all of us, grateful to the animals—or the men and women—who yield wealth.

Are all horses kindly treated? Are all old horses taken good care of? Do we treat cattle in the best possible way when we carry them across the sea in cattle-ships? Are fowls, cage-birds, asses, goats, and other animals of household or farm or street traffic properly tended? You can look at the two-footed and four-footed creatures yourselves and answer the questions I have asked.

If we ought to thank the milk-giver, ought we not also to thank the givers and workers who make clothes, boots, furniture, houses, lamps, roads, trains, ships; and who grow tea, coffee, palm trees, cocoanut trees, indiarubber, cotton, fruit of countless kinds, rice, oats, millet, barley, wheat? Millions and millions and millions of workers are labouring at this moment—at all moments—in all lands where man lives, in producing the things without which we should all perish and melt away as snow before the rays of the sun. And do we go to the workers as friendly and brotherly and gratefully as the Hindu child goes to hang the garland on the neck of the milk-giver?

I have asked many questions, but I have not yet answered as to the way we treat the human workers.

My first answer will be a story from an old Persian writer.

In the Middle Ages there was in Arabia a King who had a desire to build two splendid castles that should give him a name and fame. But of course he could not build them himself, nor could he draw the plans of them on paper.

He heard of an architect whose name was Samnar, and who lived in a distant land, and was renowned far and wide for his skill. He sent for him, promising him large rewards. Samnar came, and began his task, and before long he had erected two castles—one called Sadir, with three domes; the other called Havarnak, containing a most spacious dining-hall. The Sadir

castle was white, and reflected the colours of the day, so that it was blue at dawn—

> **So here hath been dawning**
> **Another blue day—**

and white at noon, and yellow at the going down of the sun. The King was delighted, and he gave fine dresses and much gold, silver, and precious stones to Samnar.

"Well," said Samnar, when he saw the King's gifts, "had I known the King would have treated me so well I would have made him a castle that was yet more wonderful—a castle that turned round with the movement of the sun each day from morn to night!"

The words were reported to the King. He was afraid lest Samnar might really do such a thing, and then his own house of Havarnak would not be the most famous place in Arabia.

What was to be done? He must not lose his glory.

The King thought of a plan. He ordered the architect Samnar to be taken to the top of Havarnak and thrown over the wall.

Samnar lay dead, and Havarnak was the grandest mansion he would ever build.

Thus the King had no grateful thought for the worker. He cared only for his own pride and glory; and he was willing to throw away the cleverness, the genius of Samnar for ever.

I am quite sure you will feel that the King was selfish, unjust, and brutal. I am quite sure you will be sorry for Samnar.

And you know that though men are not thrown from towers, yet multitudes of workers are treated selfishly by those who employ them.

The wage-earners often work in dull and unhealthy rooms. They handle things that poison their blood. They eat poor food, wear wretched clothes, dwell in bad houses, and toil for long, long hours. It is almost as cruel as if they were flung from the tower.

What does the Socialist want?

Does he want that men should be idle? Not at all; any more than the Hindu girl wants the cow to feed in the pasture and yield no milk.

If it is a right and beautiful thing to put garlands on the neck of the Hindu cow, it is right and beautiful to thank all workers—ALL—for their labour.

How shall we thank them?

These shall be the thanks:—

(1) Kindness of word and act.
(2) Wholesome food.
(3) Comfortable clothes.
(4) Houses with enough rooms for all the family, including adopted children. (All fatherless and motherless bairns should be adopted into other families, and none except the blind, deaf and dumb, etc., put into "institutions.")
(5) Bath to every house.
(6) Garden to every house.
(7) Spare hours for reading, singing, gardening, sport, and happy social meetings.
(8) Work for all, so that each may do his duty to the Commonwealth.
(9) Rest and kind nurture in old age.

A garland for the neck of the animal friend. And honour to every worker for Humanity.

V.

THE LANTERNS.

The road was full of dangerous holes, and as the night was dark one had to be careful.

Lanterns flashed lights along the streets of Teheran, the chief town in Persia. Gentlemen were going out to dine, and, instead of driving in carriages, they chose to walk.

The lanterns carried by their servants were made of waxed muslin, the tops and bottoms being metal, and the light was given by candles. They were slung over the servants' arms.

Now Lady Durand (who tells the anecdote in her book, *An Autumn Tour in Western Persia*) says the lanterns were not all the same size. A person of high rank had a lantern borne in front as big as a soldier's drum. Indeed, he had two lanterns, like two full moons, casting a glow on his path. A man of less rank had a smaller lantern; and the humblest men invited out to dine would take a lantern the size of a concertina.

Thus the Persians divided themselves into *classes*.

If you had given a small lantern to a man of high rank he would have been offended. He knew his high class. He was *conscious* of his class. He was *class-conscious*. He would have said—"I was not born for a small lantern."

And, no doubt, if you had given a big-drum lantern to a man of mean rank he would have said—"Excuse me, I have no right to such a big one."

He also would be conscious of his class.

But the road was the same for all! If the lower

class man stepped into a dangerous rut, his ankle would be sprained as easily as the higher class man's ankle. High, lower, and low were all human. But they were parted into classes.

I have supposed that the lower-class man would say—"Excuse me, I have no right to such a big one." And all over the world, we nearly always notice that the quite low-rank people seem to think it is just that there should be classes: some living in beautiful houses, some in dirty hovels; some idle, some toiling from morn till night; some clad in purple and fine linen, some in shoddy, or second-hand, or ragged clothes. The classes have, as we may say, lanterns of different sizes, and while the upper class are conscious of their rank and place, and claim their rights, the lower classes are not conscious of their class. That is to say, they do not rise up and cry out for a change.

But some do. The Socialists do.

Shall we hold a review? Shall you and I sit on the Grand Stand and watch the classes march by? Shall we call them up as fairies call up wonders by a wave of the wand? Shall we see ghosts of the past ages as well as folk of to-day?

Look!

A group of KINGS. Sparkling stones adorn their crowns. Robes of silk or velvet or costly fur clothe their limbs. They carry shining sceptres, or golden globes topped with crosses. One of the throng is Alexander, conqueror of Persia and Babylon. Another is Louis XIV. of France—he who was so conscious of his power in the State (the country) of France that he said, "I am myself the State." *

The group of the BEST. At least, they call themselves so. They are ARISTOCRATS, and this Greek word means the Best. They can name their fathers, grandfathers, great grandfathers, and so on, far back in a long line of families, all the Best!—all of good birth, as they say. You see the group of Roman

* "*L'état, c'est moi.*"

aristocrats, wearing white cloaks, or togas. They call themselves *Patricians*. And here come the men of title—dukes, earls, lords, barons, marquises, and the rest. As the vision rolls slowly by we see in the background the homes of these so-called Best ones: fair villas amid gardens of the sea; castles on rocky hill-tops; many-windowed mansions overlooking parks and lakes.

A loud voice tells of a fresh group coming. The voice shouts—

"Take my word on it; if you have a penny, you're worth a penny; you're valued for what you have."

The speaker is a bald-pated old fellow, in a red-coloured tunic. His name is Trimalchio, and we shall perhaps meet him another day.* He and his friends sit in a chariot that carries piles of gold coins. The feet of these Plutocrats are dipped in a bath of gold. In this way and that way they have gained money ("made their fortune," as folks say), and you see how a crowd of shabby people follow after the car, ready to do the bidding of the riders. For these riders in the car are not men of "gentle birth"; they are not aristocrats; but they have houses and lands like the so-called Best, and they rule, not by right of family, but of wealth. Therefore are they named Plutocrats, or Wealth-rulers. They are not valued for noble words and noble deeds. As Trimalchio in the red tunic says—"You are valued for what you *have*."

The upper classes have marched past.

Tramp! Tramp!

Who comes now? Who are these clean-faced, respectable, well-fed, well-dressed people that walk in a polite and well-behaved manner, talking in quiet, careful voices, and lifting their eyes at times with much pleasure towards the so-called Best, and looking with pity and tight lips at the ragged beggars by the way-

* The allusion is to the wealthy snob, Trimalchio, described in the Latin satire by Petronius. See Chapter VIII., entitled "Red Tunic."

side? They are the Middle Class—the folk of the villas, golf courses, and long holidays. We call them by the French word *bourgeois*. They write, they reckon, they draw, they argue, they trade, they preach; they are writers, accountants, architects, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, clergy; and some are soldiers and sailors—captains, lieutenants, and other kinds of officers.

They have gone, and for a few moments there is silence. The next that come must not press too close upon the heels of the Upper and Middle Classes.

There is a sound of millions of feet. Dust rises as if at the approach of a vast army. Yes, indeed, the army is the largest on earth, for it is the host of the Workers, the Common People:—

> What is this the sound and rumour?
> What is this that all men hear?
> Like the wind in hollow valleys,
> When the storm is drawing near:
> Like the rolling on of ocean
> In the eventide of fear?
> 'Tis the people marching on!
> —*William Morris.*

From cottages and huts they come; from courts, alleys, and back streets; from fishing-smacks and merchant ships and men-o'-war; from camps and barracks; from mines and quarries and pits; from shops and warehouses, and factories, and mills, and docks, and canals, and railways, and gasworks, and fields, and forests, and prairies; and from dark underground drains. Millions and millions and millions. The women's hands are hard with toil, and there is an eager, worn look in their faces, as if they searched for a little money, a little bread, a little comfort, and could not easily find it. And the women say to the children—

"You may play a while, but not for long; for soon you must answer the labour-bell, the labour-whistle, and go to wage-earning."

The old Romans called this mass the Plebs, or Plebeians. Socialists call them the Proletariat.

It is the greatest of all the classes. And these poor people often think that their fathers before them were poor, and they also must be poor; and they often think it is good that there should be idle rich, and Plutocrats, and a Middle Class; and so they do not seek to change the way of the world. They are not *conscious* of the fact that they are ill-fed because the others are laden with too much wealth. They are not *conscious* of this unnatural division of classes.

What shall we say of these Classes?

What shall we say of the lanterns, big and small?

What shall we say of the riches of the rich and the poverty of the poor?

I cannot tell you to-day all that Socialists say of these things.

The march-past is ended. But before you leave the Grand Stand, let me tell you a short story from the Persian Poet, Sadi.

The poet saw a bunch of fresh roses tied up with wisps of grass. Very lovely were the roses and shabby were the leaves of grass.

"What right," asked Sadi, "has this wretched grass here, side by side with royal roses?"

The grass wept, and said—

"Blame me not. For though I have no beauty and no glorious colour, and no sweet scent, am I not the grass of the holy garden? I—leaves of grass—am the servant of the Great Majesty."

All the children of men belong to the Garden of Humanity.

VI.

AT THE WINDOW.

COME to the window and let us look down into the street where noisy crowds walk to and fro in the sunshine. And I want you to suppose we are in the City of Rome about 1,800 or 1,900 years ago. In this great city there are perhaps a million people, not only Romans, but folk from the German forests, from the land of the Nile, from the palm country of Arabia, from misty Britain, from the hills and plains of Asia; there are black-haired Jews; and there are Africans leading elephants out of the Emperor's stables; and we may even see olive-skinned Hindus who have been many months journeying from India on purpose to ask the great power of Rome for something they and their countrymen need.

You will see men who wear a white garment that goes over the left shoulder, across the back, under the right arm, and back to the left shoulder; and thus the body is draped from the neck to the feet. The garment is called the toga. Boys and girls wear a toga with a purple stripe.

Now keep looking. Never mind the elephant that is being led by the Moor; and never mind the officer who rides horseback and whose armour gleams in the sun. Look at the citizens who wear the white togas.

There! Do you see one pass on the other side of the road, with a number of richly dressed slaves in front of him, and more following? Where his toga is open at the breast you can see his tunic, and on that tunic is marked, from the neck downwards, a broad stripe of purple colour. There are not many such citizens in

Rome. You notice the proud stare in his eyes, and how the folk make way for him. He belongs to what is called a noble family, or a patrician family. As we should say to-day (with a smile perhaps), he has blue blood—meaning that he belongs to a small class who are of high birth. They are aristocrats. They are rich.

We will speak of these purple stripe citizens as the First Class.

Now watch again. You will see others who wear togas as before, but whose tunics have a narrow, not a broad, purple stripe, and they wear gold rings. On a certain day of the year, in the summer, a grand review is held, and these "Knights," as they are called, ride on horseback. If they go to the great theatre where men fight men (gladiators) or men fight wild beasts, certain seats are kept specially for them. Some of them are rather poor. Others of them are very rich, and have made their fortune as bankers, or buyers of horses for the circus, or tax collectors, or owners of ships, etc. We will call these knights the Second Class. We might also call them the Middle Class.

Look again. A great many wear short togas which, in cold weather, do not shield the body very well; and some have togas of brown or some dark colour, such woollen cloth being cheap.

Do you see that man going into the tall house? It is a tenement house. Very many poor citizens lodge in it; the poorest at the top. He will perhaps climb two hundred steps to reach his small attic, where there may be, in winter, no fire upon the hearth, the jug will have a broken handle, and the furniture is but a mat, a heap of straw, a bedstead without clothes. He can sleep in his toga.

And his food?

His food is black bread and vinegar-wine. If he has a few coppers to buy vegetables he can get beans, turnips, lentils, onions, garlic, peas or fish. If he can

afford a feast he will have leeks and a boiled sheep's head, or a smoked pig's head.

Ah, I remember now. To-day is the first day of the month of Julius—*July*. You know Julius was killed in the Senate-House—that place you see yonder with the big pillars. Do you see the people coming out of the tenement houses over there? They cannot pay their rent. They are being put out—evicted. Three shabby women drag out a bedstead with a leg short—a broken table—a horn lantern—broken crockery—a rough box for charcoal—a fish pot, very smelly—a bunch of fleabane (they think that, if hung up in a room, this plant keeps out vermin), a lump of cheese, and a string to string onions on. Where will they go? Oh, there are arches and porches, and seats on bridges over the Tiber. And besides, they can get corn-tickets, and go to the big granaries with a bag, and fetch a supply of meal from the public store; and this corn is free, for free citizens; and hundreds of ships have brought this corn from Egypt and North Africa. A citizen can also often have a free ticket to attend the games, fights with wild beasts, etc., in the circus. These free citizens are often too proud to work; the hardest part of all work and trade is done by the poorest freeman, and by slaves, and by freed-men, who were once slaves but are now counted citizens. Listen to the thousand noises of Rome—noises of workshops, buying, selling, carrying. There are workers on the river; in the warehouses; in the bakehouses; in the markets for cattle, pigs, corn, vegetables, fish; in the shoemakers' shops—sandal-makers'—pastry shops. Men make pottery, lanterns, armour, locks, knives, axes, hatchets, ladders, jewellery, statues, and dice—I cannot tell you all the trades.

Some of the freed-men I spoke of are very rich. They now wear snow-white togas, and many rings, and shoes of scarlet leather, and have hosts of slaves; but once they were slaves themselves, labouring in field or warehouse, or waiting on a rich master at table.

Then the slaves. They are prisoners of war or children of prisoners, shipped from Asia, Africa, and the far-off fields of Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Germany. They are everywhere. A poor citizen may have but one slave, or two; a rich citizen may have many thousands. They labour in the shops, the streets, the docks, the ships. They work—chained together in long lines—in the iron-mines, lead-mines, copper-mines, marble-quarries, etc. They till the fields in great gangs, and over them watches a foreman, himself a slave; and at night they and the slave-women and slave-children sleep in large barracks. If they offend the master they are grievously lashed. If they rebel they will be nailed to wooden crosses—arms stretched out—and left to die by the way-side. There may be hundreds of such crosses along the road after a riot of slaves.

I would rather not tell you more. It makes the heart ache to speak and think of these poor creatures crucified. Nor do I want you to hate the name of Rome. The Romans were a great people, and in keeping slaves they only did what the Jews did, and Greeks, and Persians, and all the nations in the ancient days. But let us come away from the window.

I have spoken of the Patrician class; and the class of Knights, or Middle-class; and the class of Free-men who were neither Knights nor Patricians. The lowest and poorest free-men and freed-men, who had little or no property (you remember the broken jug and the three-legged bedstead), and who could do nothing for Rome but give their labour and their fighting power (though indeed this was giving a very great deal), and who were parents of children that would do the same as they grew up—were called the PROLETARIAT. The greater part of the people in Rome and the Roman Empire were proletariat and slaves. This word, you notice, is a Latin name; but of course the Proletariat is not merely Roman. The name stands for the poorest class—the workers who have little or no property—all

over the world. I suppose the Romans did not mean the slaves also when they spoke of the proletariat; but you and I can see that the slaves were workers, and really members of the same labour class as the poorer free-men and freed-men who wore the toga.

The name is used by Socialists to-day. For to-day, as in old Rome, society is divided into classes. When we looked out of the window into the streets of the Eternal City (as Rome is called) we saw quite a number of classes; but these classes were really three:

(1) Wealthy people.
(2) Proletariat.
(3) Slaves.

It makes one glad to know that few countries in the world now allow slavery; that is to say, the slavery under which a human being can be bought and sold like a piece of furniture or a beast. As time went by the slaves became *serfs*; that is, labourers who had to stay on the master's land and work for him in house, or field, or forest, but could not be sold to another lord. This *serfdom* also came to an end. Negroes were once bought and sold in England, yes, in the England of Shakespeare and Alfred; but this bad blot has been taken out. As the poet Cowper says:—

> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud,
> And jealous of the blessing.

France can say the same, and Italy, Spain, Germany, America—all the civilised nations.

And yet—and yet—if we look from the window in London, or Paris, or New York, or Berlin, or Madrid, or Rome to-day, we still see two classes:—

(1) The Wealthy.
(2) The Proletariat.

There are middle-classes in between, some rich, some poor like the free Romans who lived up the 200 steps.

The hearts of many of these are on the side of wealth and property. The hearts of others are on the side of the proletariat, to whom, if poor, they really belong, though they do not always like to say so. Hundreds of years have passed since the proletariat of Rome had free tickets for corn and the slaves were nailed to the crosses. To-day the proletariat lift up their heads, and march together towards the City (grander than Rome) where there shall be no more poverty.

Then raise the Scarlet Standard high,
Within its shade we'll live or die;
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

NOTE.—The particulars as to Rome are drawn from Friedländer's *Roman Life and Manners in the Early Empire*, translated. (Routledge: 2 vols.)

VII.

AT HOME.

An ugly-looking man talked with his friend. Both were Greeks of old time, wearing loose woollen cloaks, and sandals strapped to their feet. They were bare-headed. The ugly-looking man, with bright eyes and a wonderfully pleasant smile, was the famous teacher Socrates. He was chatting—he was a very chatty and a very wise man—about houses, homes, gardens, farms, and such-like things. He spoke about the great Persian king, Cyrus.

Cyrus, he said, had a splendid park at Sardis, and one day he walked in it with a Greek captain, and showed him the long rows of trees, planted in very straight lines, and crossing each other so as to make a lovely network of leafy avenues. And when the Greek captain asked who was the clever tree-master who arranged all the avenues Cyrus said he himself had planted many, for he loved to do neat work, whether as leader of soldiers or as manager of farms and gardens and parks. So also he loved to be orderly in his own person, for his dress was good to look at, and the beauty of his chains and armlets pleased the eye of the beholder.

Thus Socrates talked of right ways and wrong ways of managing things that belong to us—our property.

"The good earth," said Socrates, the great-souled ugly man, "is kind to man, and gives him gifts without grudge. She does indeed make him work both in the cold of winter and the heat of summer. But she loves to help him. Does he want to fight for his country? She gives him horses to ride to war. Does he want to hunt? She gives him stout, brisk dogs.

Does he want to eat? She gives him crops. Does he want a wholesome, useful life? She gives him her fields, her streams, her trees, and the charming shade from the summer sun. He who wishes for the favour of the earth, however, must treat her justly, and not let her lie waste, and not let the weeds grow, and not sow seed or plant trees carelessly, but must do all in a thoughtful and managing spirit. And I once met a man," Socrates went on, " who was a man of good breeding and good character, for in all that he did he showed a love of order, and he managed his property and the folk about him so as always to get a profit—an increase or surplus of good out of everything and everybody."

" I should much like," said his friend, " to hear an account of this man."

" You shall do so," replied Socrates, " for I met him one day at the Temple of Zeus, the Giver of Freedom, and we sat in the shade of the cloister, whence we could look out on the city of Athens, and we conversed together on Household Management."

What Socrates and the good Manager said to each other would take a book to tell. But I can repeat some of the hints on managing which Ischomachus gave to Socrates.

Greek girls—as you can see by the statues—were very pretty, but they were not so free as the English. They lived under the care of their mothers so closely, spinning wool at the wheel, and seeing as little, hearing as little, and speaking as little as possible outside the house. But they were bright and active, and some time after Ischomachus was married it came into his mind to have a chat with his young wife about the best way to manage their household, their furniture, and their servants.

" And how can I help you? " asked his wife, with a winning smile.

" Well," he said, " you know the human race does not live in the open air like wild beasts, but it needs

Ischomachus and his wife

a shelter, a house, a home—an *oikos*. And the house needs two managers—one to work out of doors, ploughing, sowing, planting, grazing, and the rest; the other to nurse the children, to make the bread, and weave the clothes. It seems to me, my wife, that the man should be the out-of-door manager, and the woman the indoor. Each needs the other, for each can do what the other cannot so well do."

"Yes," she said, "I agree with you."

"Well," he went on, "and now will you fetch me such-and-such an article," naming something that he had given into her charge.

She blushed.

"I cannot think where it is," she replied.

"Never mind, my wife," he said. "But you see from this that it is best to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. When we go to the theatre, and hear the chorus speak or sing together, you know how sweet it is when each voice is in order and keeps its right place, and when each actor plays his proper part on the stage. When an army is on the march, all is well if they march in order—horsemen in companies, light-armed footmen, asses bearing loads, wagons carrying luggage, sutlers following."

"Yes," she said, "I like to see it."

"And once," he observed, "I went on board a big Phœnician ship, and I admired the order in which it was all kept—the sails, the ropes, the cabins. And during the voyage across the sea between Asia and Greece—the sun shone on the water and the weather was calm—I saw the mate looking into the holes and corners of the vessel; and he was able to put his hand easily and at once on any article that he needed, so carefully was every bit of the cargo stowed away; and he told me that in time of storm—should the God raise a storm—he would straightway be able to find whatever he wanted in the hurry."

She said she would gladly keep her house in order like the Phœnician ship.

So husband and wife sorted out all the goods—armour in one room, tools in another, clothing in a third, ornaments and fine things for festivals in a fourth, food in a fifth, and so on.

Besides this, they talked of the way to treat servants (slaves in those old days), and how a maid who did not know how to spin could be taught the art, and so become worth twice as much to her mistress; and how, if slaves were sick, the mistress would tend them and nurse them back to health.

"I should be delighted to do that," said the good-hearted wife, "for, after being well cared for, they will be thankful and all the more eager to serve me."

The young wife also promised to leave off painting her face with white lead and wearing high shoes. Ischomachus pointed out to her that if she busied herself at loom, at baking, at sorting the stores, at folding the clothes, etc., she would be taking such exercise as would keep her in good health, and preserve in her cheeks a finer complexion than she could borrow from paint.

All this conversation did Ischomachus repeat to Socrates.

Ischomachus was indeed a man of good breeding, as Socrates called him—a man who kept his house in order, and his land, and himself. He rose early to look after his farm. He walked out to see the labourers in the fields, riding his horse at times, and always treating the animal with kindness. And since he could not be in every part of his estate at the same time, he chose bailiffs or stewards to manage for him. And that needed managing also! For he would not choose a bailiff who was too fond of sleep, or too fond of wine, or too fond of any particular companions.

"But how," asked Socrates, "do you teach them to govern the slaves?"

"The same as I govern the bailiffs themselves—

by punishing the idle, but being very careful to praise and reward the diligent."

Next Socrates asked how the yard manager managed his land, and he heard many useful hints on farming. The land must be ploughed in the spring, for at that season (in Greece) the soil crumpled up best, so as to receive the seed. Seed must be scattered evenly, and not anyhow. Some soil would take more seed than others—that is, yield more corn. He told Socrates also the best way to reap, to thresh, to winnow away the chaff; the best way to plant vines and fig-trees, and how to set young olive-trees along the sides of the road.

"Do not all farmers know these things?" asked Socrates.

"Well, perhaps they do; but they do not all take care; and it is the carefulness that makes the difference. Just as two men equally strong set out on a walk, and one goes smartly along and soon reaches the end, and the other loafs along and keeps stopping by fountains and in the shade so as to enjoy the pleasant breezes! And the good manager not only works well himself, but he spurs on his workers to do their utmost in his service. Two captains of ships go on a voyage, and the crew labour willingly for one, and are happy at the end of the sailing, and the other crew hate the captain. Two generals lead armies, and the soldiers of the one leader follow him eagerly through fire and peril, and the others do no great deeds in the war; and thus it is, Socrates, with the good managers of estates and houses."

Socrates and his friend spent a very enjoyable time in this discussion about the managing of the *oikos*, or house. In the Greek tongue, a clever manager who got profit and surplus from his property would be an *oikonomos*, or economist; and from this we get the word *oikonomia*, or house-management; or, in English, Economics. So economics really means house-management, or house-care. Many are the books—very dry

books, too—on Economics. Not one of them is of any real good unless the man who wrote it wants to help the workers—the proletariat—of the world to manage the earth and its fruits and the property in their homes. The whole world is the big house in which Humanity dwells, and Economics, or household-management, should teach us the best way to till the land so as to get a profit and surplus from it, and store and share out the profit to all. Of course, the Greeks of old did not think of the world in that way. We could not expect them to. But the Greek farmer of whom I have told you did at least understand that economics was household-management, and he wanted even the slaves to be well governed and well cared for.

And so, when the day of Socialism comes, and the land belongs to the people, and the people make clothes, and ships, and railways, and air-vessels, etc., for themselves, they will still admire, as Socrates did, the man who takes care, and is good at managing. They will honour the housewife who takes care of the food and clothes; the farmer who sows, plants, and breeds with care; the shipmaster who is careful with his vessel; the house-painter who paints the walls handsomely and yet wastes no colour; the bailiff or officer who treats those under him as fellow-citizens and brothers; and so on in all homes and all trades.

Please bear in mind, therefore, that if the books on Economics look dull and dismal, it is because to so many people who write and read such books managing property means making a profit out of other people. But true Economics means management of the home; and a blessed home the old Earth will be when all her children take a share in her riches, and keep her treasures in order, and are thrifty with all she gives; and yet all will have enough food, and enough clothing, and enough music, and enough fellowship and love.

NOTE.—The conversation of Socrates and his friend is adapted from Xenophon's *Œconomicus*. There is a good translation by B. J. Hayes, published by Clive.

VIII.

RED TUNIC.

THE bald-pated old fellow, in a red tunic, was playing with toys and tossing green balls, and two slaves picked up and counted the balls that fell. Trimalchio was the old man's name. One of the richest men in Rome he was, and one of the most vulgar, as anybody could see by the dinner that he gave that evening. As soon as the guests had reclined on the couches music sounded, and Trimalchio was carried in on cushions. The company began eating olives, sausages, and Syrian plums. A silver dish fell, and a slave boy stooped to pick it up. Trimalchio boxed his ears, and told him to let it be, and an older slave swept out both the mess and the dish, as if the silver was mere rubbish. A silver skeleton was set on the table and the master of the house made it dance, and as it clattered its silver bones Trimalchio yelled—

"Let's be merry while we can!"

It would need a big note-book to number up all the eatables and drinkables that followed, hour after hour —kidneys, tarts, lobsters, geese, hot bread, fish, hare, pork, dates, puddings, sausages, boiled calf, cakes, apples, grapes, fat fowl, goose eggs, oysters, scallops, snails cooked on silver gridirons, and much wine. Trimalchio's wife joined the company, and took her bracelets off to show them to a lady who reclined next to her, and Trimalchio put his wife's gold and silver jewels in a scale, and carried it round the room so that the guests might see for certain that the precious articles weighed six and a half pounds. A slave-clerk

came into the dining-hall, and read out aloud an account of the wealth of the wearer of the red jacket, such as—

Thirty boys and forty girls born of slave parents on Trimalchio's estate during the month of August; 500,000 measures of wheat put in the granaries; 500 oxen broken to the yoke. Also, the clerk noted that a slave was crucified for cursing his master.

At the end of the feast Trimalchio, who was nearly drunk, told his friends how many rooms his mansion had—four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble porticos, a set of cells upstairs, his own bedroom, his wife's sitting-room, a very fine porter's room, etc.

"Take my word for it," shouted Trimalchio, "if you have a penny, you're worth a penny; you're valued for what you have. Yesterday your friend was a frog, and he's a king to-day—that's the way."*

This was how, about 2,000 years ago, some Romans showed off their *wealth*. And yet, in the history of Rome, we read of a hero—Cincinnatus—who ploughed his own fields, lived in a simple cottage, and ate a meal of boiled turnips, and when Rome needed a leader for her army it was Cincinnatus who led the Romans to victory.

The Romans were not more foolish in their ideas of wealth than other people. French history tells us how the "Grand Monarch," Louis XIV., gave a banquet in 1661. It cost 120,000 livres (pounds); 80 tables and 30 buffets (sideboards) were put up, 120 dozen serviettes used, 500 dozen silver plates, 36 dozen silver dishes, and plate of massive gold. One of the King's generals gave a dinner to Louis, but the sea-fish which had been ordered did not arrive in time, and the chief cook, named Vatel, felt the disgrace so keenly that he committed suicide.

Many a tale could be told of the great cost of clothing and furniture used by people in East and West. The famous Italian lady, Lucrezia Borgia, had a trimmed

* See the *Cena Trimalchionis*, by Petronius, translated by M. J. Ryan.

dress worth 15,000 ducats. We hear of the lace veil of a bride in the 19th century costing £735. It is said that to this day some Arabian ladies spend £100 a year on perfumes. As much as £100 has been paid in England for a rare dahlia flower. And who shall tell the expense of mirrors, porcelain, tapestries, chandeliers, gilding, carved oak, bronzes, mosaics, and a thousand other such treasures?

We have talked of *wealth* and *wealthy* people. Well, just exactly what do we mean by wealth?

What do Socialists mean by wealth? Do Socialists wish everybody to live after the style of old Red Tunic? Do Socialists want to make riots and rush into the houses of folk like drunken Trimalchio and share his goods round—so many diamonds for you, so much silver for you, such and such a load of things for you?

Is all this wealth really worth having? Must a nice, brave-hearted Socialist girl have a veil worth £735 at her wedding?

What is really worth having? What things do true men and women need? These questions deserve to be answered.

Well, to begin with, you and I are alive together. We have *life*; and life is worth having.

But what sort of life do we value most? A life of sickness, a life of deafness or blindness, a life that is crippled, a life that is consumptive? Or a life that is healthy, with bright eyes, hearing ears, pure blood, sound nerve, strong limbs, good digestion, robust heart, active lungs, clear skin? I have no doubt you will vote (you will give your suffrage, girls and boys) for the *healthy* life.

Very well; and what do we need for a healthy life? Do we need £100 dahlias, and bracelets, etc., that weigh six pounds and a half, and cooks who are ready to commit suicide if our fish does not arrive in time? I will take it that you say no. Then, what *do* we need? I will put down seven items:—

(1) Food, such as bread, butter, vegetables, fruit, tea, coffee, cocoa, eggs, meat, milk, fish, etc. When we say this, we remember that some folk (vegetarians) live without meat and even tea and coffee. You and I are sensible people. We will not quarrel about this or that point. If we agree to eat meat, we are also agreed that not much is needed; and we know well enough what is meant by good plain food. We do not want to go to Oxford University to learn that.

(2) Clothing, light, warm enough according to weather, and not so dense as to keep out air. And we will let folk brighten themselves as they will with colours or trinkets, but, as sensible people, we know how bonny and pleasant we can make ourselves look without spending much money.

(3) House, with walls that keep out damp, and windows that drink in sun and air, and rooms enough for sleeping without crowding, and quiet corners for all who wish to think or work alone; and

(4) Furniture that does not make you think of the cost when you see it, and that leaves ample space to move about.

(5) House in the right place, looking out on a garden and plenty of sky.

(6) Activity of two sorts—work that is useful to the world, and the tools (including animals) required for work; and play of the kind we love, whether music, games, drama, dance, gardening, reading, the cheerful conversation of friends. And I will tell you that I think none of these recreations better than conversation, which costs nothing but a tongue and a smile and an honest heart.

(7) Friends (including our animal pets). Of course we shall not all want just the same kind of friends, or pets, or work, or play, or houses, or furniture, or clothing, or food, any more than we all want to be of the same height, or have the same colour in eyes, etc. It is charming to be different and unequal. Socialists want to be different and unequal, so long as *every citizen* has

the food, clothing, house, furniture, work, play, and friends, that keep his life *healthy and useful.* The rule for citizens is this:—

"*Live for others—family, country, humanity.*"

Take, for instance, the meal of Trimalchio. Did he eat, and did he offer food to his guests, so that he might be a better servant of his family, and of Rome, and of mankind? Of course not; he was a vain, selfish man, who lived for himself, and not for others.

And in the same way you can think out the case of jewellery, furniture, motors, airships, horse-races, wines, etc. I do not mean that all sensible people will be sure to think alike; but all sensible people do honestly ask themselves:

"Will this or that thing enable me to keep in health, usefulness, and friendship?"

So now we begin to see light on our question—What is wealth? Wealth will mean the seven things I have named. But this wealth is of three sorts. What are the three?

(1) Wealth of the heart, such as friendships.
(2) Wealth of nature, such as sunshine, air, water, etc.
(3) Wealth made by man, such as bread, clothes, houses, furniture, books, etc.

We will leave out the wealth of the heart, for though friendship is a thing we must have if we are to truly live, still in ordinary talk we use the word "wealth" to mean the things in nature, and the things made by man which are needed for our life and health.

What is wealth?

"Wealth is all material things which supply man's wants, and give him comfort and enjoyment."

Friendship is not a material thing; it is a thing of the mind or soul or heart.

Water, air, sunshine, land, clothes, houses, food are material things.

Is love a material thing? No.

Is gold a material thing? Yes.

But man does not make the water, air, sunshine, and land. They come to us from nature. They are, indeed, wealth. But in our usual talk when we speak of wealth we mean—"*Things which are useful and enjoyable, and which are the result of man's labour.*"

Was the man of the Red Tunic wealthy? Yes.

Yes, though he lived like a pig, his wealth supplied his wants, and gave him comfort and enjoyment. Of course, other people had to labour to make his wealth.

But what does the Socialist think? He thinks that wealth is only doing its right business when it enables us to find comfort and enjoyment in fellowship with our neighbours.

Bread and butter and apples are wealth. They are the result of man's labour, and give comfort and enjoyment. I may eat them by myself, caring for no one else in the world. You and I may work together, and help each other, and get or earn the bread, butter, and apples; and eat together, in the laughter and happy talk and looks of friendship, and then the wealth is the blessed foundation on which we build love.

IX.

WEALTH.

A CHILD was playing with bright pebbles in a South African farmhouse. The stones had been given him by a Bushman boy who had found them on the banks of the Orange River. A visitor called to see the family, and his eye caught the singular glitter of one of the pebbles. Seeing how much he was interested, the mother gave it him to keep. The visitor took the shining stone with him to a trader named O'Reilly. In a moment O'Reilly saw that the stone was (to men's eyes) more than a child's plaything. He went with it to Capetown, and showed it to skilled men (experts), who said it was a diamond of 21 carats. It was sold to the Governor, Sir P. Wodehouse, for £500. The Governor did not give it to children to play with.

Perhaps it would have been better for the world if such stones could be used only as cheap playthings for children.

This incident took place in the year 1867.

People searched again. O'Reilly bought from a native a big diamond which he sold for £11,000, and this glistening pebble is now known as the Star of South Africa, and men (not children!) say it is worth £25,000.

But if only children played with it; if only children cared for such toys; if men and women would no longer take a pride—like savages!—in wearing these tiny stones on their bodies, the price would be but the price of a doll or a tin-trumpet.

Before long, armies of men, black and white (the poor blacks only going because the whites did), swarmed to the diamond land, and mines were sunk for the purpose of finding these so-called precious stones. In about a year a quiet spot in South Africa was changed into the noisy and busy town of Kimberley, with 10,000 white citizens and 20,000 black. The De Beers mines were formed, and from this time onwards the English people and the Boer people, who had never been happy neighbours, became more and more bitter in their feelings. The English miners and the English capitalists were eager to gather from the South African earth the bright pebbles which little Boer children once played with.

Out of such jealousies sprang the Boer War of 1899-1902. Out of such jealousies arose the gloomy death that carried off thousands and thousands of Boers and English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish.*

The Boer War was a struggle for wealth as well as a struggle between two proud peoples, who each wished to be master in the Transvaal and the Orange State.

But what is wealth?

"Wealth," say Socialists, "comprises all material things which satisfy human wants and desires."

So if we never wanted anything, never desired anything, there would be no wealth. A dog wants a bone, and a bone is wealth to him. He does not want a picture by Rubens, the Flemish painter, and therefore the lovely picture of the "Descent from the Cross" is not wealth to him. If a man cares naught for opium, a whole wagonful is not wealth for him, though, of course, it would be wealth if he could sell or exchange the wagon-load of opium for things (such as furniture, tools, clothes, food, etc.) which he does desire.

I hope the day will come when nobody will want diamonds much. Already there are many people who have no wish to wear diamonds; they would just as

* W. Moxon's *Stories from South African History*, chapter xxiv.

soon wear some bright and much cheaper stone in brooch or ring. Even if they had a diamond, and valued it at £1,000, or any other price, that would only mean that their neighbours wanted it far more than they did themselves; their neighbours wanted it so much as to be willing to part with £1,000 of goods which they had to spare. But if *all* the people cared as little for diamonds as many folk (such as myself) now do, then diamonds would not be counted as such precious wealth as they now are; and nobody would think them worth fighting for, and perhaps not even think them worth the trouble of stealing.

True wealth is only such things as make people healthy; and make them good neighbours; and make them useful workers; and make homes and dress beautiful. Of course, many persons now think diamonds beautiful above all other things, but such an idea may not last for many years more, and people will desire things that can be got with far less toil and really have more beauty in them. As desires change, wealth changes.

X.

KING AND BOY.

The boy was busy picking up sticks in a field in Mexico. He was a brown-skinned Mexican boy; and the time I speak of was before the Spanish conquest of America.

Two men suddenly stood before him.

"Why," asked one, "do you not go into yon wood for fuel?"

"Because it belongs to the King of Tezcuco, and I should be punished with death."

"What kind of man is the King?"

"A very hard man, sir; he will not let the people have what they need from the land."

"Never mind. Go and take what wood you want. We will not tell."

"No, sir. It is wrong of you to urge me to steal the Royal property."

Not long afterwards, the boy and his parents were bidden to appear before the King, and the lad saw that it was the King of Tezcuco himself who had met and spoken to him in the field.

"Boy," said the King. "I thank you for your honest conduct. King as I am, I admire you; and I praise your parents for their training of you. Moreover, I have thought of my own duty, and henceforth I declare that all Mexicans may gather wood in my forests, so long as they do not cut down the timber.*

Of course, the boy deserved credit for his honesty, and the King of Tezcuco deserved credit for his kindness in giving the Mexican people the brushwood of his

* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, Book I., chapter v.

Royal forests. But this affair happened some hundreds of years ago, and to-day we look at a number of things in a different light.

You will have noticed that at first the people dared not touch the sticks on Royal ground for fear of death; and it was counted a great favour when the King granted the free use of the brushwood for fuel.

The aristocratic class owned the fine timber and the poor folk picked up sticks. Such was the land law of Mexico, on the other side of the Atlantic ocean.

How do things stand in our own island? Do the people own the fine timber? Do they own the land?

Ask any friend, who is used to land measuring, to show you a piece of ground that is one acre in size. Now, in the United Kingdom (England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland) there are 77,000,000 such acres of land—meadows, moors, hills, dales, marshes, woods, gardens, bogs, etc., with many a village, many a town, many a church, many a castle, making ugly or beautiful scenes on the surface.

Perhaps near your town, or near the village where you live (if in England), there is a "Common"—a fair piece of green, whereon the folk of the neighbourhood—whosoever will—may let his horse or donkey feed, or his geese waddle, or his goat run; and the children go to play on the Common, and shout, and tumble in glee, and there is no ugly board up to say—"Trespassers will be prosecuted." The people do not ask a King's leave to go on this common land. Once upon a time the English people had a very great many more "Commons" than now. The area, or stretch, of such land to-day is about 2,000,000 acres in England and Wales; and I believe there are no commons in Ireland and Scotland. But from the year 1760 to the year 1898 the richer people have been allowed by the law to add common land to their own private land, and in this way as much as 8,000,000 acres have been lost to the common men, women, and children.

Besides commons, the people own land in parks, football grounds, recreation grounds, etc. The people of London possess the noble Epping Forest (about 6,000 acres), amid the trees of which I have often run and played with children, and there the deer bound among the bracken. I remember another most lovely forest called Savernake, in the South of England, and how, one sunny day, I walked a long, long walk through an avenue of beech trees, whose branches met overhead like the roof of a church, and the green turf below one's foot was soft. But Savernake is private land. Most of the land of the United Kingdom is private. How many men, women, and children are there in our islands? Between 40 and 50 millions. And how many acres did I say? Seventy-seven millions. The town parks, commons, roads, lanes, etc., belong to the public. The rest to a very few persons called *owners*. About 2,500 owners are masters of some 40,000,000 acres. That is to say, more than half the land which we call Britannia and the Emerald Isle—more than half the land that has had such noble sons as Shakespeare, Cromwell, Scott, Wallace, Robert Owen, St. Patrick, and Oliver Goldsmith—more than half the land which sends out its fishermen to the North Sea, and raises its grand Highlands towards the sky of Scotland, and defies the beating Atlantic with its tall Irish cliffs—more than half this land is owned by only 2,500 people.

There is a crowd of folk who own little scraps called allotments and small holdings. A boy could run across any one of these pieces in a few minutes.

And there is a yet bigger crowd—more than forty millions—who own no land worth speaking of.

When Robert Blatchford wrote a book called "Britain for the British," he meant that the land of Britain and Ireland should belong to the four nations—English, Welsh, Scots, and Irish. The warships belong to the four nations. The post-offices belong to the four nations. The roads belong to the four nations. The British Museum and other such buildings belong to

the four nations. And in the same way the land should belong to the four nations. This is what is meant by *Nationalisation of the Land.**

I have passed up and down many and many a dirty little street in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Sheffield, Bradford, Birmingham, Cardiff, and other such towns; and I was grieved that folk should have to live and die in them. And I have lived in a pretty village. I love the memory of Chenies, in Buckinghamshire—its neat cottages, the high elms on the Green, the red manor-house, the clear shining river that breaks into little silver falls, and makes a crystal home for trout. Why cannot hundreds of thousands of the town folk be taken out of the horrible dark corners of the cities, and set to work ploughing, reaping, gardening, orchard-tending, hedging, ditching, tree-planting, milking, butter-making, cheese-making, poultry-farming, bog-draining? We should not all want to go "back to the land," but a very large multitude of folk would be happy to leave the crowded towns, and work in a world of meadows, gardens, and woods, labouring on land which the nation would lend or rent to them, and not dreading each moment lest some lord, like the King of Tezcuco, should ask them what right they had there!

And in that day, the English, Welsh, Scots, and Irish —brothers all—will love the land they own with a yet deeper love than now; and the maidens will look in the looking-glasses of river and lake and laugh at the reflection of their healthy cheeks; and the morning sun will shine on a great Common land, and the gold and purple of sunset will kiss the windows of a happy nation's homes.

* Socialisation is perhaps a better word. It would be possible, under a capitalist Government, to nationalise the land and divide it into allotments and estates yielding rent and profit. This may be a first stage, but is not Socialism.

XI.

I TAKE POSSESSION!

A BAND of Spanish soldiers climbed a mountain, their dress gay with scarlet and steel, and the plumes nodding in their helmets. Dark-faced Indians followed. When the party reached the top they stood on a plain or table-land, some 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean. From this height they could see the broad plains below, and the snow-topped peaks of the Andes. The time of the event was the year 1538.

The leader, named Jiminez de Quesada, chose a spot on the table-land. Clad in full armour, and surrounded by Spaniards, and a large host of Indians, he first plucked some grass. Then he drew his sword, and cried:—

"I take possession of this land, for the greater glory of God, in the name of my master, the Emperor Charles the Fifth!"

He paused and gazed upon the multitude, and fierce was the glance of the soldier's eye.

"I challenge any of you," shouted Jiminez de Quesada, "to fight with me, if you deny the right of the Spanish monarch to this land!"

No one dared to reply; and the city that was built on this spot was named Bogota, and it stands there to this day.

Another Spanish conqueror, named Balboa, crossed the neck of land that joins North America to South America, and he and his companions were the first white men to set eyes on the greatest of all the oceans —the Pacific. This also must become the property

of Spain. Balboa stepped into the sea, and held the flag of Spain in his left hand, and a Toledo sword in his right, and cried:—

"I take possession of this ocean, and all its shores and islands, in the name of the King."

In this way do strong men take possession of land and water, and call the place their property and estates, and the property and estates of their heirs that come after them. In the case of Bogota, you will of course note that the land was already in the possession of the native Indians. That made no difference to the Spaniards. They took possession and kept possession as long as they could. They would claim that they held the land by right of the sword. And in such ways it has come to pass that vast stretches of land now belong to a few *owners*, and immense numbers of people have had no land at all.

In the beginning it was not so. The men of ages back knew no landlords, and no estates marked "private."

First of all, they *hunted* wild animals for food, pursuing the deer on the plains, the bear in the forest, the birds of the air, the fish of the river, lake, or sea. The earth, of course, was as large then as it is to-day; but very few were the folk in it, and the rough and savage hunters, clad in wolf-skin, deer-skin, or sheep-skin, roamed where they would, and no man put up fences. One horde or tribe would make war on another when each wanted to hunt the beasts and birds of this or that district, but it was not the ground itself they fought for.

Next, men began to *settle* on the land, for they had found out two wonderful secrets—secrets more wonderful than the golden fruits on the trees in the enchanted garden in the story of Aladdin and the Lamp. One secret was how to place a seed in the ground, and grow a stalk of corn, etc. The other secret was how to master the animals of the wilderness—the sheep, the bull and cow, the buffalo, the horse, the elephant, the

dog, etc., and even to set the dog to watch and guard his brother animals, the sheep, against his other brother-animal the wolf. He not only kept the animals to help him, like live machines, in his work, but he killed them, and ate their flesh, and made their life support his own life. Men now built their houses or huts closer in villages. There were no towns at that time. The men of the tribe would use the land as *common property*; that is, it served all the folk of the village for pasturing sheep and cattle, and growing corn, etc., or giving timber or stones, etc. Sometimes, indeed, early men would construct large houses which contained rooms for more than one family—for groups of families. And because folk had their land, and cattle, and fish, etc., in common, each taking a share, and none left out as "paupers," the villages are called village communes, or village communities.*

Next comes the soldier, the man of the sword, the spear, the bow and arrow; or later on, the man with the musket, as the Spaniard who first conquered the American Indians. Such a man was William the Conqueror, who came over to England in 1066 with a great fleet that carried his horsemen and footmen; and on his own ship was fixed the figure of a gilt boy with a finger outstretched, pointing to the English shores. William gave most of the land to his Norman lords, and in some cases left Englishmen in possession of their estates; but all, English or Norman, must swear to be his "men," or servants. They were his *tenants*, or holders, holding the land from him as the chief *landlord* of the whole kingdom. For a time, indeed, the folk in the villages kept up some of their old customs of ploughing the land, and reaping it, for each other; and they held *common* lands, on which to put their sheep, asses, geese, swine, etc., and here and there scraps of such *commons* are still seen in our villages, the green grass speaking silently of the time when

* See Gomme's *Village Community*; Maine's *Village Communities*.

villages were communes. But the commons have been gradually lessened. Rich men have taken a slice here and a slice there; and now most of the soil of our fatherland (motherland is a better word) is *private property*, that is, it belongs to single people, and not to the public. Of course, some land is public, such as Parks, Open Spaces, and Crown Lands. These last were the King's lands till 1760, when King George the Third gave them up to the public in return for a yearly sum of £800,000. The Crown Lands include some Woods and Forests, such as the New Forest.

In the United Kingdom (England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland) there are 77,000,000 acres. Ask any grown-up friend to show you a field about an acre in size, so that you may understand these figures better. But in the year 1908, when a learned writer on the subject reckoned things up, what did he find? He found that of this total area (or whole lot) of 77,000,000 acres, about 40,000,000 acres were owned by 2,500 persons. But there are some 43,000,000 men, women and children in the United Kingdom. More than half the area of the whole country is owned by only 2,500 people. What would our fathers of the old villages think if they were to come back and see the land fenced by iron and wooden rails and gates, and everywhere marked by boards—"Private," "Private Grounds," "Trespassers will be Prosecuted," "Beware of the Spring Guns"?

Socialists say the land should belong to the people, the nation, to all of us; it should be national property; some of it managed by the Central Government (in London, Dublin, etc.), and some of it managed by the Councils in the Counties and Towns. This does not mean that each man would have a piece of land as his own farm; we are not all fit to be farmers, just as we are not all fit to be teachers, or nurses, or engineers, or sailors. But the land should be *nationalised*, or rather, *socialised*, that is, used for the good of us all. And a very beautiful land it is, where it is not spoiled by our dirty streets, and smoke, and heaps of filth. Noble are

the mountains of Scotland, and Wales, and Ireland, and England; lovely our valleys, fair our lakes, glorious our sparkling streams, pretty our winding lanes, sweet green our meadows, and charming our old manor houses and farm-houses and thatched cottages; and in all the earth I do not think there is a pleasanter place than the England which Shakespeare called:—

This blessed plot, this realm, this earth—this England.

And the people of England, and Scotland, and Ireland—you Socialist girls and boys, and the rest—will rise up and put an end to the grime and dust and misery that blot the beauty of our Mother Country, and the bells of the churches will some day ring out over a land meet for the maidens and lads to dance in, and brave men and women to work in.

XII.

THE KHONDS.

Dark-skinned, wild, and almost naked, the Khonds are a people who live on the hills of Orissa, in India, to the number of about 400,000. Twice every year they used to kill a child, and hew its poor little body to bits and strew them over the fields, so as to please the Earth-goddess, and coax her to give rich crops and much fruit. These dreadful slayings ceased in 1835. But, though the Khonds were so savage, they understood one good thing. They knew it was better to live together and work together than to live apart and work apart. Look at the ways in which they punished evil-doers. If a man killed another, his kinsmen must either slay the murderer or else pay much corn or many cattle. If a man wounded another, he must keep the wounded neighbour in food, etc., until the wound was healed. If a man stole an article he must give it back, or he must give its value. But (listen to this) if a man stole twice, the old men of the tribe would talk it over, and agree that the very hardest punishment of all must be dealt out. The thief must leave the tribe for ever; and so the Khond who was not willing to act justly towards his neighbours was driven forth to the jungle and the hills, and might never more join his comrades at work or dance or meeting.

Even the savage Khonds, as you see, understood that life is miserable when it is spent alone, and it is only happy when spent with comrades, or (as the Romans would say) with *socii*, that is, friends. And the folk who dwell together as friends make up society.

Their life is social. The Socialist believes that all men and women, all over the land, should be comrades in their play and in their work.

In the year 1804 Sir John Barrow, the English Ambassador to China, was present at the great Spring Festival. The Chinese, like most people, show their joy at the waking of trees and plants after the dulness and sleep of winter. They gather in crowds at the Temple of the Earth. They want to tell each other how glad they are that the old Earth is not dead, and that it can still bear fruit, and the ewes will again bear lambs, and the young plants and young animals will carry on the life of the world. Sir John Barrow saw Chinese officers carry among the folk a very large cow, —not a live one, but a cow made of porcelain. What should you think a cow stands for at the Spring Feast? It stands for richness, for plenty, for food, because it yields the milk which is a perfect food. But was the great cow for the Emperor, or the nobles, or some rich person? No, it was for all. Sir John saw the Chinamen break the porcelain cow into pieces. And behold! inside it was a heap of little porcelain cows. The officers went to and fro among the people, giving the tiny images into the hands of those that asked. The people supposed that by this respect shown to the cow the Earth-Power would be pleased, and make the fields fertile; not the fields of only this man or that, but of all. The cows were given away—they were distributed. And this is what the Socialist wants. He knows the old Earth is rich and full of power; and he wants all the members of society to share in the gifts and fertility of the good mother-earth; for we are all her children. When we see a man live in a big house, and own much land, and take the rents of farms and of cottages and perhaps whole streets, we feel that he keeps the cow to himself. It should be broken, and the little cows should be distributed in happy shares. Socialists do not think that each man should have the same-sized cow, for some can make better use of the gifts of earth than

others. But each should have such land, or tools, or material as he can best work at, and such as will best help him to serve society. You understand that the little cows do not mean things given away to idlers. The cow needs care; it has to be milked, and the milk is made into butter and cheese. So each man—each member of society—will make use of his cow; that is, each will work for the good of all. Each will live for others.

Let us talk of fairies.

An Indian tale says that ages ago the fairies of the jungle were about to choose trees to live in. It was a big business to choose "residences"!

"Now, my dears," said an elderly fairy to the rest, "I will tell you what I think. Be sure you do not pick trees that stand by themselves, quite away from the others. Pick trees that grow near each other, in a way that is friendly."

"We disagree with you," said some. "We quite disagree with your views, sir. In our opinion, the best trees are those single ones dotted about near men's villages and towns. The villagers and townsmen will come out and give us offerings in their tree worship."

"As you please," replied the elder fairy. "This is a free country."

So some went to live in the solitary (or stand-alone) trees, but the rest went to live in the forest where the trees grew in company, in association, in co-operation.

Lightning, thunder, roar of wind and rain! Such a storm had not broken over the land for many years. The trees that stood alone were snapped, torn up by the roots, whirled away in the tempest. The trees of the forest that grew socially bore the onset of the blast without fear or damage, and the fairies laughed when the storm had passed away.

All dripping wet, and shivering, and crumpled, the fairies that had tried the solitary life tramped away to the forests of the Himalaya mountains, where they were glad to find a safe lodging.

And that is what happens in the world of men and women. It is better for a nation—

To own the land for all.

To own the machinery for all.

To let all join in the managing and working of land and machinery.

To make sure that none are left out in a miserable tree alone.

To help each and all to face the storms of disease, flood, earthquakes, famine, and death together as comrades.

We will close our chat with a story from dear old Ireland. It is told by the grannies of County Leitrim, which you can find on the map.

Once upon a time—which was no time at all!—there were two sorts of fairies that lived by the Doolas Woods:

(1) The land fairies.

(2) The fairies of the lake.

They agreed to play a match at the game of hurling; and there was to be a prize. But the prize was not for one person who would take it with a smirk on his or her face while the others looked on and had naught. It was to be a social prize; that is, a prize for all the comrades together. If the land fairies won the match they were to have a grand "spree" in Doolas Woods; if the lake fairies won, the "spree" was to take place under water—which, of course, was jolly and easy for fairies. So the match was played, and the landfolk were victors; and with shouts of laughter the whole lot—the beaten lake fairies and all!—went off to Doolas Woods; and for three days and three nights they danced and feasted. It is even reported (but not in the newspapers) that the dancing was so joyful that many pairs of fairy boots were worn out before the merry-making was ended; and all over the woods you could hear the little "leprehauns," or wee dwarfs, working in hedges and ditches, and tap-tap-tapping with tacks and leather.

So it seems the fairies of Doolas understood what the poor, wild Khonds also understood, namely, that life is not true life unless it is social. "Fellowship is life," said William Morris, "and lack of fellowship is death." Let us labour together in using the gifts of mother-Earth. Let us distribute the work and the wealth among all. Let us face together the dangers of storm and disease. Let us strive, not each one to get a reward for himself or herself, but to get comfort and happiness for all.

"Live for others—family, country, humanity."

XIII.

SILVER.

In glass cases in museums (such as the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, or the beautiful Geological Museum at the back of Piccadilly) you may see ores of silver. Some of these stones look like dirty lumps of snow with sparkles here and there; some like coal; some like coke; and I have seen a piece from Peru that is white, grey, and pink. Out of these rocks is smelted the precious metal, silver.

We all admire the beauty of this metal as we see its white polished surface shining in mirrors, dishes, cups, goblets, salt-cellars, jugs, bowls, rings, brooches, lockets, chains, knives, forks, spoons, candlesticks, thimbles, statuettes (that is, small statues), boxes, trumpets, bells, and the rest; and I need hardly remind you of the silver coins in daily use. A silversmith is a craftsman who works in this metal alone, or is skilled in combining it with other objects, as, for instance, in cups made of an ostrich egg overlaid and bound round with the lustrous silver. If you pause to look in at the windows of jewellers and "plate" dealers you will see a glittering show which expresses the skill of the artists in this precious metal. The people of India are especially fond of silver ornaments; and their treasure of silver bangles, coins, etc., may be seen on grand occasions, but usually it is hidden away as a store for times of need.

Kings and nobles and rich folk take pride in their

dazzling silver ware, and churches and temples glow with its radiance.

* * * * * *

You will call to mind the piece of silver ore from Peru.

Along the east side of the vast ocean of the Pacific lies a strip of land known as Peru, and through Peru runs a line of lofty peaks called the Andes. The proud condor flaps his wings over the barren cliffs of the Andes, and the snow whitens the peaks that point to the sky.

Sixteen thousand (16,000) feet above the sea level stands a town. Its name is Pasco. It is said to be the highest town in the world. The land around is bare and grim. There are no trees. The cold, sharp air of the mountains forbids the growth of vegetation. At times, even alcohol (spirits of wine) freezes.

Why should folk wish to dwell in such a dreary spot?

Wish! Well, it may be that nobody wishes to dwell here. But, as a matter of fact, thousands of people dwell in Pasco. The number varies. Sometimes it is 3,000; sometimes it is 10,000. They only come here when they are obliged, and in order to earn wages.

The houses and shops are huddled round the edges of pits.

Without these pits, or shafts, there would be no town, no Pasco. From these pits are drawn the riches that make Pasco famous. The pits are silver mines.

They are not so deep as coal mines by a long way. A shaft may sink to the depth of 500 or 600 feet. You go down by means of ladders; first down one ladder, then you pause at a ledge or terrace; then down another ladder, pause again; and so on to the bottom. Men are glad to get down, it is warm in the mine; it is icy cold up above.

An English traveller, Mr. Paul Fountain, visited the mines of Pasco* and I will tell you what he saw and

* Fountain's *Mountains and Forests of South America*, pp. 274—6.

did. He himself descended a shaft, and having climbed down and up again, he felt the beginning of a back-ache which lasted for a week! The miners carry silver-ore in baskets fastened on to their backs by straps which go over the shoulders and round their foreheads. Each basket holds over 224 pounds weight of stone. It is like carrying a heavy man. With hands clasping the rungs of the ladders, they go up, unload, and then go down again. It takes 30 to 35 minutes to walk up the ladders. The men sweat and breathe hard, and often lie a few moments at the top as if exhausted by the dreadful toil. But they must not pause. Hunger drives. Wages must be earned. Profits must be made out of the labour of the proletariat. In one day a man will make twelve such journeys; that is, twelve times up and twelve down.

Sometimes a man falls from a ladder.

The pay is poor. Food is scant. A miner's health often breaks up even when he is young in years.

"Yet," says Mr. Fountain, "they are very cheerful, and among the civilest and most obliging men I met with in South America."

Such are the celebrated silver mines of Peru; and such are the miners. When your eyes are pleased with the splendour of a silver chain or cup or bell, do not forget to bestow a grateful thought on the miner whose labour brings up the ore from the dark caverns of the earth. Call to mind all the mines of the world, and think of the labour of the men who fetch up iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, coal, sulphur, etc., or who blast rock in the quarry in order to provide us with marble, limestone, sandstone, slate, etc., for millions and millions of buildings, bridges, roads, and monuments. Surely these workers—these wage-earners of the mines and quarries—are more wonderful than the dwarfs and elves of the forest which live underground and dig for treasures—so, at least, say the old fairy tales.

Never did the world hear a sadder tale than when, one May morning in 1910, it heard that at White-

haven, in the North of England, a crowd of miners were shut in a burning mine without hope of escape. The mine had been worked under the sea. In the depth of the earth, in the close air, in the flames, and under the cold ocean died these English coal miners. Earth, air, fire, and water fought against these sons of labour, and they died; and there was a sound of weeping in their homes.

Socialists, young Socialists, you can hear this sound.

You can see the miners of Pasco climb slowly up the ladders.

You can watch the quarry-men hewing the stone, or splitting the slate.

It is not your wish that life should be so hard for the workers who provide the nation with precious and useful metals, and strong stone for the building of house, and church, and museum.

You believe that the land, and all the mineral treasures below the surface, should belong, not to private owners, but to the public.

You believe that the public should own and work the mines and quarries, and shorten the hours of the workers, and give them a happier maintenance to enable them to serve the common weal with a glad spirit and good health, and far less danger to life and limb.

You believe in the *Nationalisation and Socialisation of the land and minerals.*

XIV.

RENT.

My friend Mr. Dunn told me as follows:—

He was walking into a big village near Swansea, in South Wales, when he saw a crowd of people standing very still, and looking with fixed and sad eyes at a scene at the other side of the road.

Their eyes were fixed upon a mother. She had three young children who sat by her, and she gave them each in turn some food from a cup.

Such a scene as this happens every hour of every day in every part of the globe. Why then did these Welsh folk gaze so earnestly at the woman, the cup, and the three children?

She sat on a doorstep.

The door was shut. This same door had often opened to her and her little ones; but now it was closed to her. On the path in front of the house were some few articles of furniture.

The little family had been turned out by the house-lord, or landlord, because the rent was several weeks behind. No doubt the landlord felt he was doing quite right in turning out, or evicting, a person who did not pay the rent. As a matter of fact the husband was not a steady man. It was his fault that the rent was not paid.

Mr. Dunn put money into the hand of a girl in the crowd, and whispered to her. The girl ran across, and bent down to the mother on the doorstep of the closed home. A smile glowed on the woman's pale face.

Was it really right that this woman should be thrust out? It was right in the eyes of the law. But do our hearts agree that it was right? No. For no mother and children ought to be flung out of their home.

Then was not the husband in the wrong? Yes, he was in the wrong. But for all that, his family ought not to suffer for his fault.

Shall we then blame the landlord? I will not do that, for I do not know what was his character. He may have been himself rather poor, so that he really needed the rent for his own family. Yet, all the same, you and I feel it was shameful that the woman should sit so forlorn on the doorstep.

Let me tell you a story from a quite different scene.

In an old Arabian book, it is told that Pharaoh, King of Egypt—one of the many Pharaohs of history—bade his minister, Haman, cut the canal of Sardous. That is, he was to cut channels across the people's fields, into which the waters of the river Nile (Egypt's only river) would run, and so water the soil.

When the peasants saw the work beginning they went to Haman and offered him money, and each one said:—

"O sir, cut channels along my land—and my land—and my land"—and so on.

Haman did as they prayed, and the country was crossed by a network of small canals, and this irrigation gave joy to the people, who now laboured in their fields in the hope of larger harvests.

Haman took all the money to the King Pharaoh.

"It is the master's duty," said the King, "to show kindness towards his servants, and to spread among them his treasures and his savings, and to count nought of their possessions. Therefore give the villagers back their money."

And Haman did so, and he and the King had much praise from the Egyptians.*

Now here, as you see, the landlord was the King; and a very remarkable King he was. There are so few kings like this Pharaoh that I fear we must take the tale as a legend. But anyhow, it sets us thinking.

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* *Al-Mostatraf*, trans. into French by G. Rat, vol. i., page 347.

Why should people pay rent to kings, or princes, or barons, or house-owners, at all?

There is more than one kind of rent.

If, for instance, Mr. A. has a number of bicycles, and lets them out to riders at so much an hour, he charges a kind of rent for the use of each bicycle. The rider is glad to have the use of the machine for a time, and the owner is glad to let it out for a small rent. This rent is called *hire*. The owner may make a good deal of profit by such hiring. His rents may enrich him.

So again with money. Mr. A. may lend £5 instead of lending a bicycle. Mr. B. borrows the £5, and uses it, just as the rider used the bicycle for a time and returned it. But B. may borrow the money for a day, a month, a year; and he pays a rent for it. Just as the hirer of the bicycle takes back the bicycle and pays the hire (1/- or 1/6, or whatever it is), so the borrower of money takes back the £5, and also pays 1/- or 1/6 or more for the hire. This hire of money is called *Interest*. You see that interest is the rent for a loan of money.

Well, then, is rent wrong? Is hiring wrong? Is interest wrong? No, I do not think so. But it is as well for you to know that many people have thought interest was a wicked thing. Of course, when we see Shylock in the play of the "Merchant of Venice" demanding his interest from Antonio, and when we see him with his pair of scales and the dreadful knife that is to cut out a pound of flesh from Antonio's body as rent or interest for Shylock's loan, we can understand why people have hated the idea of interest on borrowed money.

But you can understand from what has been said that, if interest (rent of money) is bad, so is house rent bad, and so is hire-money bad also.

Now I will tell you what I think. It is not the rent that is wrong, but the way it is paid. If a landlord takes rent, he makes a profit out of his neighbour. So

does the bicycle owner. So does the money-lender. The profit is a *private* profit; that is, a profit that goes to one particular person only. While the world is carried on as it is now, we cannot blame the people who take rent, interest, or profit.

What, then, is to be done? What do Socialists say? They want that we should all join together in one society, in which we should all be "members one of another," and then nobody would make a private profit out of his neighbour's needs, but whatever profit there is shall go to all.

If a country was Socialist, the State might lend money, and the borrower would pay the rent (interest), but this rent would go to the society or State of which the borrower was himself a member. The profit would be public.

If a country was Socialist, the State might hire out bicycles, etc., and the hirer would pay the rent (hire), but this rent would go to the society or State of which the hirer was himself a member. The profit would be public.

If a country was Socialist, each worker would—

(1) Either live in a house rent free as part of his reward for work done;

(2) Or pay rent for his house to the city council, or town council, or county council, which owns the house. And certainly, if he idled his time away, and did not pay his rent, he must in some way suffer for it; but his family should not suffer.

When the Socialist spirit is in the heart of a Society or State, then (like the king in the legend) it would not wish to make a profit out of the needs of the people. What rent was taken would only be for the good of all, and society would not wring the rent, interest, or profit from the child of misfortune.*

* It cannot be too often repeated that while rent, etc., may persist for a time, the ultimate aim of Socialism is a Co-operative Commonwealth, from which rent, interest, dividend, the wages system, and profit-making out of the necessities of the people will be abolished.

XV.

TAX!

COME with me into this great warehouse. Here you see boxes, barrels, tubs, cases, tins. Bottles too many to be counted—piles and piles; little mountains of articles that will some day be sold in shop or market. And everything in this big place is subject to—"Tax!"

A hollow groan comes as an echo to every sentence. The ghost of Taxation follows us about, and never lets us forget that the State means to make us pay.

Do you care for German beer? TAX.

You play cards, I believe? TAX.

This cocoa smells sweet. TAX.

May I serve you with a delicious cup of coffee? TAX.

What would a Socialist feast be without currants in the cake? TAX.

Could you fancy Christmas pudding without raisins? TAX.

Allow me to give you a taste of molasses. TAX.

I do not recommend you to drink rum, or gin, or brandy. TAX.

Try this sugar. TAX.

Stop! before you enjoy a piece of this candied peel (TAX), clean your boots with this foreign blacking. TAX.

Sugared almonds, my friend? TAX.

I think I have heard you say you like tinned fruit? TAX.

Doctors do not advise you to use condensed milk. TAX.

It is time for tea. TAX.

Your father would enjoy this tobacco. TAX.

Your grandfather would feel happy at the sight of this snuff. TAX.

What stores of wine! TAX.

You must note that all the articles just named (and others besides) are *Imports*; that is, things fetched into this country, and the tax is the duty paid on them to the Custom House Officers at our seaports. In other words, this list of taxes or duties is the English Customs tariff. So you quite see that a number of articles of food, etc., are taxed, though people often talk as if taxes on food had come to an end.

We have not done with the dreadful echo. We shall next hear it as we go up and down the country, reckoning the articles that pay *Excise Duties* and *Licenses* to the Excise Officers. We shall have to work from point to point in a motor.

Ready?

Would you like to be a House-agent? TAX.

Perhaps you would prefer to wield the hammer of the auctioneer? TAX.

Or to be a brewer? TAX.

Or a publican? TAX.

Peep through this window, and watch men printing playing-cards. TAX.

We are passing a field of chicory. TAX.

How pretty the apple-orchards and pear-orchards appear, and what quantities of cider and perry . . . . . TAX.

Yonder tall shaft rises above a distillery of whisky. TAX.

A pedlar with pack on his back, is trudging through the village. TAX.

Boy, girls, men, women—how busy they are in that factory making up pills, medicine in bottles, and . . . . . TAX.

The sea! We just catch sight of a crowded passenger-steamer leaving the harbour for . . . . . TAX.

We enter a town. Alas! In these shabby back streets, how often we see the three brass balls . . . . . TAX.

And in the main streets, the silversmiths' shops shine with plate. TAX.

What crowds of people at that railway station! In a few minutes they will buy £100 worth of tickets. TAX.

Very well, if you wish to halt at this sweetmeat shop. TAX.

Hundreds of people enter the cigar factory's gates. TAX.

Hallo! The petrol of our motor-car has been used up. We must buy some more. TAX.

Our adventures to-day are most exciting. Sinbad the Sailor had to bear the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders. We have to take with us the ghost of the tax-collector. We have paid our Duties. We have paid our Excise dues.

What! More? more still?

We go into a spacious office. Over the door are the words, "Stamps, taxes, and death-duties." Hundreds of clerks are writing, typing, adding up figures, sticking stamps, impressing stamp-marks on papers with stamping-machines, etc. We hurry from desk to desk. The awful echo still pursues us.

Would you like to be a lawyer? TAX.

Or a lawyer's clerk? TAX.

If you care to buy any shares in the X.Y.Z. company . . . . . TAX.

Suppose your uncle died, and left property, not less than £100 worth . . . . . TAX.

If ever you own a house . . . . . TAX.

Or are tenant of one . . . . . TAX.

If you insure your life . . . . . TAX.

And if you set up as a money-lender . . . . . TAX.

No, don't do that. Earn your living some other way. I hope at least your income will be £160. . . . . TAX.

Horror! Wherever we turn, the ghost follows. We can stand it no longer. There are a score more taxes

to pay in this office, but we will escape. Quick! This way! Mount this motor-car! . . . . . TAX.

TAX!

Who is this bold and perky little man who bars the way? He does not look like a regular Government collector. Who are you, sirrah?

"I am the County Council collector, at your service. Can I oblige you by taking some more taxes?"

We are taxed to death already! What do County Councils want taxes for?

"For roads, bridges, hospitals, schools,"——

We want to hear no more. Get out of the way, wretch! We will call up our footman to kick you—TAX—our butler—TAX—our page boy—TAX. Are you not frightened yet, sir? We will set the dog on you! TAX. We will shoot you with this gun—TAX, this pistol—TAX!

Bang! We have missed the County Council man. Let us fly—anywhere—north, south, east, west . . . . . .

Halt!

What! Another? And who may you be, book in one hand, pen in another, and ink-bottle tied to your waistcoat?

"May it please you, I am the tax-collector's cousin. I am the RATE-collector."

What do you want rates for?

"For Council schools, baths, parks, roads, drains, libraries, cemeteries, lamps, police, workhouses, underfed scholars, infirmaries."

Begone!

"Also, RATES for lunatic-asylums."

Begone!

"Also, RATES for water."

Begone!

"Also, RATES for . . . . . ."

Begone, begone!

* * * *

Perhaps, in my hurry, I have omitted some of the many taxes which English folk have to pay. If you take up a good almanac, you will be able to hunt them all out for yourself. And, of course, you will remember that the *taxes* are changed from year to year in the *Budget*, and so are the *rates* in the yearly *estimates* of Borough Councils, County Councils, and Boards of Guardians.

What would Socialists do with these taxes?

Put an end to all of them, save one.

Which is that?

Income-tax.

NOTE.—See *Whitaker's Almanac*, and similar works of reference, for complete lists of rates and taxes; and do not forget the delightful Insurance Act stamps . . . . . TAX!

XVI.

THE STICKLEBACK.

The little fish known as the stickleback has a good opinion of itself. It has self-respect. When a group of these small swimmers live in a special spot in a river they show their anger if other sticklebacks come into their domain.

"Keep off our water," they seem to say to the invaders.

Even the stickleback understands the *Right of Property*.

Birds warn off strange birds from their nests.

The dog guards his kennel, his meat and his bone.

A monkey in the London Zoo used to break nuts with a stone. He had a right of property in the stone, and hid it under straw, and would not let any other monkey handle it.

Babies will hold on to things they take a fancy to—their toys, etc. They believe in property.

Savage hunters will claim the animals they kill. Some North American Indians would mark their arrows, so that when a number of Indians shot at a deer, bison, etc., the prey would belong to the man whose marked arrow dealt the fatal wound.

A wanderer in forest or plain comes to a spot where no man dwells.

"Here will I dwell," he says; and from that time onwards he counts himself the owner.

The savage who has tilled the soil in any place not before owned by another thinks he is now the owner because he has laboured on it.

Among some of the Australian natives, if a man found a wild bees' nest, and did not wish at once to take the honey, he would mark the tree where the nest was found, and the other natives would respect the mark, and leave the nest for the finder.

The Eskimo of snowy Greenland sets great store on wood that drifts from sea to land. He who finds such wood on the shore will drag it above high-water mark and place stones on it, and though he may go a distance away the other Eskimo will leave his drift-wood untouched.

But often if a person makes no use of his property he is thought to be owner no longer. If, in ancient India, a man did not look after the tank, well, pond, or temple that he had made or bought, and went away, the tank, well, pond, or temple was not reckoned as his property. When a Greenlander made a trap to catch a fox, and then paid no more heed to it, the trap belonged to anybody who would watch it, and so did the captured animal. As the brave little stickleback defends its watery home, so savages defend their goods, and show their anger at thieves and robbers. You may often read in travellers' tales that they have been robbed by savages and barbarians. But savages have usually quite understood the wrong of theft from each other, and only thieved from strangers, and not always from them.

The Pahari people in the Himalayas would carry treasures by day and night along wild mountainous paths though they might easily have slipped away; and perhaps the goods they bore would have been of great service to them; but they never failed to bring the goods to the appointed place or person. The Herbert River natives in North Queensland—poor, ignorant blackfellows as they were—hated theft. If a theft did take place the thief was challenged by the person robbed and they fought with wooden swords and shields, a crowd of fellow-tribesmen looking on, and the victor was thought to be in the right. This

was a foolish way of deciding the question, of course, but it proved how the blackfellows scorned the act of thieving. The Arab of the desert would rob his foe, or perhaps even his friends; but never would he rob friend or foe who happened to be present in his tent. Some African tribes make the thief pay twice, or three times, or five times, or even ten times as much as he has stolen.

Yet all taking of property has not been called theft For instance, in ancient Mexico, any poor traveller might gather maize or fruit growing at the wayside. The Bible tells how the Hebrews of old allowed passers-by to eat grapes in the vineyard, or pluck ears of corn in the field. By ancient law, in Sweden, a wayfarer might take a handful of peas, beans, turnips, etc., from a field; or a traveller whose horse was tired might give the animal hay which he happened to find in a barn.

At the same time, we note that the Chuckchi people of Kamchatka admired thieves, and thought much of a young girl who could steal without being found out. Certain wandering (or nomad) tribes of Central Asia reckoned it right to rob, and they had a proverb that "What a man finds on the high road is God's gift"—meaning it was quite proper to rob anyone they met. But such cases are not very many. The vast majority of the folk of the world dislike thieving, and feel they have a right to their property—the goods *proper* to them. We saw that even the stickleback had this this feeling by nature, this *instinct*.

Very well. We see that the stickleback, the birds, the dogs, the monkeys, the savages, and people all over the world believe in *private property;* that is, property owned by persons, by single individuals.

Do Socialists want to do away with private property?

No. They want to make it more—to increase it.

Look round the world—just that part of the world that you can see for yourself—and you will soon find many persons that have no property, or next to none. They may be owners of the dirty rags called their

clothes. They own a few coppers. They own a little broken furniture. They own one or two tools. Perhaps this is all. Poor souls! it is hardly worth while their making a show against invaders like the bold stickleback makes; for what have they to defend? Millions of people do not own the houses they live in, or the gardens they work at. Perhaps they wear clothes not paid for, and use furniture that is hired and not properly purchased. Many working men cannot afford an umbrella or a watch. Many a mother cannot buy a comfortable cot to put her dear baby in. Crowds of *propertyless* folk in England find shelter in workhouses. Crowds sleep in parks and other open spaces, in outhouses, near the warm fires of lime-kilns, or under hedges.

Do not believe the tongues that say Socialists want to get rid of private property. Socialists wish to see every citizen owner of good clothes, good furniture, good tools (if he needs them), and able either to pay rent for a pleasant house and garden or dwell in such a house as part of his payment for useful work. And when all the citizens are owners, the thief would be a very "rare bird" indeed. Why should he thieve when he could be sure of finding work and enjoying the pleasure of earning articles of comfort by his own happy labour? But if, by chance, a man did thieve or rob, the deed would be counted wrong, as such deeds have always been counted wrong by animals and human beings; only people would not rush to strike or imprison or lynch the thief. They would let him see they were ashamed of him; they might let him go free, and yet he would feel they had lost their respect for him for a time; or they would place him in a workshop or farm, where he would be taught to follow an art or craft and be shown the joy of winning things by his own work instead of foolish snatching and grabbing. And some day he would know the pleasure of paying back all he had stolen, and being enrolled again in the list of good citizens.

Then do Socialists wish *all* property to be private? No. Every one of us is a *person*, and also a *citizen*, or member of the city or country. Therefore:

(1) Each should have private personal property, such as clothes, ornaments, watch, necessary tools, books, keepsakes, and the like. You may have read the beautiful poem of Cowper on the receipt of his mother's picture. It was a gift from one who had known her. He loved this picture, and he looked at it, saying:

O that those lips had language!

Such precious things would be possessed by each person, and friends and neighbours would be glad to treat them as personal and private property, never needing to be sold through distress.

(2) Each citizen would be a sharer in the *public property;* that is, the land, the machinery, the factories, the railways, canals, docks, parks, libraries, schools, museums, etc. And every able-bodied citizen would join in the labour of maintaining this public property, and in service to the Public Good.

In those days the stickleback—bonny little stickleback!—will still bristle his fins in anger when the invader swims near his corner in the stream. But men will have found a Way of Peace, when each shall be owner of a store of useful personal things, and all shall be owners of the great things—the land and the machinery.*

* The details as to the primitive ideas of property, etc., are taken from Westermarck's *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. ii.

XVII.

THE WONDERFUL NUT TREE.

Nuts always grew on it.

You could pick them by day and by night, and nuts grew again under the light of the stars and in the glare of the sun. You could look anywhere among the leaves, and the nuts peeped at you amid the green. In the nuts was life. The folk died without this food. They ate of it themselves and gave it to their children. But they did not go to the tree as happy children pick blackberries from the hedges, or search for wild strawberries in the undergrowth of the woods. Something stood between them and the free use of the tree.

There was a strange man there.

I call him strange because, though his shape was the shape of a man, he did not seem as a brother to the men and women that lived in the Valley of the Nut Tree. Though the folk came to his tree, they did not love him. Though he saw them every day, and often spoke to them, and gave them tasks to do—yes, and nuts to eat—for without the nuts they would die—he did not love them.

The strange man did indeed love his wife and children in the pretty house on the hill-side, and you could see him play with the bairns in the lovely garden, and you could hear the sound of music and dancing inside the dwelling. He knew that the people lived in mean huts, that smelt bad, and had cracked roofs, and bred fever and consumption, and stood amid heaps of dirt, and under clouds of smoke. But if ever he lifted his eyes to the sky, and the sweet blue of

Heaven seemed to say to him, "What is the matter with your neighbours?"—or if ever he caught sight of a lovely star that seemed to ask him, "Why do the children cry in those dark dens?" he would answer, with a frown, "Well, I give them nuts; and nuts are life; and where would they be without me?"

He did not plant the tree. Ages ago, it belonged to the whole valley; and each man gathered as he would; and the fathers of that village had dug about it, and pruned it, and fenced it from the wild elephant, and made paths to it across rivers and rocks, so that it was open to all who came for food. But this strange man was now the owner.

The tree was wonderful. So also was there something wonderful in the people. They were often sick, and not many of them lived long lives. But they had in them a magic which the strange man wanted to make use of. They had a magic in the beating hearts, in the breathing lungs, in their limbs, their hurrying feet, their nimble fingers, their thinking brains. What was this magic?

It was *Labour Power*—power to labour.

They could rise at dawn, and go on hour after hour, as patient as the ox, more tame than the horse, or the dog, or the camel; and they could gather nuts, by climbing, by reaching, by collecting in baskets, by carrying heavy loads, for the use of the strange man. At night, the Labour Power got low, even as water in a cattle trough gets low and the trough has to be filled again. The people slept in the wretched huts; and in the night—while the stars blinked, and the stream rippled on without a stay, and the owls hooted in the dark woods—the Labour Power of the people grew again, and stirred their blood again, and at the first ray of morn they arose and saw the smoke over their houses; and they heard a harsh shriek as of some horrid beast of prey, and they said:

"It is the master's signal. Haste!"

There was then a sound of feet along the paths that led to the Wonderful Nut Tree. Some workers even worked all night, while the strange man slumbered on a soft bed; and when the day-men came the night-men went to the dens and slept while the sun shone over the green tree, and the Valley, and the pretty house on the hill, and the filthy smoke that hung about the huts.

Now you must know that just a certain number of nuts were needed to keep a man's Labour Power alive each day. When any new worker came to the Valley of the Nut Tree the strange man would say to him:

"Do you want nuts? Of course then, you must give me your Labour Power for the food I give to you. Work for me, my man, and I will grant you the necessary means of subsistence. One basketful will be your wage."

Well, the basket could be filled in perhaps three hours, or four hours, or five, as the case might be. Then the wage-earner would eat, and give to his wife and little ones to eat.

His Labour Power, however, was not yet used up; and all of it belonged to the strange man; and so the wage-earner would go on till the sun turned red, and dipped below the fir-trees on the western hills. In ten hours—perhaps longer—the folk had spent their Labour Power; and the beastly shriek of the master's signal echoed over the Valley of the Nut Tree, and weary feet clattered down the muddy road to the dens. And music merrily jingled in the pretty house on the hill, and the strange man watched his servants bring many basket loads of the nuts of life to his vast store; and he walked up and down between the high piles of treasure, and smiled, and said to himself:

"I have a splendid surplus."

He locked the door of the storehouse (his *bank* he called it), nodded to the strong guards that paced up

and down (his *police* he called them), and went to speak to the doctor in his sitting room.

"Put out your tongue," said the physician.

The strange man obeyed.

"You have overworked yourself," said the physician. "You have a great many nuts and nut-pickers to look after, and you must take more care of yourself. You had better go for a time to the lake over the other side of the hills, and sail on its waters in the boat with the gilded sails, and visit the palaces on the farther shore."

The strange man murmured in his sleep that night:

"Surplus-value—profit—lake—boat—palaces."

In that Valley lived a young man who used to brood. I mean he sat by himself, with forehead bent on one hand, gazing into pools of water, or at the ground, or into emptiness. Pale was his face, and thin his fingers; and he was not so quick at gathering nuts, but his ideas were keen and bright. His name was Genius. One day he made a sort of hook that reached up and pulled nuts down, and saved a deal of climbing, and when the strange man saw it he was greatly pleased.

"Useful *machine*," whispered the strange man to himself.

He got the youth to make many of these hooks, and he kept them locked up in a shed at night, and only brought them out when needed for use, and never let the folk take them away lest they might go into the villages and search for other trees and gather nuts with the hooks, and keep up their Labour Power and take all the surplus value as well.

As to Genius, poor lad, he was very much of a dreamer, and did not speak up for himself, nor demand more nuts. Sometimes, indeed, for lack of food, he fell sick and was like to die. But he revived, and worked again, and had more ideas, and even made yet cleverer hooks for fetching the nuts down more quickly, and devised machines for cracking the nuts,

and sorting out the kernels, and crushing them for the getting out of the oil; and machinery for carrying the nuts to places far off where nuts were not so plentiful and people were eager to buy. No matter how many nuts the improved machines brought down, the folk of the dirty dens did not get more than enough to renew their Labour Power. The ripple of the sweet stream seemed to mock and sing:

"Alas, you foolish wage-men!"

The owl at night hooted in the shadow of the trees, as if to cry:

"Foolish!"

The strange man murmured in his sleep:

"Surplus-value—profit—more machinery—increased turnover of business."

One day the strange man said to the wage-men:

"Your wives and daughters can gather nuts easily with these hooks: and the hooks are nicer to manage every year, thanks to our good Genius. Let them work for me, and I will give them nuts."

So now women and girls swarmed about the tree when the horrid shriek of the signal was heard in the Valley, and they sweated all day till the sun went down. But the number of nuts that came to a family seemed much about the same as before—just enough for subsistence—just enough to keep alive the Labour Power. And many little babies died in the dens, for the mothers worked under the Tree

The river rippled and mocked.

The owl hooted "Foolish!"

Genius made so many machines that the strange man did not need so many men. So he sent away a large group of the nut pickers. They would lean over the fence looking at the other workers inside, or they would wander up and down the Valley not knowing what to do and getting angry and wild and careless. These were the *Unemployed*. Now and then, some of them crept towards the shed, meaning to break the

machines that had driven them beyond the fence. But the police always watched. And the strange man threw basket-loads of the worse nuts over the railings, so that the Unemployed could eat of the crumbs.

The women and girls looked pale now, the same as the men; and babies died fast; and the stream rippled under the bridge and mocked, and the owl hooted in the shadow.

Who was the strange man?

He was the *Capitalist*.

* * * *

"All this must have an end," said a man to his work-mates in the Valley one evening. "Genius must make machines for us, to ease our toil, to shorten our hours of work; and our wives and daughters must not be bound to gather nuts unless they so wish, and we will let them make those wretched dens into happy cottages; or better still, we will build bright and spacious houses on the hill; and we must tell the Capitalist that the Nut Tree is for us all, and the surplus value for us all."

So said the *Socialist*.

The river laughed. The owl said:

"Wise!"

XVIII.

WHAT IS THAT INSIDE THE WALL?

A FINE house is that—high towers, strong walls, big gates. It stands on a hill. Far and wide it is seen by many eyes. It looks grand as it catches the light of the dawn. It looks grand as it glows red in the sun that sets.

But what is that inside the wall?

Will you come close and put your ear to the strong stone? Can you hear? Does a voice seem to issue from the wall? Is it the sound of joy or grief? From what or whom can the voice proceed? What is that inside the wall?

Let me tell you the fancy-tale, or legend, of this house built by Manol the Mason. It is a legend of Roumania, the flat and fruitful land that lies on either side of the broad rolling stream of the Danube. But before I begin, let me tell you that I shall keep breaking off to speak of another house—not Manol's house. So now list to the tale of Manol's house—and the other.

Dark was the hair, and dark were the eyes of Rudolph, and so the folk named him Prince Rudolph the Black. He said to Manol the Mason:

"Manol, build me a fine mansion for the monks."

Manol and his men began the work. But some ill power touched the work. Each morn, as the sun rose and lit the stonework with its light, the half-built walls crumbled to dust, and the task was undone.

At last, the master-mason (Manol that is) called together his craftsmen and said:

"Mates, there will be no life in our work until we put life into it."

"In what way, master?"

"Until we put into the wall the first woman who comes here to-morrow, and she shall be built into the wall, and the stones will close her in, and her life will be held fast, and so shall there be life in our work, and the Prince will give us praise." So be it, Master Manol.

* * * * *

Now this land of England in which you and I dwell is a land full of riches. There is gold in its banks, silver on its tables, and the shops teem with goods, and in its warehouses is much wealth, and lo! the ships sail on many seas and bring yet more and more treasure to our shores. Truly England is like unto a grand house—high towers, strong walls, big gates. It looks grand as it catches the light of the dawn. It looks grand as it glows red in the rays of the sun that sets. And the books in the library and the books at the school say that England is a rich and prosperous country.

And what happened in the year 1900? How many men (and sometimes women) were killed while at work on the railway line, or in the docks, or quarry, or mine, or mill, or factory? And how many were badly hurt? The answer is:

Killed, 4,753; injured, 104,303.

And now let us go back to Roumania, the land of the river Danube.

* * * * *

Manol the mason said in his heart:

"Oh, I pray that it may not be my wife who comes first."

As the day began to break, the workers were waiting. Dreadful was the sky in its wrath. Rain poured in heavy drops, and already the stream near the new house was swollen.

"A woman is crossing the stream!" cried voices.

Through the storm she came with a smile. She

carried a basket in which was laid the breakfast for the master mason. It was the wife of Manol.

* * * * *

Yes, and in England, in the next year, what happened on the rail, in the quarry, dock, mine, factory? Read:

Year, 1901: Killed, 4,622; injured, 107,286.

* * * * *

Now when the workers seized hold of Manol's wife, and dragged her to the wall, and began piling up huge stones quickly about her, she laughed, for she thought they did but play a jest, and were making merry.

Alas! the wall rose higher. It rose above her head; and yet higher; and the mortar was good mortar, and the blocks of stone were well set, for the house was to be stoutly built. It was to be a house of prosperity.

* * * * *

Travel to England with me again, and I will tell what happened in the next year:

Year, 1902: Killed, 4,516; injured, 112,128.

And learned men often said, and they often wrote it in the newspapers, "England is a rich land."

* * * * *

So at last the house for the monks was finished, and the top stone was laid in much glory. The Black Prince saw it and was glad. But he feared that not even yet was there life enough spent in the building. He bade Manol and the workmen climb to the summit of the scaffolding of wood, which still stood about the grand house. They all mounted to the highest platform; and then, at the word of Black Rudolph, the lower part of the scaffolding was made loose, and it all fell, and great was the fall of it, and Manol and his fellow-craftsmen lay dead.

Beautiful was the house.

* * * * *

And in other years did other such things still happen in England, thus:

Year.	Killed.	Injured.
1903	4,154	115,570
1904	3,985	115,515
1905	4,268	122,386
1906	4,369	135,914

And in yet other years, but this will be enough to tell.*

* * * * *

From the spot where Manol died there sprang forth (so says the old story) a spring of water; and the water was very bitter to the taste.

Glorious was the building.

But what is that inside the wall? Is it not the lost life of the wife of Manol?

Glorious is the wealth of the house of England.

But what is that inside the wall? Is it not the lost lives of thousands and thousands of her workpeople who die at their industry year by year?

And is there not blood on the walls? Are not hundreds of thousands of her workpeople hurt as they ply the labour of their hands and earn their daily bread?

And ought these things to be so?

What is that inside the wall?

These are the questions that Socialists ask.

But I will not end this tale with the sad sound within the walls. I told you how many poor folk were slain at their work in 1906. But in that same year 1,500 children sang one day; and why did they sing?

It was at the Crystal Palace, near London. The Co-operators—the workers-together—of England were holding a festival. They met each other with happy faces because they were all helping in the same effort; all working in societies for making and selling boots, hosiery, clothes, etc. And in the middle of the festival

* *Socialist Annual*, 1909.

1,500 children sang. And these children stepped on to a stage, and they were dressed in bright costumes, and they acted a play, and the play was called "The Coming of Prince Sunshine." And this, to be sure, was better than the coming of Prince Rudolph the Black.

Some day, all England—all this grand old England —shall be a place of co-operation:

> None shall then be idle,
> None shall then be poor,
> Everyone be able
> Justice to secure.
>
> *(G. Spiller.)*

And the children will sing as the people work; and Prince Sunshine will have come to reign; and few, few shall be killed at their daily work, for it will be the pride of the clever men and the men of genius to think of plans to protect the workers from perils by land or water.

England will be a grand house, and there will be no sorrowful sigh within her walls.

XIX.

THE CRY OF THE DOG.

In the old books that tell the life and work of the Indian teacher, Buddha, is found the following tale:—

Buddha, the prophet, knew that a certain king's heart was hard towards the people of his land, so he related to him a parable.

There was once a wicked king in India, and the god Indra resolved to give him a warning. So Indra took the shape of a hunter, and at his side walked a demon in the guise of a tremendous dog.

The hunter and the hound entered the palace, and the howls of the dog made the roof and the walls shake.

"What is the matter with your dog?" asked the king.

"He is very hungry."

The king ordered food to be given to the hound; but, in a few moments, the beast had eaten all that was eatable in the royal house.

More food was sent for, and still the dog howled for more.

"Will nothing satisfy your dog?" asked the king.

"Nothing except the flesh of his enemies."

"Who are his enemies?"

"The men who oppress the poor, and cause them to suffer hunger in this kingdom."

The king knew that he himself was meant, for his heart had been steeled against the poor and the needy; and he feared, and resolved to act a better part.*

The day when I wrote this story of the Cry of the

* Carus' *Gospel of Buddha*, chapter lxxviii.

Dog was November 9, 1909. As I wrote I could see a strange scene from my window in Leicester.

On a piece of waste ground, green with grass, belonging to the Town Council, some men had built up a circular wall of earth, as high as a man's shoulder, like an Eskimo snow-hut without a roof. They lit a fire, and sat—seven or eight of them—warming themselves at the glow, while overhead the sky was grey and dull.

The men were unemployed. They had waited in the market-place for months, and tramped the streets, and asked the Distress Committee for work and wages, and still were short of money, food, and proper garments. At last they had come upon the town land like gypsies, and the smoke of their camp fire curled upwards, and sometimes a crowd of children would come and stare, and sometimes a group of grown-ups would come and stare; and so on till night, when the stars looked down on these poor outcasts. In rich England—the country of Alfred, and Shakespeare, and Gladstone, and William Morris—these pale men, in shabby clothes, spent the night with no roof.

November the 9th was Mayor's Day. As a member of the Town Council I went to the Council-chamber in the Town Hall. The room had stained windows, and big oil paintings of Mayors adorned the walls; and the Mayor for the new year sat in a large chair of office, and he was clad in brown fur and scarlet cloth, and a shining chain hung over his breast. For an hour or two there was pleasant talking and smiling and laughing, and then a lunch was eaten and gentlemen smoked cigars.

And the Councillors and Aldermen came together again in the Chamber that afternoon, and lo! the howling of the Indian dog was heard.

Yes, the cry of the dog of which Buddha, the prophet, told in his tale—the cry of the people that were anhungered and demanded work.

The Mayor, in the brown fur and the scarlet cloth and shining chain, said:—

" Gentlemen, there are men at the door who wish to speak to the Council. They are a deputation of the land-grabbers, as they call themselves, who have seized the land off Walnut Street. Will you hear what they have to say?"

" We ought not to hear men who have done an evil deed in going on the Council's land," said one.

" I am a magistrate," said another, with a stately air, " and these evil-doers may be brought before me when I sit on the Bench; therefore, I must not stay here and listen, as if I were a party to their misdoing."

" What these men have done," said the Town Clerk, solemnly, " is grossly illegal." (That is, very, very unlawful.)

" Let them come in," pleaded a Socialist member.

" Let us be generous, and listen to their cry of distress," pleaded another Socialist.

By show of hands it was agreed that the men—four or five—should be admitted.

They looked pale and hollow-eyed. The spokesman was a strong-limbed man, with keen eyes and lips that closed tight. He had once been a sailor in the English Navy, and he told us he had had work in the town as a stoker, and his master wished to drop his wages from 35/- to 28/-, and Dennis Jennet (such was his name) refused.

" Mr. Mayor," he prayed, " let us have work on this Town-land. Give us seeds; give us tools; give us food while the seeds grow. We will cultivate this soil, and it shall produce plants. We have no mind to be idle. Or, if you think we are idlers, test us; try us; put us to the proof, and if we do not work, then condemn us."

Thus spoke Dennis Jennet, the stoker; and behind him were the faces of the unemployed—miserable, haggard, hungry.

The Mayor said kindly:—

" The Council will consider your words."

" At once, will they?" asked the stoker.

"The Council will consider your words," said the Mayor in the brown fur and the scarlet cloth and the shining chain.

The unemployed bowed and went out. They went back to the gypsy home on the waste ground.

And as they walked out I seemed to hear afar off the howl of Indra's dog—the cry of the hungry and the oppressed.

* * * * *

If you and I could write a list of things on a paper—a sort of Great Charter; a list of useful works which would give employment to idle hands and arms; and if we could take it, and read out the Great Charter to the outcasts that sit round the fire on the waste ground off Walnut Street, what should we put in the list? Such things, I think, as these:—

Farming land and growing corn.

Cultivating kitchen (vegetable) and flower gardens.

Turning waste land into farm land.

Draining bogs and swamps.

Reclaiming land by the sea; that is, raising banks, as the Dutch do in Holland, so as to turn damp land, now watered by the tides, into dry soil for meadows and fields.

Planting and making forests (afforestation).

Making good roads where now the roads are rough, narrow, or too twisting.

Pulling down houses that are not fit for human beings to dwell in.

Building fit and decent houses.

Laying out parks and open spaces.

Making tramways or light railways in country places where now it is hard to travel.

Making clothes and boots for the ill-clad, so that England might proudly say to the world, "There is not in my realm any daughter or son of mine in rags."

Building more schools, with big playgrounds for the children, who are crowded into large barracks that are not home-like and beautiful.

Is there not work enough here for many years to come?

How merry England would hum in the busy and joyful labour, when none would be workless, none unemployed (unless sick or helpless), and all had time each day for music and reading and play!

And the shipbuilding, and the factories and the mills, and the bakeries and the butcheries, and the great stores, etc., would be in the ownership of the people—the community—and the howl of Indra's dog would only be heard in an old tale, and never ring out a real and heart-breaking sound in the cities of England.

Who are the people that demand these great changes?

The Socialists.

XX.

THE CHARCOAL WRITING.

From his palace window King Al Mamun saw a man writing with charcoal on the wall. Four lines of writing he wrote, as if they were four lines of a verse of poetry; four lines in black letters.

Al Mamun called to a slave.

"Fetch that man in," he said, "and copy out what he has written with charcoal on the palace wall."

(I must tell you, before I go further, that this tale is taken from a very old Arabian book, and the people it tells of are Mohammedans.)

The slave seized hold of the writer, and said:—

"The Commander of the Faithful has told me to read and report what you have written on the wall."

This was the verse:—

O palace, all things dreadful and bad are gathered in thee.
When will the owl build its nest in thy ruins?
The day when the owl builds its nest in thy ruins will be the day of my joy,
And no man will be sorry for thy downfall.

"You must come with me to the King," said the slave.

"No."

"But you must."

The charcoal writer stood before Al Mamun.

"Why did you write such a verse on the wall of my house?" asked the King.

"Your palace," said the man, "contains money, jewels, clothes, food, carpets, pots, slave-girls, slave-men, and all kinds of riches. But all the time I am

hungry and homeless. What is the use of your rich house to me if I am starving? Now if it fell into ruins, I might go in and get something—a slab of marble, a piece of timber, anything—and sell it and buy food. A man in trouble cares not who is king, or who is rich. He hopes that the king may die, and the palace of wealth fall to ruin, for the change may bring a blessing to him."

Al Mamun thought for a few moments.

"Give this man," he said to the slave, "a thousand dinars (gold coins)."

He said further:

"You shall have the same sum from my treasury every year."

It had dawned on the mind of the King that the man spoke truth. Wealth was vain unless it fed the life of humanity.

"There is no wealth but life," says John Ruskin.

And what is life? You young folks, tell me, what is life?

> You run about, my little maid;
> Your limbs they are alive—

says the poet Wordsworth in his story of "We are Seven." But what is this life?

I can answer best by saying what life *does*.

Life eats and drinks, and needs house and clothes, and it must breathe fresh air. This is like the groundwork, the basis of the mansion of life. That is why Jesus is said, in the Bible, to have given meals to the people as well as speaking the gospel words.

Life loves its partner, and so man and woman marry. And some day I will tell you a beautiful love-story from the books of the greatest of German poets—Goethe.*

Life loves its children, nurses them, dandles them on its knee, and gives them playthings, and sings them to sleep, and teaches them.

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* See the last chapter, "At the Wayside Spring."

Life fights. It fights bad air, for we hate to breathe it; bad health, for we hate to be ill; bad smells, for we hate swamps, and dirt, and fever; and wild beasts, for they know not how to act as friends towards us; and evil laws and cruel masters, for life loves to be free.

Life works. You will call to mind our talk about the "Beating heart," and how man works in the house, the shop, the market, the field, and even in play and sport.

Life governs. Life loves to feel its power—the child over his toys, the herdsman over his herd, the driver over his horse, the engineer over his machine, the captain over his ship, the officer over his troop, the ruler over his land. And this governing is a good power so long as we seek the welfare of those animals or men that we govern.

Life loves to be praised. The birds like to have their feathers or their song admired; the girl her neat work; the boy his running and cricketing; the woman her face, and voice, and dress; the man his skill and action; the artist his pictures; the singer his song; the architect his building; the poet his verse. And all this, too, is well, so long as we are not vain and conceited.

Life makes *friends*—play friends, arm-in-arm friends, friends who will laugh with us, friends who will cry with us, friends who will work side by side with us, and walk behind the same banner.

Life looks up in *reverence* at the "star of the evening, beautiful star"; at the glory of the sun; at the gold and crimson of the clouds; at the high hills; at the waving trees; at the solemn temples; at the face of mother, the face of father, the silver hair of grandparents, the quiet eyes of the dear teacher.

Life looks all round in *love*. "Little children, love one another."

Life thinks.

Life dances; life sings; life speaks; life draws; life paints and carves; life acts on the stage.

Life is brave. Garibaldi, the Italian, was brave.

Life is prudent. King Alfred was prudent.

Life is persevering. Charles Darwin persevered in his study of plants and animals.

The Persian poet, Sadi, says he once saw an Arab of the desert sitting among a group of jewellers. He knew they would love to hear of jewels, emeralds, opals, rubies, pearls, so he told them a story of pearls.

"I lost my way in the wide sandy waste," he said, " and not a date, not a scrap of food had I left to eat, and I was near to death with hunger. What was my joy when I picked up a little bag which I could feel was full of small things, just like dried wheat! I tore the bag open. Alas! it was not grains of corn. It was pearls. Precious were the stones, and yet they brought me no promise of life."

" There is no wealth but life."

And the poet Sadi also relates that a traveller wandered over a great dry wilderness and could get no food, nor could he find the road to any village or camp.

At length he lay down and died.

A party of Arabs, coming that way, found his dead body.

The dying man had thrown a handful of money out of his girdle upon the sand, as if to show how useless were the coins to feed the hungry, and he had traced on the sand with his trembling finger these words:—

No matter how much yellow gold a man hath, gold will not stay his hunger; and to the starving wretch a boiled turnip brings life, and heaps of silver, death.

" There is no wealth but life."

What is a wealthy land?

Some people would say it is a land that can show—

Much treasure in banks.

Shops and warehouses full of goods.

Ship-loads of imports.

Ship-loads of exports.

The dead Arab and the money

But Socialists would rather look for—

Babies whose parents can feed and nurse them well.

Healthy girls and boys playing in meadows and parks, and cheerfully learning at school.

Stout youths training for useful work, and bonny lasses training for home-keeping; and with plenty of time for music and dance.

Villages and garden cities, where folk are happy in their daily labour, and the strong help the weak.

Aged people sunning themselves in peace at the doors, or resting content by the fireside, and shielded from want.

The strange but noble poet Blake wrote:

> The beggar's rags fluttering in air,
> Do to rags the heavens tear.

He meant that the sight of a beggar's rags would spoil the loveliness of the great heaven above. There can be no pure beauty for us in the sky, or in the earth beneath, while the human folk are ragged and diseased and hungry.

The people that are outcast and ragged and unemployed write in charcoal on the walls of the palaces, the town halls, and the banks.

XXI.

THRIFT.

A bare-footed girl (so runs a German tale) walked towards a town, carrying a loaf of bread. When she almost reached the city gate she paused on the road to put on her stockings. In order to do this, she set the loaf on the ground and rested her foot on it. Horror! The earth opened, and she fell in, and was never seen again. In such stories the German people used to express their respect for bread—the staff of life—and their disgust with anybody who wasted it.

Another German legend tells the meaning of the name of a certain well—Brittenbroon—near the ruined castle of Landeck, in the Black Forest. It is said that once upon a time the Lady Bridget was carrying loaves of bread in her carriage for the poor. On this day she was in a very evil temper. The road was muddy, and Lady Bridget was thirsty, and, when she saw a well, and wanted water, she had no mind to step upon the muddy road. Therefore she bade her page boy lay the loaves in a row on the ground, so as to form a sort of bridge for her to walk over to the well. He begged her not to do this shameful deed, but she would not hearken. Hungry people stood around with hands outstretched for bread. Bridget paid no heed. She stepped on the bread, walked—and fell dead!

Such legends show the hatred of the people for waste of bread when folk are starving, whether it is wasted by the poor or rich—the peasant girl or Lady Bridget.

Do Socialists wish for waste? Not at all. Then would they sooner save than waste?

Now here is a question to pause at. Socialists certainly hate waste; yet they do not talk of *Saving* and *Thrift* in quite the same way as those who are not Socialists.

We will look into a book on "Thrift" * and see what is said about waste, and we will agree with what is said as far as we can.

The book says:

> Let us suppose a shipload of men, women and children to be wrecked on an island, and, unfortunately, to save nothing from the wreck. Let us suppose that, by dint of hard work in fine weather with their hands, they find enough roots and fruit just to keep them alive. They would merely exist from day to day, and bad weather or illness would mean starvation to at least some of them. If some could work harder, and find more than they eat, and could save a few roots and fruit, they would be more secure in all weathers, and the weak and sick would be to some extent provided for. If by saving still more they could still feed some of the cleverer men while these made shelters with broken boughs of trees, the advantages of primitive (rough) homes would be secured. In the same way, others might be kept by the savings of the majority (the greater number), while they, with flints, cut pieces of wood for spades to enable the roots to be got up quicker. In this way the benefits of elementary (simple) tools and machinery would be secured, and by such processes as these, gradually, provision for more and more wants might be obtained.

In saying this, the book says right. By saving more food than is needed at the time the ship-wrecked folk are able to get more work done and to win more comfort. The food that is saved is really *Capital*, in the best meaning of the word. It is wealth saved so as to make more wealth (spades, shelters, etc.). You will also note that *Labour* had to make this Capital; that is, human hands had to get the roots and carefully put them by for after use.

The book says it is better to "pay cash" than to buy clothes, furniture, etc., by weekly payments; and it is better to save the money till it makes the full price,

* *Thrift Manual, for the Use of Teachers in Primary Schools*, with preface by Sir E. Brabrook. Sanctioned by the Charity Organisation Society.

and then buy straight off. In most cases I should agree to this. I know a young couple who took three years to pay for a piano (£45), and were always in fear lest illness should come and the payments drop, and the piano go. A poor sort of music was that.

The book says thrift in the home is seen in these points: Pots washed at once after use; soap placed in its box; scraps burned; tins have lids on; cupboards and drawers shut; table scrubbed; bright things really bright; plates in the rack; sink flushed; hearth swept; fire banked and damped when not used for cooking; clothes cleaned with ammonia and folded for putting away; three or five ornaments on the mantel instead of seventeen; buying fireguards, brooms, scuttles, etc., rather than china dogs, wax flowers, wool mats, fine ornaments, etc.

Very well, we will agree to these points. We hope the wives of cottagers, miners, policemen, shoe hands, weavers, fishermen, navvies, clerks, teachers, bankers, lawyers, architects, artists, clergymen, and noblemen will all think of them, for the book speaks truly.

The book says we should be saving of our health. We should make sure of fresh air and air without dust, clean water, clean clothes, clean food, clean beds. Good again; the book speaks truly.

The book says we should join a friendly society and pay in so much a week so as to get burial money, or sick pay, or old age pay, or payment for loss of tools, or help in time of shipwreck, etc. Yes, Mr. Book, yes.

The book says a worker should join a Trade Union, so that he or she may get sick pay, out-of-work pay, strike pay, burial pay, etc. Right again, dear book. It is a happy thing for workers to combine. Their blue, red, and green banners tell of brotherhood and hope.

The book says a citizen should pay so much a week or month to a Life Insurance Society so that, on his or her death, the friends may have £10, £50, £100, or other sums. Good advice, Sir Book!

The book says folk should join Co-operative Societies,

and set up shops, such as C.W.S. shops, for grocery, meat, crockery, etc., and share in the profit or dividend; or make things as Co-partners—boots, corsets, hosiery, watches, etc. Yes, my Lord Book, yes.

Socialism will not come to-day or to-morrow; and while we wait and work for it the Young Socialist will be ready to do a great many of the things writ in this sweet and gentle book.

What else does the book say?

The book says: "If everybody in the United Kingdom would put by two out of every three pots of beer they drink, it would amount to £66,500,000 a year."

Well, I who write these pages neither drink alcoholic drinks nor smoke tobacco, for I dislike both. But I think the book ought not to talk like this to working-folk only. It ought to talk like this to clerks, teachers, bankers, lawyers, architects, artists, clergymen, and noblemen. Let us all give up beer, brandy, and tobacco together.

The book says it would be nice for a girl to save 11¾d. instead of spending it on a feather for her hat. "Perhaps the hat would look nearly as well without it." Perhaps it would. But the book should talk in the same way to the ladies in villas and mansions and halls.

And now we see the wrong side of this dear book. It gives lessons to the wage-earners, who have a hard life to lead, and are often in sickness and trouble, and out of work; and it does not give lessons to folk who are well off and yet do no labour to earn their money. This is not just. I do not believe an honest rich man could stand up and say it was just.

Is thrift good? Yes, I have said so. It is good to avoid waste. It is good to join with neighbours in Trade Unions, Co-operative Societies, Friendly Societies, Banks, etc. It is so good that we should all be in one union, one society, one bank, one co-operation. If it is good for boiler-makers to join in a

union, it is good for boiler-makers to join with teachers, soldiers, sailors, shoe-makers, weavers, engineers, and all the other people; it is good for the whole nation to form a Co-operative Society, and have the land for its own profit, and grow food for its own profit, and make clothing for its own profit, and build houses for its own profit, and run trains and workshops for its own profit, and so on. That is Socialism.

If all the people made one great Friendly Society, would they practise thrift? Oh yes, dear book, oh yes. They would be thrifty in these ways:—

(1) Taking more care of the dear mothers, who give their labour for our service.
(2) Taking more care of the babies, so many of whose lives are now wasted.
(3) Saving the health and strength of school-children, so many of whom are ill-fed and ill-clad.
(4) Making sure that every boy is taught a trade, and every girl a useful occupation, and that everybody's cleverness is brought out and trained.
(5) Seeing no land is left waste that can possibly be used, and that the forests on its surface are preserved for the common good, and the minerals below are dug up for the public service.
(6) Seeing that the waters of wells, rivers, etc., is carefully saved for villages and towns.
(7) Seeing that no human food (fish, fruit, etc.) is flung away for manure, as often happens now.
(8) Saving life by greater care with machines.
(9) Saving the expense of a large number of private traders advertising each for himself, and saving the expense of the "travellers," who struggle against one another to get orders.
(10) Teaching all citizens to serve the commonwealth, so that none waste their life in idleness.
(11) Etc.

XXII.

SCIENCE AND THE BOY.

Pleasant was the sunshine among the trees of the New Forest. There was a charm in the air, and sweet were the sights and sounds in the land of greenwood.

Mr. W. H. Hudson lay still, watching the spiders on the flowers. The spiders were white or very pale yellow in hue, and he took much delight in observing their motions. Some were catching insects, some were love-making—though deadly indeed is their love, for the female kills the male.

Footsteps made Mr. Hudson, the man of science, look round. He saw a small, wretched-looking boy, who held in one hand a short, crooked stick.

"Have you seen a pony?" asked the lad, in a thin, weak voice.

"No," said the man of science; and then added: "Don't frighten my spiders away."

The boy knelt on the ground, and looked for a minute or two at the pale, yellow spiders on the flowers.

Though eleven or twelve years of age, he looked only eight. His pale blue eyes had no brightness; his dress was shabby, and, though he said his family were gypsies, he by no means had the sturdy gypsy frame and bold gypsy eye. The family were 15—father, mother, and thirteen children, six of whom were living with their parents in the forest. The night before the pony had strayed, and now the father and two or three boys were searching for it to put in their trap and go a journey.

A wood wren sounded a long, sad note.

"What bird is that?" asked Mr. Hudson.

"A sparrow," replied the lad.

He did not know the beasts, birds, insects, and plants of the beautiful forest. His eyes beheld them, but his mind knew them not. No joy had he in the world he dwelt in.

Presently he fell asleep, and a queer, shrunken figure he looked in his slumber.

The man of science laid a penny beside the boy's crooked stick, and rose up, and crept softly away.

Soon the memory of the sleeping figure became faint in the thought of the man of science as he roamed from spot to spot in the grand old forest and studied the living things in which he took such interest; and sometimes he stopped to think of the lovely spiders and other creatures that he had years ago seen in his wanderings in South America. Thus his mind pursued eagerly after the facts of natural history, and he almost forgot the pallid, miserable boy.*

Science is exact knowledge of the world and of man. Science is good. Without this precious knowledge—mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and so on—the human race would be lost and helpless. But it happens very often that people love the science which tells of stars, rocks, elements, gases, metals, plants, animals, etc., and become wrapped up in such learning that they leave out of mind the noblest of all—*Man: Humanity*. Like Mr. Hudson, they steal softly away from the sleeping child, and go after the insect and the plant, and the rest, and the memory of Humanity becomes faint and far off.

Suppose you stood in the New Forest, and you saw about you the trees, bushes, ferns, bracken, fungi, and the "homes without hands"—that is, the nests and dens of birds and rabbits and stoats and foxes, etc. Then suppose you caught sight of the sleeping boy. This would, as we say, strike the *Human Note*; that is, it would remind you of Man—of things human—of our own flesh and blood—our own race!

* W. H. Hudson's *Hampshire Days*, pp. 172-5. I should like to add that Mr. Hudson's sympathies, as expressed in his admirable books of natural history and topography, are always broad and true.

Do Socialists love the forest; and do they love the waterfall, and the brook, and the winding valley, and the heather-covered moor? Most certainly they do. Do they value science, learning, knowledge? Most certainly they do. But, above all, they think of the Human Note. Wherever they go they listen for the Human Note. If they visit a village, and the guide-book or the picture post-cards tell of the pretty church, and the fine old manor-house, and the lovely scenery, they are charmed, and then they ask:

"And how do the folk live? Are they happy and free in their daily work? Are they well-housed, well-fed, well-clad, well-paid, well-taught?"

This is the Human Note.

If Socialists visit a big town—say a sea-port town; if they are shown the shops teeming with goods; the busy mills, the counting-houses full of well-dressed clerks; the humming tram-cars; the rushing trains; the lumbering wagons; the tall warehouses; the dockers who go to and fro in the unloading or loading of vessels from, or going out to, Norway, Russia, France, America, China, Australia, etc., they say:

"Yes, all this is great; and the town is all alive with business; but we want to hear the Human Note."

So then they examine the people that pass up and down the streets, and see if they look healthy, and if their garments are neat and comfortable, and if they appear contented with their work and their place in the social life; and they peep into the homes of these townsmen and townswomen, and learn whether all is sweet and clean and cheerful there. For King George the Fifth, when he had only been on the throne of England a few weeks, told the clergy who came to pay him their respectful homage:—

The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple, and pure.*

That is the Human Note.

* In reply to the York Convocation address, July 7th, 1910.

If Socialists hear of a country's enormous trade, and shipping, and banks, and business, and imports, and exports, and revenue, and income, they say:—

"Well and good; and what is the life of the Common People—the Proletariat?"

That is the Human Note.

Often I had heard of the pioneers of Rochdale, and how the working men of that Lancashire town, in the early half of the nineteenth century, clubbed their savings together and set up a Co-operative Store for selling household wares and provisions, and how the trade prospered, and much money passed from hand to hand. One day I went to Rochdale, and a member of the Town Council talked with me, and he said:—

"There are too many sick people in this town: and many of the houses are wretched to live in, for they are back-to-back cottages, without proper air and light and space."

That is the Human Note.

Young Socialists, look not chiefly at the banks, the warehouses, the mills, the docks, the railways, the balance sheets, the figures in the almanacs. Listen for the Human Note.

XXIII.

THE TEA GARDENS.

Sixty rivers roar down the valleys of Assam, and the vast flood of the Brahmaputra rolls among the hills and forests towards the Bay of Bengal. Tigers, rhinoceroses, leopards, bears, buffaloes, elephants, and deadly snakes abound; and earthquakes often shake houses into ruins. Over the British Commissioner's residence at Shillong flies the Union Jack. For some years the Commissioner was Sir Henry Cotton.

Bronze-coloured Hindus from India are brought in hundreds of thousands to Assam, to labour at the oil-mills, sawmills, in the coal-mines, and in the tea plantations or tea-gardens. These Hindu labourers are known as coolies, and, till about 1906, they were put under contract; that is to say, a tea-planter would hire them for a certain wage, with food, shelter, etc., for several months, during which time they might not return home, or, indeed, leave the tea-garden at all. Not unlike slaves, they toiled among the leafy shrubs which supply the world with a favourite drink.

Little by little, Sir Henry Cotton found out that the coolies were ill-treated. If they struck work, they were clapped into gaol. If they ran away, they were pursued and dragged back to the gardens. Their wages were wretchedly low, and the Union Jack floated over the Commissioner's house at Shillong.

The Government of Bengal bade Sir Henry make inquiry, and he went to and fro in the Assam valleys, and he beheld sad scenes. The Government hospital

was full of sick and dying coolies. These poor creatures had been turned out of the gardens of "one of the oldest and most respected tea-planters." They were useless for garden work; the master had cancelled their contracts, saying they were no longer his men, and he sent them adrift; in ditches men lay dying, and some lay dead; and in the bazaars of the town sick coolies were seen, helpless and forlorn. Sir Henry Cotton visited the tea gardens. He learned that, even in their fourth year of service, some coolies were not receiving higher wages than in their first or second. Rice was not provided for their meals; and, if they were ill, the sick pay which was promised was not handed to them. A coolie woman ran away, and the planter had her flogged; he suffered a fine for this misdeed, though no doubt he could easily afford to pay the 500 rupees (£33). Some coolies were beaten by their employers till their arms broke. The owners of some of the gardens lived in London. They sat in London as a respectable "Board," and perhaps knew nothing of the evil doings carried on in their profit-making gardens in Assam. Thousands of coolies deserted. Many fled across the mountains into the regions occupied by wild tribes, who would slay them or enslave them. Out of every 1,000 coolies 70 or 80 died each year.

Sir Henry saw these things, and told the truth about them. He wrote the facts in a report, though the Capitalists of the tea gardens would be sure to raise an outcry. And they did. They declared he was not a fit Commissioner to rule at the house over which floated the brave old Union Jack. Newspapers said hard things about Sir Henry, and Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India said that the Commissioner had acted unwisely. Sir Henry Cotton had almost finished 35 years of service in India; his time would expire in October. He asked that he might leave Assam in April, for the country was now a place of storm and anger for him, and he felt he had better go.

So he bade the people farewell, and crossed for ever the threshold of the house at Shillong, over which floated the Union Jack. The coolies were sad at losing him. They swarmed in crowds at the stations which his train passed. The women of Assam presented an address, telling him how sorry they were to bid him good-bye. At the city of Calcutta the tribes of Indians flocked about the departing Englishman. They besought him to meet them in the Town Hall, and there gave him a fine casket, as a keepsake of their affection and esteem. The train bore him to Bombay, and there again crowds of grateful Hindus assembled to do him honour.

Cotton's efforts were not in vain. The bad old contract-slavery was put an end to.

We salute this honest and courageous Englishman, who defended the humble coolies when they had no power to help themselves. The writer of the Hebrew Book of Proverbs (xxiv. 11) speaks with contempt of the people who are strong, and yet "forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain." Sir Henry Cotton did not forbear. Britain and India will cherish his good name.

XXIV.

THE EMPEROR SAT IN THE SNOW.

Snow fell upon the soldiers; snow fell upon the horses; snow fell upon the Emperor; snow fell upon the hills of Cabool. The white drift was breast high. Men toiled by day and by night, pressing it down, so as to make a path for the army. Along this narrow road among the hills the army of the Emperor Baber struggled towards Cabool—the famous city in Afghanistan.

Baber was a Tartar, who made himself Lord of India. He was born in 1483, and died 1530.

In one week the Tartar troops had marched but three miles. Horses were set to do the trampling down of the snow in order to relieve the tired men.

At last the advance guard reached the Zirrin pass. A fearful storm burst as they arrived at this pass up through the mountains. Men and beasts came to a halt near the mouth of a cave.

The Emperor Baber, who was a tough fellow, as ready as any of his followers for any task or danger, seized a hoe, and scraped a clear place in the snow and sat down to rest.

"Sir," said his attendants, "go into the cave. You are here exposed to the tempest."

"No," replied the Tartar chief, "I will share all the hardships that my men share."

Thus he sat in the snow, and thus they all sat, shivering behind a bank of snow, until the hour of evening prayer. They were Moslems, and never forgot to say prayers at the setting of the sun.

Meanwhile, the men had examined the cave and found that it was larger than they had at first thought. They crawled in—Emperor and all—and took shelter for the night.

I cannot now tell you the rest of the tale of the wars of Baber. Many good deeds he did; and many evil—for instance, when some Afghans withstood him, and were taken captive, he had them impaled, that is, stuck upon iron spikes, and left to die.

But the way in which he shared the snowstorm with his soldiers was a thing to his credit. The master shared the work and the peril with the men.

And do all masters share the work and the peril with their men? Do you know any masters in the village or the town where you live, masters in the boot trade, the hosiery trade, the building trade, etc.? If you see them hard at work each day, and labouring, with head or hand, as earnestly as the men do, then, so far as work goes, these masters are good.

An army needs officers. A ship needs captain and mates. A railway-station needs a stationmaster. A party needs leaders. We cannot all do just the same work. Some must work by overlooking and teaching others. Some men take a joy in leading, just as you see some boys who take a joy in directing the bands of boys whom they gather round them for sport or adventure.

But what are captains for, and officers, and leaders, and managers, and masters? Their true purpose is to help the men, as the men help them. And why should both leaders and men labour, in snow or in sunshine; in building or in pulling down; in factory or in docks; in shops or in ships? They should labour to serve the world; to serve the city they live in; to serve their country; to serve the host of men, women, and children whom we call Society; to serve all the people, that is, to serve Humanity.

And so—

(1) We need leaders.

(2) Both leaders and led (that is, the folk who are led) ought to reckon themselves as fellow-servants.

(3) Both ought to serve Humanity.

Ought—ought—ought—ought! Yes, this ought to be so, but it is not so. Most masters seek only for *profit*; that is, for making their money into more money, by the labour of their men. And many masters do not work at all. Many people hold *shares* in a company which makes engines, or bread, or boots, or clothes, etc., and they take the profit on these shares, and do no labour themselves. With this profit they spend their time in eating, drinking, golfing, reading, and in many other ways; and perhaps they give alms to the poor, or cash to build churches and libraries. But they do not, like the brave Emperor, go through the snow, and the hardship, and the work, with the workers.

Now for the tale of the Indian shepherd boy who found the money in the pot.

His name was Karuppa. He was watching the sheep on the hillside when he pushed a stone, and saw underneath it a brass jar full of coins. He was delighted. He felt rich. He felt proud. He felt big!

As he led the flock home, his master the farmer called to him:

"Boy! Karuppa! have you seen to the sheep properly?"

"Why," said the lad in a stuck-up style, "why do you call me boy, and Karuppa?"

The farmer said to himself—

"This is curious! I wonder what possesses the boy."

Next day, at evening, the master asked the same question, and the lad replied:

"You ought to call me Karuppana."

This, you see, was a grander name.

Next day, the master asked:

"Are the sheep all right, Karuppana?"

"Why don't you call me Karuppana-pillay?" So next day the master did so, and the boy said:

"Can't you call me Karuppana-pillaya-vargal?"

The master grinned, and did so.

The shepherd had his supper every evening out of a silver bowl, if you please!

Following the boy's steps one day, the farmer (who had given way to the boy's fancies in jest) saw him fetch out his jar of coins and count them. Later on, in the boy's absence, he took away the jar. Next morning the shepherd searched in vain for his treasure. In the evening he came sulkily home.

"Ah, Karuppana-pillaya-vargal," cried the farmer, "come in, sir, your food is in the silver bowl."

"Oh," growled the boy, "I am only the old Karuppa now. The old earthen bowl will do."*

The money had done him no good. It had stuffed him up with pride. It had made him a snob; that is, a person who thought himself fine and grand because he had more wealth than his neighbour. When the money was lost, he thought less of himself. That is snobbery.

Now this is a very hateful spirit. This spirit is found in Europe and America, as well as in the heart of the Indian lad, Karuppa.

A man and wife perhaps live in a small cottage. They save money, or money is left them by a dead uncle or aunt, or they make a profit out of a shop. They now live in a larger house, and Karuppa becomes Karuppana. More profits! and they have two servants; and Karuppana becomes Karuppana-pillaya. More profits, or more salary; four servants; motor-car; holidays in Switzerland; and Karuppa has become Karuppana-pillaya-vargal; and the lady and gentleman talk about "the lower classes," and "the drunken working-men," etc., and will not speak like comrades

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* E. J. Robinson's *Tales and Poems of Southern India*, pp. 263-4.

to the folk they knew in earlier days. And this also is snobbery.

Such are the evils—the evil spirits—that arise out of the profit-making way of life!

You and I will hate to see "masters" who care only to make profits. You and I will hate the snobbish spirit that thinks itself big because of its money.

You and I will love the new plan of life, when master and man shall help each other to make good wares, not for profit, but for the *use and delight* of all men, women, and children in the land. You and I will love to see *wealth* in the homes of *all* citizens, not just of a few; and people will be glad to share with each other, rather than to stand higher than their neighbours.

XXV.

EQUAL AND UNEQUAL.

It is related in an Arabian history of Alexander the Great that the King arrived in his travels at a village in which all the people were of equal height. In each house was a tomb ready for the dead. No Governor ruled the village, and no Kadi (judge) sat in a court of justice.

"Why do you live thus?" asked Alexander.

"Because we wish for no quarrels. We are all equal in height. Our houses are equal. Our graves are equal. This is the place of equality."

"You wish for nothing more, then?"

"O yes, for one thing."

"What is that?"

"We wish to go to a country where there is no death."

This was a boon Alexander could not grant.

In the course of his travels the same King came to a city that had been governed by seven Kings, one after the other—son of the father in each case.

"And is there any King of that line here now?" asked Alexander.

"Yes, the last of the line dwells in the graveyard," was the reply.

So Alexander, with some of his courtiers, went to the cemetery, and found the prince sitting amid a pile of bones—the bones of dead men.

"Why do you not sit on the throne?" inquired Alexander the Great.

"I would sooner be with the skeletons," said the

prince, "because the business here is very important."

"What makes you say so? These are but dead men's bones."

"I am trying to find out a secret."

"What is the secret?"

"I want to know which are the bones of kings, and which are the bones of nobles, and which of poor people, and which of slaves: and up till now I cannot find the difference."

Now in this Eastern tale there is a mixture of sense and nonsense.

It is good sense to remind us that all men, rich or poor, high or low, capitalist or worker, are flesh and blood, and sure to meet death. "There is no discharge from that war," says the Bible. The tale is a piece of irony—that is, of wit and mockery—when it pictures the prince trying to make out which are royal bones and which are proletarian bones; for, of course, there is no difference in the quality or the shape.

But what shall we say to the first portion of the legend, which tells of the village where all the folk are equal in height, and live in equal houses, and lie in equal graves?

Would you care to live in such a place? Would you care to be on the same *dead level* as your neighbour?

I do not believe you would. Certainly, I should not myself.

There are people who have the strange thought in their heads that Socialists long to dwell in such towns and villages. They say Socialists wish each man to have just as much pay as his neighbour, the same cut of clothes, the same kind of house, and so on.

And, of course, they go on to cry out that the world of "Dead Level" would be a very dismal place to exist in; and I think so too.

Socialists do not want the Dead Level. They see too much of it already. If you look along a row of workmen's cottages, you will see how much alike they

are. There is hardly a more ugly sight on earth than a street occupied by workmen's dwellings. Even in some of your pretty English villages the eye is often hurt by seeing a row of new houses, all close together, all with the same style of gates, the same style of windows, doorsteps, knockers, roofs, chimneys, railings. This is Dead Level. But if you look at the richer quarters of towns, you see very much variety in the new houses—gardens different, doors different, windows different, balconies different, gates different, and so on. This is as it should be. It is a charm and delight to see this change, this variety, this diversity, this absence of Dead Level.

You will say, "Then do Socialists wish or expect us all to be different in everything?"

No, different in many things, but not different in all things; *equal* in some ways, *unequal* in many ways.

Let us begin at the beginning: I mean at the babies.

Babies are born unequal. Some are born sickly, puny, feeble, with poisoned blood and weak brain. The poison in the blood comes from the blood of the father or mother—the poison, perhaps, of alcohol (in drink), or perhaps lead (such as one finds in paint or lead-glaze), or perhaps of a deadly disease. Of course, such babies ought not to be born at all. It is an evil thing that men and women should bring such babies into life; for the life will be wretched and more like death than life.

But let us suppose men and women had plenty of good sense; too much sense and too much good heart to let poisoned babies be born. Let us suppose all mothers and fathers were healthy and clean and pure. Even then we cannot help accidents. Things will happen that will cause some babies to be born less strong in muscle, or bone, or nerve than others. But we would not make a foolish moan about what could not be helped at all. We should expect the children to be in every way unequal. Some would grow up strong in limb, others less strong; some good runners,

others not good; some good rowers and swimmers, other less good; some quick learners, others less quick; some clever with hand and eye, others less clever; some deep thinkers, others not deep; and so on.

Well then, of course, they would not all go at the same pace at school; and so the scholars would not be equal in their work.

But all would have the best teaching that could be given. Every child would lift its little face to the faces of teachers that looked down upon it in love, trying to read its powers and its gifts. The teachers would try ever so hard to find out what secrets were hid in each child's brain and heart and fingers; just as miners search for fine gold and precious rubies, and astronomers search in the skies for new stars and comets. So in that way all children would be equal. They would all be treated with equal kindness and equal care, for all would be counted children of Humanity. All would not be fed alike, but all would have the food that was suited to their health and their taste. All would not be dressed alike, but all would have costumes suited to their shape and height and colour and character. How charming it is to behold two sisters, both dressed neatly and prettily, and with some likeness in the style, and yet with many differences; both have been arrayed by the same motherly love and the same motherly hands. They are equal, yet unequal.

Each young citizen will learn to work, to do daily service for family, for village, for city, for country, for Humanity; but the work will be unequal. Some will use the arms briskly and strongly in field work, in mines, in building houses and bridges. Others will not need to put out such force of hand and arm; they will work with light tools and brushes and pens, and the like. Some will give the world music; others, who have no ear for music, will give the world pictures or carving or beautiful metal work. All will be equal in

the sense that all will do what they can; but they will be unequal in what they do, and in the skill of the doing and the art and craft.

Some will marry and some will not. Some will have larger families than others. Hence, with different work and different size of families, houses and homes will differ. But they will be equal in the sense that the way will be made clear for all citizens to have a clean, airy, pretty home, in sight of green grass and ample blue heaven.

Some will be leaders of work; captains over the bands of house-builders, bridge-builders, road-makers, ship-makers, fishers, and so on; and others—the most of the people, of course—will not wish to be leaders and captains; for it is only a few who care to lead, and most are willing to follow the lead of wise, kind, strong captains; for then captains and workers will be all brothers in one fellowship. And as to their pay, of course it will not be equal. For just as a healthy man needs more food than the invalid; just as the man in his prime needs more food than the babe; just as the tall man needs longer clothes than the short; just as the scholar needs more books than the less learned man; just as the man with weak eyes needs glasses while his strong-sighted neighbour needs none—so in wages, or salaries, or pensions. Some may need more than others so that they may do their work for Humanity, or live in rest and comfort in old age. That would be inequality.

But every honest citizen would have such pay as he needed to keep him in fit condition for his work, and in merry employment after the day's toil was done.

And if a man wanted to be so very unequal to his neighbours as to have many jewels on his dress, and many servants to wait on him, and very many rooms in his house, and many acres of land all fenced round with a private fence, I think his neighbours would laugh at his absurd ideas. And when he was laughed at he would leave off making a fool of himself.

XXVI.

THE CHEVALIER.

A WOUNDED Knight was carried by two archers through the streets of the Italian city of Brescia, and a group of soldiers followed. Shouts and curses mingled with the roar of guns and the dash of swords and pikes. A lady opened a door at which one of the soldiers knocked. She trembled, and, in a beseeching voice, asked mercy. The Chevalier Bayard (for it was that famous hero) told her not to fear, for he would behave as a gentleman should; and he begged that he might be laid in a bed.

For about a month Bayard was nursed in this house, and, though the city was full of rough French soldiers, none hurt the lady or her two daughters, or the master of the house. When the chevalier was healed, and was about to go off again to the wars, the matron came to him with a box containing 2,500 shining ducats, which she besought him to accept, so that he might be content with that gift, and not allow his men to plunder the house. Bayard, the "Knight without fear and without reproach," answered that all his life he had loved men more than crowns, and he would not keep the money. However, he bade that the two daughters should be called in, and to each he gave a thousand ducats, and the 500 that remained he said he would give to the convents of nuns who had been spoiled of their goods in the war. And the Chevalier Bayard mounted his horse, and went forth to the French camp, and his old comrades were as glad to see

him as if their army had been made stronger by ten thousand men.

This Bayard was a Knight and a gentleman, very courteous to women, and not caring for gain of money. It would be a happy thing if every man was a gentleman after the manner of Bayard, and did not need to trouble about ducats or dollars. But you must know that the good chevalier, without fear and without reproach, was a man of property, and he had rich relatives, and his home was a castle, the ruins of which might be seen at Grenoble, in France, till about the year 1860.

You know very well that the great mass of men are not knights and gentlemen like Chevalier Bayard.

If a railway porter carries luggage along the platform for you, or does some other little service, and you offer him a small sum of money (not crowns or ducats), he will touch his cap, and take the "tip." If you could imagine the Knight Bayard employed as a railway porter, you might suppose that he would decline the money. Perhaps he would, and perhaps he would not.

Shall we blame the railway-man for taking tips? I shall not do so. And why not? Because his wage is low, and he is glad enough to add to it, so that he may be better able to pay the rent, and give his wife what she needs, and keep the children respectable.

Waiters at hotels, waitresses at restaurants, cab drivers, and hosts of other folk readily take "tips," though a knight and a gentleman would scorn to do so. Even much richer people take "tips," though the "tips" in their case are called secret commissions.

"If," says one gentleman to another, as they sit smoking at a comfortable fireside, "if you can persuade Jones and Co. to buy the steel rails which I have to sell, it will be a fair thing to pay you for your trouble."

"I think I can manage it, thank you," says the other man, as he pours out champagne in two glasses, "and I am sure it is very good of you."

Perhaps if Jones and Co. bought the very best steel rails they would not buy these particular ones; but their head man says these are quite the finest, and he manages it; and he takes the commission (that is, the secret money)—which they never hear of. Like the railwayman or the ragged man who opens a cab door, he takes the tip. He does what Bayard would not have done.

If I had my way, I would put an end to all prizes—prizes for running races; prizes for swimming; prizes for whist-drives; prizes for good conduct; prizes for clever work; prizes at flower shows; prizes in lotteries; prizes in raffles.

What is a prize? Its first meaning is: a thing taken from a foe in war. The word "prize-fight" calls to mind a ring in which boxers maul each other for the sake of a prize.

Why do we run races? Is it only to see who wins? Does not a good run benefit the loser as well as its winner? A proper, honest race is good for both losers and winners. To be the first proves that you are the fastest runner. That is enough. Perhaps the loser truly puts out more hard effort than the winner.

If your work—your ploughing, your carving, your French, your building, etc.—is the best, you are doing your best for the others who are not best at the work. You are showing them a finer piece of labour or art. But if you take a prize you are crowing over your neighbours instead of helping them.

But are we not to be paid for our work? No, we should not be paid for work at all.

Ought we not to work? Yes, in good sooth. It is the duty of all men and women to work at that which will serve their family, their country, and mankind.

But not for pay? No, not for pay.

Then are we to work without money, food, a house, and all the rest?

Every worker should have good food, good clothes, a

good house, a good garden, good air, good books, good company.

Should all have the same?

Well, would you give the same clothes to a baby as to a man? The same house to a single man as to a family of ten? The same pictures to a blind man as to a seeing man? The same music to a deaf man as to a hearing man? The same books and instruments to a stupid man as to a quick, bright man? It is quite true that dull men often have libraries which they cannot read, and money they do not know how to spend wisely, but we are sure this is wrong. So it should be the rule that each of us should have the food, dress, house, books, money, etc., that best fit us for doing honest, good service to the world we live in, no matter whether we had the same as our neighbour or not. You and I often sit at a meal, and we see one person eat more than another, and nobody is jealous or vexed. A husband is not put out because his wife wears flowers, or lace, or jewels, which he does not. If one man is an artist, and can paint lovely pictures of cottages, and waterfalls, and churches, and lovers, and lions, would you give him a fishing rod and flies? And if a man is a good angler, and loves to stand or sit for hours on the bank of a river, and watch for the coming of a trout or dace, would you give him paints, brushes, and an easel?

So we must be *unequal* in the things we get, and yet *equal* in our having what we need. When this is done we shall laugh at tips, and prizes, and commissions; and there will be a great many more noble Bayards on the earth, knights "without fear and without reproach"—Bayards who love men more than crowns, and show their courtesy to all. This is what Socialists want.

But what is to be done now?

That is plain enough. So long as work is paid by wages we should seek to raise the low wage and keep

down the payments (salaries) that are higher than the person needs for health and honest work.

As things now are in England, no worker should get less than 30/- a week, all the year round. I think also (though, of course, it is only what I think myself) that very few clever men, or teachers, or artists, or captains, or masters need more than £500 a year for their own use and the use of their family.

We do not try to pay mothers a wage or a salary. We do not give mother a " tip " for nursing us, or a prize for cleaning the rooms, or a secret commission for making the bed. Yet there is not a worker in all the five great lands—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia—who labours harder than mother. She does not say a good mother must be paid the market-price of her cleverness. She does sometimes say—she says it with tears—that the money is not enough. But she does not mean that it is not enough for herself. She means that it is not enough for her dear babes and the home. She thinks she is well paid by the love of her husband, and the kisses of her bairns, and the red health of their cheeks. And, some day, when this old earth is in truth a grand Home, and when the spirit of the noble Bayard rules the nations, an angel might fly all over the globe, and would find that every mother did her work of house-care and child-care in a sweet, clean place, with all such things as she needed about her, and sorrow—oh, yes, sorrow would be there—but the sorrow would be little, and the music much.

XXVII.

THE ANGEL OF HEALTH.

The Angel of Health folded her silver wings, and went down the steep steps, down into the damp, down into the cellar. Yes, there was light, but only the light of gas jets and lamps, not of the day. Dirt lay on the floor; dirt crusted the walls; dirt hung in clots on the ceiling; and vermin crawled in corners, etc., etc. Men, half-nude, are at work, mixing flour and water, for this is a bakehouse where loaves are made for the poor. The place is a-sick with steam and coal dust and mustiness* The Angel of Health turns pale and faint, and sighs—"Let me escape to the light of the sun."

It would not be true to say that most bakehouses are so dreadful as this which was seen by a gentleman in Austria; but there are many such in our big cities, and they ought all to be put an end to for ever.

But in August, 1909, this Angel of my fancy flew over the hills and plains of Austria and shook her silver wings over a bright new house in the city of Budapest, the capital of Hungary. Her cheeks could now keep their rosy tint, and her eyes their sparkle, and her blood its joyous tingle; for all was clean and fair in this Budapest Municipal Bakery, new built and new opened.

The bakery stands in an open space, and the air can blow all round it easily.

The bakery has large rooms, and the light can dance through the windows, and play merrily indoors.

The bakery has answered the prayers of the poor.

* Note on some Austrian bakehouses in Vandervelde's *Collectivism and Industrial Evolution*, pp. 136-7.

In 1903 the folk said—"Our bread is bad." Then the Council of the town put their wits to work, and resolved to make this house to please the Angel of Health; and it cost £25,448 to build; and the first loaves were baked in August, 1909.

Let us go with the Angel of Health, and see what she sees.

Lively machines, whirling and twisting and thumping, knead the dough, and so the bread is scarce touched by the men's hands; but of course men are needed to do many things in the bakery, and the Angel of Health is glad to note how clean, clean, clean they are.

As the men come in at morn, they take off their clothes in a bath-room, and splash in hot or cold water, or dive in a small swimming pond. Then they put on clothes that are provided by the Council of the town: clothes that can be washed with ease and often changed.

A stream of pure air is kept flowing through open windows or through fan ventilators.

Doctors examine the bakers to see they are fit and well.

When daylight is not shining the rays of electric lamps glitter.

Sacks of flour are brought up on lifts to a store-room that has a smooth, strong floor of concrete, such as no mice can gnaw through. The flour is sifted in clean sieves, and the sacks are cleaned in a machine.

The walls of the bakehouse are painted a light green, so that specks of dirt are soon observed.

Clean ovens bake the loaves. Clean carts carry the bread round the town.

The Hungarians like potatoes mixed with their bread—about 18 parts in every 100; so the town bread contains potatoes. If a baker sold bread as all flour, while it contained potatoes, he would be a cheat; but, of course, if folk have a taste for the mixture, and know how much flour is used, and how much potato,

the plan is just. In the making of bread, and in all trades, our motto should be—" Live openly."

The potatoes are peeled by clean women in clean dresses, and boiled in a clean pot, and done to a pulp in a clean masher.

The Council, or Municipality, sold loaves cheaper than the private bakers; and the private bakers dropped their prices; and the Angel of Health smiled.

The Council make a small profit on each loaf, if " profit " it should be called. For the money thus gained is used by the town—

(1) To pay *interest* on the money it borrowed to build the house that pleased the Angel of Health.

(2) To pay off the loan itself; and this debt will be paid off in fifty years from the year it was borrowed by Budapest. The money thus gained and saved (or " sunk ") in order to pay the loan back is called a Sinking Fund.

Let the Angel of Health dance a merry dance and flap her silver wings!*

* * * * *

Such a bakery is a Municipal enterprise. Its trade is Municipal Trading. The people of the town are the owners. They own and control the means and instruments of the production of bread and the distribution of bread. All over the world this kind of public trade and ownership is growing.

" Stop!" cry out the Shadows of the Past.

" Go on!" cries the Angel of Health.

Yes, the work will go on. Towns should own and control such industries as these:—

Gas-making and electric-light making.

Water supply from wells, rivers, lakes.

Tramways worked by steam and electricity.

Baths, wash-houses, and gymnasia.

Dairies and milk-shops.

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* Particulars drawn from the *Northampton Pioneer*, March, 1910, quoting the *Lancet*.

Farms and gardens, and shops for the sale of meat and vegetables.

Restaurants, where meals can be had by men, women, school-children—and the Angel of Health!

The list might be made longer, but I stop at this point to ask you to do two things:

(1) To look round your town or district, and see how many of such industries are now owned and managed by the Council of the place (local Council).

(2) To think of other industries that might be owned and managed by any Town or County Council —and the Angel of Health.

NOTE.—The municipal bread factory of Budapest has now been working for about a year. At its start the management created a revolution in the local baking trade by making bread from the best materials, under the best possible conditions, and distributing it to the public at prices which showed an immediate benefit to consumers of £100 per day on the quantity issued.

After some experience it was found that after providing for all possible charges the financial results were so favourable that the price of bread could be reduced. A few days ago, after careful investigation, the managing committee decided to make another reduction.

The price of a loaf weighing just under 2¼lbs. is about 2¼d. for brown bread, nearly 2½d. for half-brown bread, and 3d. for white bread.

The local private bakers have lowered the prices and improved the quality of their products as a result of this competition.—*Daily Chronicle*, August 9th, 1910.

XXVIII.

PARIS IN 1848.

The National Workshops.

February 24, 1848.

The crack of rifles is heard. Through the palace windows floats the sound of the people's cheers.

King Louis-Philippe takes off his uniform and dons a plain suit. Then he sits at a table and writes: "I am King no longer."

His wife leans on his arm, as, surrounded by a few friends, they cross the garden of the Tuilleries palace. A troop of breast-plated horsemen close round the King (no, ex-King) of France. But the crowd of Parisians, men and women, let him go in peace. They make way for two carriages, which are presently bearing from Paris the old King, the Queen, and their companions.

This is the Revolution of 1848.

Next morning working men appeared in the streets, wearing red caps, red ribbons, red rosettes, and carrying Red Flags. But this was a Socialist colour. The captains of the Revolution did not trust this colour. They proclaimed to France that the new Republic would have for its flags the red, white, and blue, but that official folk might wear rosettes.

In a few weeks the people rose up against their rulers in other cities in other lands—in the Austrian city of Vienna, the Italian city of Milan, the Prussian city of Berlin. England also had its angry crowds—the Chartists.

The unemployed in Paris were many. A plan was

tried to meet their trouble. A Labour Exchange was set up, where any workless citizen might be registered. By March 15 some 14,000 names were on the books. It was proposed to give them tasks—tree-planting, levelling of uneven ground, road-making, etc.; wages two francs (1s. 8d.) a day; if no work was provided, still the pay would be one franc fifty centimes. The officers of the Exchange often cried to the groups of labourers:—

"Our Future, Citizens, is Order."

Now this word "Order" had its meaning. It meant that most of the captains of the new Republic had no mind to let the workers gain the power. One of the leaders, Louis Blanc, had a warmer heart for the people. He had vast plans for national workshops, which should find work for all the unemployed, and do away with poverty. But the party of "Order" had no such large dream.

Peasants from the country swarmed into Paris; and many good-for-nothing idlers also crowded to the Government workshops, hoping for little work and easy pay. At the end of March 40,000 men (and there were women as well) were on the list, and the daily expense was 70,000 francs. At the end of May the number rose to 100,000. The workshop men heard themselves called idle and shiftless. They were mocked for living on tree-planting, road-making, etc. They sent a message to the commander of the National Guard and complained.

"You may be answered with 500,000 bayonets," he said.

The Government made the decree that all workmen in the national shops, aged 18 to 25, should join the army and labour at earthworks. People with banners surged up and down the streets demanding "Work or bread."

In the month of June civil war shook the city. Hungry and wild, mobs of men built barricades across streets, and met the bullets of the Government with

bullets of rebellion. Women fought as well as men. A general was deadly wounded, and as he neared his end sighed the noble sigh:

"Something must be done for these poor workers. Work must be given them. The Fatherland must open its hand for them."

And when Arago, the man of science, addressed the rebels, and begged for order and peace, they shrieked at him:

"Ah, Monsieur Arago, you do not know what it is to starve."

Thousands of working people were killed in the June days.

Well, up to the war of June the national workshops had spent 14,500,000 francs. The damage done by the street fighting cost 76,000,000 francs. These Labour troubles consumed heaps of money! And the workshops were closed.

Next year French soldiers, the army of the French Republic, attacked the city of Rome. The city of Rome was itself a Republic, and such men as Mazzini and Garibaldi led the people of Italy; and the Pope had fled. The soldiers and cannon of France broke the Roman Republic and put the Pope back on his throne.

I have mentioned the name of a Frenchman who wished the national workshops to be a real help to the unemployed—Louis Blanc. He believed in the Right to Work. In 1848 comic papers printed by the bourgeois people made great fun of this idea. You may see in old pictures a dentist insisting on pulling out teeth even when the owners of the teeth did not want to lose them! Tailors sewed suits for people who did not order fresh clothes; and house owners were astonished (in the comic papers) to see the Right-to-Workers pulling down their old houses in order to build new ones! These were the middle-class jokes.

Louis Blanc was sad when he saw workers hurt by the spirit of competition. He wanted folk to be joined, to co-operate, to associate. The State must help; the

public treasury should give sums of money to aid societies of workers, of co-partners, of co-operators. The co-partners in the workshops should choose their own managers, and each worker be paid according to the needs of his family. Each worker would be proud to do his best; or, if he was not, his mates would show their sorrow and disdain for his idleness and selfishness. Till a short time before the unhappy street war of June, 1848, he and others were thinking out plans for social and national workshops of a far better kind than those I have told you of, and which came to so sudden a stop. Louis Blanc's proposal was this:—

A Government department should have the oversight of workers' societies (as just described) and of farm-colonies in the country districts. Public money was to be voted to co-operative societies to aid in their business, to comfort the sick and aged members, and to make a savings (reserve) fund. Each farm colony was to grow its own food and make its buildings and wares, but not trade in its goods with outside people. Each colony would have its library, meeting-hall, baths, etc. The State would provide the money to start each colony. Besides these plans, Louis Blanc had the idea of a sort of conciliation board; that is, a court to which employers and employees (masters and workers) might come to settle their quarrels. You see Louis Blanc was not a Socialist as we understand the word to-day. He did not ask that all the great industries of land, housing, food, clothing, etc., should be worked by the city or the nation; but he asked for something which led along that road of co-partnership.

At this period (1848 and after) many co-operative groups were opened, and Louis Blanc encouraged them with all his power. A Fraternal Society of Tailors were allowed to have an old prison for a workshop, and 2,000 members received a large Government order —they were to make 100,000 tunics for the National Guard. The tailors drew up rules for labour and conduct; they received two francs for a day of ten

hours; they let any honest and able tailor join; and they set aside money to help other workers outside. In 1848-9 the Republic aided 56 societies with 2,590,500 francs. There were societies of cabinet-makers, painters, cooks, etc., and women's societies also—laundresses, makers of underlinen, etc. But the co-partners had a hard struggle. By the year 1857, only nine of the 56 assisted societies still lived. In 1905, only two of these old associations remained—the File Workers and the Spectacle Makers. The men had not the skill and education for carrying on big businesses; for neither Co-operation nor Socialism can succeed without brains, and the power to work together, to manage, to organise. And besides this weakness, the small groups of co-partnership workers had no goodwill from the great capitalists and bankers in the world of trade round about them. They were like dwellers on an island in a vast sea that beat upon their humble shore, and gave them no hope and no brotherhood.

From the brief sketch I have given you can see how little chance the national workshops of 1848 had of really providing the workers with useful, regular, and happy labour. The leaders of the Republic were not like Louis Blanc. They did not wish the workshops to succeed. Nor is it true to say the workshops were Socialist, in the sense that we understand "Socialist" to-day. They were not managed by the people; the workers in the shops were not trained and educated for their labour in the national service; they could not feel that the odd jobs of tree-planting, levelling, etc., however useful for a time, were real, genuine tasks such as they might hope to earn a living by year after year. Louis Blanc had finer and nobler plans; but the committee in which he and his friends tried so hard to construct sound schemes of labour for the people was put an end to in May, 1848. People smiled, and hoped the Right to Work would be no more heard of.

But it is heard of still!

And the yet nobler cry of the duty to work is heard, and will never be silenced till every citizen has a place of honour in the daily labour for the service of family, country, and humanity.

NOTE.—The particulars in this chapter are derived from the *Histoire Socialiste*, edited by Jaurès. Vol. ix.

XXIX.

THE LAND DIVIDED—THE WORLD UNITED.

On a January day, 1855, the first train ran along the Panama Railroad, not quite 50 miles long—from the Atlantic in the East to the Pacific in the West. Death worked hard while the railroad was built. White men and yellow men, labouring in jungle and swamp, died fast. Snake bites killed a hundred workers in one year. Others were slain by the stings of scorpions and tarantulas. Others were carried off by yellow fever, typhoid fever, and malaria. Mud beds and quicksands—180 feet deep in places—swallowed up navvies in their fatal depths. Chinamen had been brought from across the ocean, and so terrified were they by the strangeness and dangers of the Panama country, that hundreds hanged themselves from the trees, and many lay down on the beach and let the tide of the sea wash them to their death.

In 1879, the great canal maker, De Lesseps—he that cut the Suez Canal in the sands of Egypt—began the digging of the Panama Canal. Armies of men toiled, and many died by disease and accident. In 1902, the French Company gave up the enterprise. For years, the remains of broken machinery, left by the Company, lay rusting in the warm, damp air. A village of 32 houses was abandoned; the creepers covered them, and the dense jungle grew round them; the place was forgotten until the American engineers dug the village out into the light of day 25 years later.

In 1904, the Government of the United States arranged to take the work over. Private enterprise had

failed. Public enterprise was now to try its hand. The U.S.A. property was a strip of land 50 miles long, 10 miles wide, running from Panama City to the town of Colon. The U.S.A. Corps of Engineers, under the command of Major G. W. Goethals, were to finish the task which the French had begun. That task is proceeding night and day. Rocks are being blasted away by dynamite, busy hands and spades are digging and shovelling, trucks are removing soil, locks are being constructed for the raising and lowering of ships, the least depth will be 41 feet, the width will be 300 feet, the length 50 miles, and if all goes well, the splendid water-way will open its passage between Atlantic and Pacific in the year 1914, about a hundred years after the battle of Waterloo. And a very much nobler battle than Waterloo is this battle of the canal-makers with rock, swamp, jungle, scorpions, snakes, and fever.

And alligators! Big ones are twenty feet long, and these horrid reptiles lurk in the Panama streams watching for human prey.

A worse foe than the alligator was the mosquito. These mosquitos lay their eggs in still waters and in filthy ponds. The eggs become larvæ, the larvæ become mosquito-flies, and the mosquitos bite men, and, in biting, they thrust into human blood the poison of yellow-fever. A good plan is to pour oil on the surface of the water where the eggs float. A thin covering of oil prevents the insect from coming forth on its errand of death. The oil, indeed, kills it. Yellow fever in Panama (as in other parts of the world) has been or is being stamped out by medical science, by the work of cleanliness, and sanitation.

Nearly 50,000 people were working at the canal in 1909 in the pay of the U.S.A. Government. Their food was brought to them from North America in ships that steamed more than 2,000 miles. Every day the Federal (U.S.A.) Bakery baked 18,000 loaves. The Federal printery printed, the Federal tailors sewed,

the Federal cooks cooked, the Federal waiters carried to customers beef, bread, rice, sugar, fruit, ice, and the rest; the Federal firemen put out fires, the Federal clerks worked 800 telephones, the Federal police patrolled the 50 miles of U.S.A. territory, and Federal teachers taught the workers' children in the schools. In one year the Federal builders built 588 houses, and Federal hands installed electric lights, Federal postmen and post-office clerks conveyed letters and dispatched money-orders to workers' wives in New York, Chicago, and many an American city or village. Every month about 3,000,000 cubic yards of soil were cleared for the canal way by Federal labour; the roar of exploding dynamite told of the breaking of obstinate rocks; the rumble of freight trains told of the carriage of mountains of earth; the voices of hundreds of officers told of the directing brains and eyes that controlled the hands and arms of a myriad of diggers.

The work goes on. As you read these lines the trains bear their loads, the navvies cut into the soil, the engineers erect the huge dam at Lake Gatun. Nor do these workers labour uncheered by women. American women have joined their engineer husbands, and women's clubs make pleasant meeting-places in Panama. For this is the new way of the world. The old way was to let pioneers go out into the grim wilderness to find gold, or to hew timber, or to plough prairies alone. Now the women make the place home-like.

Do you see the meaning of all this? One of the most magnificent bits of engineering work the world has ever seen is being accomplished by the United States Government. Government finds the tools, arranges the food supply, and improves the health, and pays the wages. Government finds the engineers and thinkers whose skill and thought power plan the operations and direct the machines.

This is not Socialism, for the United States is not a Socialist country. It is not Socialism, since the workers will or may leave the public service when the

canal is opened; they may then be unemployed; their "right to work" will not be recognised. And under Socialism (at last, though not at first) citizens will receive according to their needs, and not have wages doled out to them in the old factory-slave manner. But the canal is, at any rate, an example of how public ownership and control can use the earth and its materials, and create wealth in the shape of a noble waterway, houses, clothing, food, schools, and a thousand other social benefits.

Each man who takes part in the canal-making for two years receives a medal, and this is the style of it: On one side is a portrait of the President of the greatest American Republic; on the other side, stamped in the bronze, one sees a picture of the canal which unites two oceans, of steamships on its bosom, and of the rising sun flinging its rays over a scene which proves the power of human ideas and human co-operation—and across the sky appear the words: "The land divided; the world united."

NOTE.—Full particulars will be found in H. C. Weir's *Conquest of the Isthmus*, published by Putnam; and F. Lindsay's *Panama and the Canal To-day*.

XXX.

THE COAL CARGO.

In the summer of 1909 a ship named the "Deccan," carrying a cargo of coals and a crew of 27 men, sailed from Port Talbot, in South Wales, for South America. Captain Parnell was in command. Across the broad Atlantic the "Deccan" cut its way week after week —the captain watching the compass, the sea, and the stars; and the sailors busy in cleaning, altering the canvas to suit the wind, and taking their turns at the watch. And why all this labour? Because the furnaces and engines of some place in South America needed Welsh coal. To supply this useful fuel the men of the "Deccan" devoted their daily and nightly labour.

"I feel ill," said Captain Parnell one day when the ship was near Cape Horn. He was put ashore at Port Stanley, and thence was carried in another vessel to his home at Portmadoc, and there, in sight of the ever-moving sea, the sailor died.

Soon after the Captain had left the "Deccan" fire broke out on board, and the flames were quenched only after severe effort. Then a storm smote with mighty power upon the coal-ship; the mainmast fell; a hole was opened in the hull; water poured in, and the crew took to the boats. The men had snatched up a few biscuits and some tinned meat. Fifteen minutes later, the "Deccan" sank, and the crew were alone on a wild sea.

After hard rowing, they landed on a sandy beach on one of the islands of the Fire-Country—Tierra del

Fuego. Rain came down in torrents; sleet blew in the men's faces, and all their shelter was a strip of sail-cloth. Biscuits and meat having been eaten, the sailors searched sand and rocks for moss and shell-fish.

One day, as they wandered in this dreary land, they saw a number of human skeletons lying on the earth, telling the tale of ship-wrecked folk who had died in this far-off corner of the earth.

Thirteen days after the coal-ship sank, a whaling vessel was sighted. Signals were put up. The whaler came to anchor. Soon the weary and hungry sailors were taken on board the saviour-ship, and, in January, 1910, they landed in the port of Liverpool.

And why all this battle with wind, wave, storm, hunger and sickness, and death? Because coal was wanted in South America.

Suppose you and I could travel over the globe to see what we could see, like Columbus or Magellan or Vasco da Gama; not in search of new lands, but in search of the works done by the labour of the common people. What a wonderful journey we should take! What marvellous scenes we should behold! Everywhere we should witness the sights of the magic of labour—the magic of human hands. Let me tell only a few words out of the vast Book of Labour.

We see the ploughed fields; the hedges and ditches; the planted trees in the orchards; the sheep tended by the shepherd, and prepared for the shearer; the swine in the styes; the corn on the farm lands; the barns; the out-houses; the thatched cottages; the mansions and manor-houses; the stone churches and grand cathedrals; the schools and colleges; the shops, and streets, and theatres, and rinks, and circuses, and gates, and archways, and roads, and bridges, and parks, and fences, and railroads and stations.

Wondrous magic of men's hands!

We see the steam-engines, the trains, the electric cars, the carts, the wagons, the trolleys, the carriages, the motors, the cycles, the flying-machines, the

balloons; we see the tools, the spades, the hammers, the axes, the chisels, the knives, the brushes, the pulleys, the levers, the screws, the cranes, the dynamos; and we see (though I am not so glad to name some of these things) the swords, the rifles, the cannons, the bombs, the barrels of gunpowder, the packets of guncotton.

Wondrous magic of human hands!

We see the quarries, the mines, the felled timber in the forests, the plantations of tea, coffee, cocoa, etc., the tanneries, the weaving-sheds, the sugar refineries, the sawmills, the blast furnaces, the shoe factories, the cotton mills, the warehouses, the docks, the harbour, the embankments.

Wondrous magic of human hands!

We see the boats, the liners, the fishing-smacks, the warships, the buoys, the lighthouses, the marine cables, and the observatories on the hills, whence the learned astronomers gaze at planets and stars, and map the heavens for the use of the sailor on the boundless ocean.

Wondrous magic of human hands!

There are folk who take no share in this splendid labour. Some are poor and idle; some are rich and idle. But let us look at those who do the vast handwork of the wide, wide world. From these magic hands flow forth the works that enrich the Home of Man. And what gifts are poured into these wondrous hands in return? What do the day-labourers and weekly-wage earners of the United Kingdom—the Union Jack Islands—receive for their labour?

There are more than 40 million people in the kingdom. Of these, about 15 million of girls, boys, women and men are wage-earners. If all their earnings are added up for the year 1904, and divided by the number of workers, so as to get the average, the average sum per worker would come to about £1 per week. Suppose we look at one trade alone—a trade which is one of the chief labours in the Kingdom—the weaving or

textile trade; that is, the trade whose magic hands give us our cotton goods, woollen, worsted, linen, jute, silk, hosiery, and lace. In the year 1906, the average weekly earnings of a man was 28s., a woman 15s.

In the year 1906-7, about two million people in the Kingdom came to the door of the Poor Law, and asked for help in hunger, nakedness, or sickness; that is, two millions of the citizens in these beautiful islands—the land of Alfred and Milton and Tennyson—were at some time or other during the year in the position of beggars or paupers. You have yourself seen the crowds of unemployed in the streets. You know how men go to the labour exchanges and give in their names in the hope of getting work, and how often they ask in vain. You know how often the food of the workers is impure, and mixed with evil matters; it is adulterated. You know how the workers suffer at their work from poison, accident, and many terrors of mine, quarry, and storm. The sailors of the coal ship "Deccan" are a picture, or type, of the workers of the world.

Wondrous magic of human hands!

Yes, but some day these hands will gather richer fruit from the Tree of Labour which they have planted and tended since the first man used the first tool and lit the first fire.

XXXI.

THE TELEPHONE.

A PALE, thoughtful-looking German stood with his ear to a curious instrument which he had made with his own hands and wit. He was listening for a voice that would speak along a wire into his ear. Presently the words came in a murmur—

"The sun is made of . . . sugar."

He smiled. A few minutes later the friend who had spoken the message came in, and explained that the sentence should have been—"The sun is made of copper." Of course that is nonsense, for neither is the sun made of copper, nor the moon of green cheese. But the sentence was uttered as a test, and so something was said that would not be so easily guessed as if the message had been "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," or some such familiar line.

The German's name was Philipp Reis.

Philipp was born in the State of Cassel in 1834, and his mother died early. His father—a farmer and baker—taught the eager boy to watch and study Nature. His grandmother told him many a religious story that inspired his soul to the good life. At school Philipp took much pains to learn English, French, Latin, Italian, and science. Having served as apprentice at a colour works in Frankfort, and passed through his year of military training, he married, and earned his living as a teacher. His spare time was spent in trying to make an instrument which should carry the human voice along an electric wire, and he had an upper room

of his house fitted with wires which ran down to a workshop. Along these wires he despatched his first messages on what he called the TELEPHONE.

Philipp Reis supposed learned men would be glad to hear of his discovery, and he wrote an account of the Telephone and sent it to Professor Poggendorff. But Poggendorff would not print it in his magazine, the *Annals*, for he thought the whole thing was a myth—an absurd dream. So Philipp dreamed on, and laboured on, and in 1864 he gave a lecture at the town of Giessen, and showed the audience how his wire-speaker worked. Poggendorff was present, and he said to Herr (Mr.) Reis:—

"Send me a paper for the *Annals*."

"Thank you, Professor," replied the inventor, "but it is now too late for that. My machine will become known without the aid of your *Annals*."

As you have already heard, the Telephone was not perfect. The sounds came through it husky and confused. But still, they did come. Even at a distance of 150 feet such remarks as "Good morning, Mr. Fischer," or "What time is it?" were distinctly perceived; and once a singer sang the German song:—

"Ach du Lieber Augustin, alles ist hin."

And the melody floated clear into the ears of the men that hearkened at the 'phone; and they applauded. But sad days arrived. Philipp's health broke down. He presented all his instruments to a public institution, and the man who gave a new voice to mankind lost his own, for he could not speak for several months. In 1874 he died of the White Plague—consumption. Four years later his friends set up an obelisk of red sandstone in the cemetery at Fredrichshoff, where he was buried, and on the face of the stone pillars was carved the story of his invention of the Telephone.

Not long after Reis's death, Professor Graham Bell, of the United States, improved the invention, and made it a wonder of the world; but, in a little book written by Professor Sylvanus Thompson in 1883, the

true account of the discovery was set forth, and the honour given to Philipp Reis.

The case of Philipp reminds us how easily the world overlooks the brave and bright thinkers who bestow the gifts of invention on mankind. If you could read the whole history of invention (a grand and splendid history) in machinery, in medicine, in arts and crafts, in toys, in the dyeing of lovely colours, in the preparation of foods and drinks, in the growing of fresh varieties of fruit and flowers, etc., you would see how often a new idea was struck out by an ingenious man who never gained any "profit" (as people call it) out of his work. Somebody else picked up the invention, and bought it or stole it from the first creator of it, and took out a patent (or special legal right to its use), and so made heaps of money by another man's labour. Inventors are frequently brooding spirits like the poet Gray, who wrote the immortal lines in a country churchyard. Gray talks of himself as lying beneath a beech-tree's shade, and smiling to himself or gazing sadly into the stream:—

> There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
> That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
> His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
>
> Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
> Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
> Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
> Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.

Such men do not seek after "profit." They follow their noble ideas like a Red Cross Knight rode in the Crusade to save the sepulchre of Christ. They search new lands of thought, as Marco Polo crossed the deserts of Asia into far-off China, or the restless Livingstone roamed in the African land of lakes and mighty rivers. It does not need much skill or cunning to snatch inventions from such dreamers, but surely we cannot respect the sharp profit-mongers who have thus made

gain out of their clever but poor or absent-minded neighbours.

I do not mean that all inventions have been stolen by artful profit-mongers from poor thinkers; nor, indeed, do I mean that anybody should derive a "profit" from inventions at all. Socialism wishes to put an end to all profits that are wrung from the necessities of the people. Of course, a citizen may invent a clever toy, and reap a profit by the sale of it. Very likely Socialists would not trouble about such profit-making, for toys are not daily needs; and what Socialists aim at is putting an end to private profit on the vital things—the things that matter for life and death—that is to say, food, clothes, housing, medicine, travel in ship, train, tram, etc.

When Aladdin entered the magic garden and found the trees that bore jewels for fruit he pocketed handfuls of gems for his own private profit.

But when Peary found the North Pole he was proud and delighted to tell all the world. When Stanley discovered the true source of the River Nile he made it known as soon as ever he could. And in the Christian Gospel the story runs that as soon as the Saviour was born the tidings were sung by the angels to the Hebrew shepherds—

> When such music sweet
> Their hearts and ears did greet,
> As never was by mortal fingers strook—
> Divinely-warbled voice
> Answering the stringed noise,
> As all their souls in blissful rapture took.

And the angels said the tidings were for all men.

The tidings of art and science should not be for a few, but for all. The great Nile of knowledge flows for all. The mysterious Pole of learning should be unveiled for all. The jewels on the magic tree of invention should be gathered by all. Therefore, whenever a lad or girl is seen to be the possessor of skill of brain and

hand, this scholar in the citizen school, this student in the art school or technical school, or on the Municipal farm, or in the National mines—this dreamer in the quiet chambers and gardens at the University—should be encouraged by the city and the nation to produce new ideas for the good of the whole people, not for the profit of a few capitalists and gain-makers and money-grinders.

You may ask—"Then what will be given to the inventor?"

He will be given as suitable a maintenance as he needs for the doing of his work. He is an artist, and his mother will have taught him from his early years that the artist's joy is in the creation of things lovely and useful, and in serving the commonweal. And all the young citizens in the schools will be told by the teachers every day that it is their duty to shower honour and thanks upon the inventors and artists who brood on new devices for the public benefit.

We do not offer a rosy, beautiful child money for being rosy and beautiful; but we look at it and cherish it, and love it—and that is the reward of rosiness and beauty.

In the Socialist Commonwealth, then, all inventions (except, perhaps, as I have said, the luxuries and toys that do not matter) will be used by the State for the blessing of both inventor and people.

It will be a pleasure to the citizen to pass along the public way, and show his children the wonders of art and science and labour:

"Do you see that noble bridge that spans the stream? It was the idea of a lad brought up in the technical school, and taught at the expense of the city; and, in return for the gifts given him by humanity, he seeks to give humanity the finest invention of his art."

"Peep through the open door of that Municipal school, and you will observe the children playing most charming games, which teach the glorious truths of

Nature while they dance and make merry; and those games were invented by a lady who thus proves her gratitude for the training imparted to her in the civic college."

"In this city we claim no rights and no profits. We all try to pay our debt to the dear Motherland that sought to discover whatever was noble in her children."

XXXII.

THE SECRET OF THE BRONZE POWDER.

A LADY was fond of painting yellow and scarlet tulip which grew in the garden of the family home at Charlton, a little village among the green hills near Hitchin, Hertfordshire. She collected a number of these dainty pictures, and made a portfolio to hold them, and this portfolio she took to her brother.

"Harry," she said, "you see I have painted a wreath of oak leaves and acorns on the cover, and inside the wreath I wish you would print these words: 'STUDIES OF FLOWERS FROM NATURE, BY MISS BESSEMER.'"

Not liking to write the inscription with common ink, Henry Bessemer thought he would use "gold powder" or "bronze powder," and he called at a shop in Clerkenwell, London, to purchase some. The shopman showed him two kinds, and he ordered an ounce of each, to be ready the next morning. When he returned the following day he was much surprised to find that the price was seven shillings the ounce.

On his way home he said to himself—"How can this simple metallic powder cost so much money? It cannot be gold, for it is too cheap. It must be powdered brass; but if so, what a huge profit the manufacturers must make out of it!"

Bessemer made inquiries, and heard that the powder was made chiefly at Nuremberg in Germany, but its mode of preparation was a secret. He went to the British Museum library, and hunted among the books, and at last hit upon an old tome in which the making of bronze powder was explained. The process was long and troublesome. If only it could be produced

from a solid lump of brass by steam-power, and so turned out quickly, what a lot of money might the inventor pile up.

After much brooding, he devised a machine which was a kind of lathe, and which would rapidly drill and cut solid brass into tiny grains—but, alas! there was very little glitter and sparkle in the powder; it was not worth selling. He let the plan alone for a year.

One day his friend, Mr. De La Rue, said to him—"See how the arrowroot merchant has cheated me. He has mixed potato starch with the arrowroot flour."

"How do you know that?"

Mr. De La Rue fetched a microscope, and placed some arrowroot flour under the glass, and then Henry Bessemer saw the grains of arrowroot were oval, but the grains of potato starch were round.

This lesson in using the microscope to detect the adulteration (or deceitful mixing) of food, set him pondering. He got a microscope, examined some of his brass powder, and saw the grains were all curled and twisted, so as to be unable to give off bright reflections of light. He now eagerly began the experiments again, and invented a new method, and succeeded in making good "bronze powder." His heart was all aglow with hope.

"This will land me in the lap of luxury," he said to himself.

He told the secret to his wife's three brothers and offered them high salaries, so that they were willing to join him in the manufacture, and keep close counsel.

A big machine was needed. Bessemer had it fitted in separate parts, some of which were made in Manchester, some in Liverpool, some in London, so that no engineer could guess the uses of the machine, and none be able to copy. In a secluded street of St. Pancras an old-fashioned place called Baxter House, with a large garden attached, was taken; and the machinery was here set up. In a remote chamber, the doors of which were padded with baize, the machine did

its wonderful work, the shredding of the brass into fine powder causing a noise like a hundred squeaky fiddles and a hundred roaring locomotives.

Henry Bessemer could now sell bronze powder for decoration of walls, etc., cheaper than anybody else in the world. For nearly forty years the secret of the manufacture was kept hidden by the three brothers and himself. His wife and children now rode in a brougham, and the Bessemers resided at a fine house at Highgate, which stood in wide grounds. He had a Sleeping Parner, that is, a Capitalist friend who lent him large sums of money to carry on the business, but did not a stroke of work. Bessemer paid the wages, paid the rent, provided raw material (brass, varnish, etc.), and engine power, and made up the powder into packages of a pound weight each at 5s. 6d. Shopkeepers sold it at 5s. 6d. an ounce. The profit, as you see, was immense. Henry Bessemer and the Sleeping Partner divided the surplus value (profits).

"Mr. Bessemer," said a policeman to him one day, "your house is being watched. You must beware of thieves."

A man had been seen for two days, watching from a window of a public-house opposite Baxter House. It was arranged to lay a trap to test this man's purpose. A workman in shirt sleeves strolled from Baxter House to the beer shop. The stranger soon came downstairs and entered into conversation, and asked who made the machinery at the works.

"I don't know," said the workman, "but I will inquire and tell you."

This was reported to Mr. Bessemer, who laid a second trap. He bade the workman meet the spy again, and say that the machine-maker was Mr. Henry, who lived at 4, North Street, and would be pleased to see him. The spy rewarded the workman, and at the appointed hour next morning presented himself at 4, North Street. The house really belonged to Bessemer's brother.

"Are you the engineer of Baxter House?" asked the stranger.

"Yes. I designed all the machinery."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance. I come from Bavaria, and should like a duplicate (exact copy) of the machine, for which I will pay handsomely."

"I am too busy," replied Bessemer.

"Well, I will pay you handsomely if you will tell me how the bronze powder is made."

"Certainly," said the bronze powder man. Mr. Bessemer then spun him a long yarn about brass, and soap, and water, and grinding processes, etc., and the spy thanked him with joy, and departed.

"I have often wondered," says Bessemer, in his account of this affair, "whether, on his return to Bavaria, he tried to put into practice this impossible mode of making bronze powder."

Bessemer had deceived the spy, just as, of course, the spy had wished to rob Bessemer of the secret which yielded so much wealth.

Such is the story, told by Mr. Henry Bessemer (afterwards Sir Henry) in his "Autobiography," published in 1905. Sir Henry invented the famous process for making cheap steel, and when he died, at the age of 85, in 1898, he was known all over the world as an inventor and successful business man. How money is made in business you have gained some idea from this little history. I will only add that honest folk long for the time when no invention will be hidden from the public; when no profit will be made out of the people by secret devices; when every inventor will be proud to give his services to the commonwealth—receiving, in return, the maintenance which every worker deserves—however humble or however clever—and receiving the praise and honour of the commonwealth for the noble use to which he puts his gifts of reason and imagination.

"LIVE OPENLY."

XXXIII.

MY COUNTRY.

In the Woods of the South of France was once found a poor lad who had been lost for years, and had lived on fruit, nuts, etc., and was a wild boy in his ways and in his strange cries. He was taken to Paris, and clothed and taught like other lads of his age. But when one day he was allowed to go with friends into the country, and when he again beheld the hills and woods, his eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed, and he seemed all eager to escape to the wild woods once more. Such is the power of the memory of old scenes.

An Australian black fellow went on a week's journey with Mr. Howitt, an Englishman, and, when he left the camp where his friends lived, he broke into tears, and said: "My country, my people, I shall not see them."

When the Hova natives of Madagascar set forth on travels they would not go without a clod of earth from the place where they dwelt, so that, from time to time, they might gaze upon the beloved soil, and ask the gods to bring them back safe to the spot whence the earth was taken.

Natives of the Solomon Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, have been known to die of "home-sickness" on board the ships which bore them to the plantations of Queensland.

It is plain, then, that even rude and savage folk love their birthplace, or the region to which they are used, and reckon it as the dearest spot on earth. In their way, they are patriots or lovers of the fatherland.

The Eskimo folk believed that the first man made by the Creator was white, but was so poor a creature that God threw him aside and made a proper man, who was an Eskimo!

On the map of the United States you will find the name Illinois. This is an old Indian word. It means "men." The Red Indians of that district called themselves "Illinois," or Men, and counted other Indians as beasts. Chinese people spoke of their land as the Middle Kingdom—the middle being the best and proudest portion of the earth. The Jews, living in "the land flowing with milk and money," thought of Palestine as the Glory of All Lands

Such has been the pride of patriots. Need I tell you of the love which the Greeks felt for their cities and city-states? At Argos it was a sin to be punished with death if a man even left his city to live somewhere else—if (that is to say) he emigrated. How nobly the Spartans fought for their city-states of Sparta is seen in the story of Thermopylæ. At that narrow pass over the mountains, three hundred Spartans guarded the road against a great host of Persian invaders from over sea. One man alone escaped, and he was despised by his fellow-countrymen. On a stone overlooking the pass were afterwards carved the words (as if the dead three hundred spoke): "Stranger, go and tell the Spartans that we lie here, obedient to their command." Never did a nation fight more bravely for their land and city than did the Romans for Rome. Our name for "love of country," is a Roman word; for the Latin term for country or fatherland, is "Patria."

Each country, then, has its patriots, or lovers. The French are patriotic, the Italians are patriotic, the Germans are patriotic, the Spaniards are patriotic, the English are patriotic, the Irish are patriotic, the Americans are patriotic, the Japanese are patriotic, the Chinese are patriotic, and so on, all round the globe.

Ought Socialists to be patriotic? I have heard some Socialists say No. But I say Yes; and I wish to tell you why.

Is it right to love your mother more than other women, and your father more than other men? No doubt it is. But you need not on that account speak with scorn of other mothers and other fathers.

Why should I, an Englishman, love England more than other countries? Because I was born in the land; I know its hills, and plains, and woods, and streams; I have walked through many an English village and town; I know the story of the men and women that have lived their life within its borders—Alfred, Wycliffe, Chaucer, Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Milton, Defoe, Dr. Johnson, Wesley, Fox, Cook, Howard, Stephenson, Paine, William Blake, Mary Wollstonecraft, Florence Nightingale, Darwin, William Morris, Ruskin, and many more, like the stars of the sky for number. I love the English churches, the English castles and manor-houses, the English thatched cottages, the English roads and lanes, the English ships and docks, the English railways and machines, the English town halls, and the English Houses of Parliament.

Very well; and may not the German also love Germany in like manner? and the Swiss Switzerland? and the Turks Turkey? and the Dutch Holland? and the Poles Poland? and the Persians Persia (the land of the Lion and the Sun)? and the Japanese Japan (the land of the Rising Sun)?

In a Sunday school which I used to teach, in Leicester, on each Sunday we placed on a table in front of the children a flag. Not having real flags, we placed on the table a coloured picture of a flag—a different flag of each country. I would then talk in a friendly tone of the country whose flag we beheld. I would talk of its best people, its heroes and their deeds; its fine books or pictures or buildings, or what-

ever else was noble in its life and history. Then I would say:—

"Let us salute the flag of France (or Italy, or China, or Peru, or Brazil, and so on)."

The boys would raise the hand to their brow, the girls would bow; and so in turn we showed our respect to all lands in east and west alike. Yet, all the time we could love our own England—"this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England," as Shakespeare calls it. In fancy, we could hear the French march by, singing the Marseillaise ("Come, children of the Fatherland"). We could hear the Germans sing the "Watch on the Rhine." We could hear the Americans sing the "Star-spangled Banner." We could hear the Irish sing "God Save Ireland," and so all the rest. We were glad that all people had a land to love—glad that each could say, whether on snowy plain in the North or under the date trees of the South:—

> Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land?"

The English Socialist loves England. The French Socialist loves France. The Scottish Socialist loves the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

Yes, all this is true.

Something more is true. The Socialist speaks of the people of the other lands also as comrades. The proletariat of one nation know they are brethren of the proletariat in all other nations—white of skin, or yellow, or black. That is what we mean by International Socialism—a Socialism that joins the nations.

Shall each nation keep its flag? Yes, but let the flags be hung side by side at our feasts as the flags of brothers.

Shall each nation have its own rule and order? Yes, let each have home rule; just as each shall keep its own speech, dress, music, and manners.

And the navies?

Ah, I will tell you what I would do if I had my way! I would put an end to the German war-fleet, and the British fleet, and the Japanese fleet, and the Austrian fleet, etc., and I would ask each nation to build a certain number of men-of-war which would all go together as one fleet—one international fleet belonging to all. And so if any people made riot on any coast, or behaved ill at any spot on any sea; or if any island or shore in any part of the globe were the scene of distress and want, then the world-fleet would go and restore order; the world-fleet would take aid to the neighbour that was in need.

Likewise, each nation should have a police force to keep the peace, and to see that daily life and work were conducted honestly and justly.

And after that I do not think that armies would be wanted at all. But come! You are not to leave all the thinking to me! For I feel that these questions are not easy to settle.

Young citizens, think for yourselves!

XXXIV.

PHILIP, PIERRE, AND JEAN.

We learn at school that the Channel Islands are four —Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, and the largest of the four is Jersey.

Now it happened that for a long time there was a jealous feeling 'twixt Jersey folk and Guernsey folk. Guernsey had a good seaport in which ships could ride safely at anchor, and Jersey had none.

So instead of trying to improve one of their own inlets and make it into a useful harbour, the Jerseymen had envious thoughts and cooked up a plot for joining the smaller island on to their own larger island!

Three sailors came over from Jersey in a boat laden with goods for sale; and after they had disposed of their wares in the market they resolved the time was now come to take, or annex, the Isle of Guernsey.

First of all they drank cider, to put them in good spirits and keep up their courage.

Next, they made their way to St. Martin's Point, whose tall rocks, sharp like needles, rise above the water.

To these rocks Philip the Captain, and his cousin, Pierre, fastened a loop of thick rope, and the other end was fixed to the boat.

The breeze blew strong from Guernsey out to sea, and the sails of the Jersey boat filled with the wind.

Three men, Philip, Pierre, and Jean, sang out together:—

"Pull, Pierre! and pull, Jean!
And off we'll go with Guernsey."

The boat was moving; the rope was taut, and it tugged, and it strained—and it broke!

And if you examine the map of the Channel Islands you will see that Guernsey and Jersey are still separate islands.*

There are a good many folk like Philip, Pierre, and Jean; they tie ropes to islands; they tie ropes to countries; they shout:—

"Pull, Pierre! pull, Jean! and off we'll go with . . . . . "

With the island or the country.

England once tied a rope to the American colonies, but the rope broke; and then the United States began, and there they are to this very day.

Spain once tied a rope to Argentina, in South America, but the rope broke, and the Republic of Argentina to-day waves its blue and white flag.

Portugal once tied a rope to the vast land of Brazil, but the rope broke, and now Brazil is a free Republic, with the words "Order and Progress" writ on its national banner.

If you look at a map of the world, you will see other places that have had ropes tied to them, but the ropes are now broken. You will also see places that are still tied, and the ropes are still fast and unbroken.

Now it is right that each people should rule itself. Each people should have Home Rule. The people of Canada rule themselves; the people of South Africa (Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal, Orange River) rule themselves; the people of the Commonwealth of Australia rule themselves; the people of New Zealand rule themselves. But while they do this, they join hands in one great company of people under the British name and flag.

This Home Rule is so good that it should spread through the earth; and Socialists would be glad to see it spread.

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* The tale is given in Sir Edgar MacCulloch's *Guernsey Folklore*.

Ireland ought to have Home Rule; that is, a Parliament of its own at Dublin, and the noble green flag with the harp on it would fly proudly among the flags of Australia, Canada, and South Africa; and all these flags would make one brotherhood. I think also (but this is only my thought, and all Socialists may not wish the same) that England should have its own English Parliament, and Wales should have its own Welsh Parliament, and Scotland should have its own Scottish Parliament. There would still be one over-Parliament for all the British Empire.

In like manner, many Indians are asking that India should have its Home Rule.

And in like manner, many Egyptians are asking that Egypt should have its Home Rule.

Girls and boys, as you grow older you will have to face these questions. Why, I think it is fine to live in a world where so many great things have to be discussed and decided, in spite of all the trouble and the puzzle, and even pain.

Be brave, citizens!

Of course, it is not a simple thing to know just when a nation is ready for Home Rule. It is like a young man or woman growing to manhood or womanhood. Some young men and women, even at the age of 21 or 25, are so foolish that they do not seem able to take care of themselves. Some youths and maidens are true men and women, with courage and faith, at the age of 18, or 19, or 20.

So it is with peoples. After a time they show such a spirit, such valour, such sense, such perseverance, that their friends look on and say: "These people are ripe for Home Rule, for self-government."

At such a time Philip, Pierre, and Jean ought not to keep the rope fastened.

Observe the spirit of the Finns, the folk of Finland. In the year 1808 this land of granite rocks, and swamps, and forests, and ten thousand lakes (yes, 10,000), was joined to Russia, and called the Grand

Duchy of Finland. The fair-haired Finns have their own language, their own schools, their own Parliament, and both women and men vote at elections; and the people are proud to govern themselves. Yet, from time to time, they have been disturbed by the power and will of Russia, and have feared lest their Home Rule should be taken from them; lest, as people say, they should lose their constitution, or old form of government.

Such a time of alarm happened in the year 1899. Word came to Finland that the Czar had resolved to put an end to the Diet or Parliament.

One Sunday the city of Helsingfors (the chief town) seemed to turn black. Men, women, and children dressed in black, as if a King had died, and the land was in mourning. Towards dusk a great throng of folk crowded round the statue of the Czar Alexander III. He was dead, but his name lived in love, for he had treated the Finns well, and this evening the women, veiled in crape, came to lay wreaths of flowers at the foot of his monument.

In many a village the same black shadow was seen over the people, and the same anxious look clouded the people's faces, for they loved Finland, they loved freedom. They were patriots.

Hundreds of petitions—long rolls of paper containing names—were posted to the Czar. Each was a prayer for Finland, for freedom.

In the far North—in the Lapp region—the region of forests and snow and reindeer—the people felt the same sorrow, and prayed the same prayer.

An old man came to his master with tears in his eyes.

"Teach me how to write," he said.

It was an hour before his aged hand learned to scrawl the letters of his name, and then, in a very rough hand, he signed the petition.

Other peasants begged the schoolmaster to teach

them the precious letters. They must sign, they must sign.

A farmer heard the news of the Czar's decree from one of his servants. At once he wrote out a petition, called a meeting of villagers, and the people signed; and he sent the paper by a special messenger all the way to Petersburg.

Men carried petitions from place to place, over the white snow, through the gloomy woods, under the starry sky, over the frozen swamps and lakes. One man travelled 100 miles in 24 hours, and when he reached the village of Kittila other messengers sped to places round, gliding on "skis," a sort of long skate, and some 70 peasants came in to sign. Another walked a hundred miles on foot. Five hundred peasants from five hundred different parishes in Finland journeyed to Petersburg to speak to the Czar. He refused to see them, but they had done their best; they had come to the very door of the Empire.*

In this sound of many feet—the tread of brave walkers, the skirr of the skates, the swish of the snow-shoes—we hear the music of the people's soul.

Finland! We salute you.

* H. de Windt's *Finland As It Is.*

XXXV.

THE BRONZE AND IRON DOOR.

In the year 1910 men began building one of the most noble temples of the earth on the western shore of Europe. It was to rest on foundations cut 25 feet deep into the soil of a country made famous by the names of William the Silent, and Spinoza the Thinker, and the painters Cuyp and Paul Potter and Rembrandt—the country of Holland.

It is a Palace of Peace. Under its roof will sit the judges of peace, who meet in what is called the Hague Tribunal, "Hague" being the town where the temple stands, and "Tribunal" being the court for trying the justice of a cause between nation and nation. For to this place come the nations that have ground of quarrel one with the other, and, instead of dealing out death with bomb or torpedo, they state their claim by the mouth of special messengers or counsellors, and the judges listen and judge, and their word is law to the disputing peoples. This is the settlement of quarrels by Arbitration. Forty of the States of the world have chosen "jurists," or men wise in the law of nations, and these 130 jurists are the List or Panel. When any case arises for judgment the judges are taken from this Panel.

The history of men is divided into centuries. Just as the nineteenth century was dying it seemed to ask itself—"What grand gift shall I give humanity before I close my hundred years of life and joy and sorrow?" Then it seemed to answer:—

"The grandest gift shall be the Home of Peace, where all peoples may meet in friendship."

So in the year 1899 the first Hague Conference was held, and out of this gathering grew the Tribunal and the Palace.

To the building of the Palace the nations are sending gifts.

Belgium gives the bronze and iron door for the chief entrance, and the children of humanity may pass in as the bronze and iron gate swings back in welcome, and the music of the hymn of fraternity will rejoice the ear.

Germany gives the iron gateway that leads from the outer world into the Palace gardens and grounds.

Norway gives strong granite for the base. Denmark gives granite for the walls and terraces, and Sweden gives granite for the balustrades at the side of the terrace steps. The United States gives statues, France gives rich tapestry to hang in the chambers, Japan gives splendid silk curtains, South America gives precious woods of many colours, Austria gives the bronze and crystal chandeliers from which the lights will flash. Holland gives fine paintings, Russia gives a vase of jasper and gold, China gives two vases done by her skilful artists, and England gives stained windows for the great Hall of Justice.

And what does Argentina give?

A few years ago the great republic of Argentina, in South America, made a treaty of peace with its neighbour, the republic of Chili, whose land skirts the waters of the vast Pacific. On the Andes mountains, between the two republics, was set up the token of peace, a huge crucifix. All who pass along the mountain road and see the crucifix will know that Chili and Argentina have vowed to keep the peace. A copy of this mountain cross is to be set up at the Palace at the Hague. And the Palace will be square, so as to face to the North, South, East, and West, and look upon all nations; and the tower thereof will soar to a

height of 266 feet, rising as an ideal for the hearts of mankind to obey, and greeting the free winds and the all-ruling sun.

The evil spirit of war is the enemy of the Temple, and its blood-stained hand would beat down the bronze and iron door, and tear to shreds the beautiful silks of Japan, and crush the Cross of the Mountains into a heap of splinters.

The evil spirit of war spends vast treasures on the armies and the navies of the world. In the year 1880 England's spending on the Navy was £10,000,000; in the year 1910-11 it was £40,000,000; and other nations spend their treasure on warships also. In time of war Germany can raise about 4,000,000 men, armed with weapons of death; and other nations also breed men in millions for the death-struggle in the field of blood and wreck. Lord Avebury, who is not a Socialist, exclaimed at a meeting in 1909:

> "What folly! what waste! Europe is engaged in an insane competition in armaments, which can only result in bankruptcy, and which is adding terribly to the sufferings of the poor. No wonder Socialism is gaining ground!"

The Liberals and the Conservatives—the rich classes, the property-owners, the mill-owners and bankers, the capitalists of the nations of the earth cannot stay the evil spirit of war. They launch more and more war-ships upon the waters of the ocean, which ought only to be crossed by the vessels of trade and happy travel. They drill the sons of the proletariat in tremendous hosts of soldiers, over whom death watches as one who waits for his own. They dazzle the eyes of the folk with gay flags and plumes, and medals; and please their ears with the sweet blast of the bugle and the swelling music of the band, and the tap of the drum; and makers of uniforms and weapons get profit out of war, and many classes grow rich on army and navy salaries, and the pay of the common fighting-man is

poor, and death stands at the back and waits for his own.

What word does Socialism speak?

Its word is Peace.

Socialism cries to the workers:

"Proletarians of all countries, unite!"

If the workers of the world—women and men—will resolve against war, the Palace of Peace will reign as queen over the hearts of the nations.

What should be done with the world's war navies?

Many years ago a Frenchman, named Auguste Comte, gave out the idea that there should be but one navy for the whole world, each nation helping to bear the cost; and this navy would act as a police on the high seas, and as messenger of mercy to peoples in distress—as, for example, in December, 1908, the warships of Russia and other Powers gave noble aid to the sufferers in the terrible earthquake of Messina. Thus all the present navies would be displaced by an International Navy.

Then as to the Armies.

At present Spain and Portugal have CONSCRIPTION; that is, the soldiers are chosen by lot from the whole body of young men, and serve under arms for two or three years.

In many countries, such as Germany, France, Russia, &c., the plan is UNIVERSAL SERVICE, that is, every young man who is not unfit in bodily health has to train for some two years or so. He can only carry a weapon when actually in the army, and, if he offends, he is tried by army officers in a court-martial.

In England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, our plan is VOLUNTARY SERVICE, that is, a young man offers, of his own free will (though, indeed, he is often driven by poverty), to serve in the Regular Army for duty at home or over-sea, or to serve in the Territorial Forces for duty in our islands only.

Some English Socialists wish for a CITIZEN ARMY; that is, an army made up of all the young men whose

health allows. The citizen soldiers would carry their weapons home; they would, in cases of offence, be tried by the ordinary magistrates, not by courts-martial of soldiers; they would train for a few weeks only each year; and the common men would (as did the Boers in the South African War) choose their own officers. Even those who do not support the idea, at least agree that it is a far better kind of training than that of the Conscript Army, or so-called Universal Service.

A word as to *Boy Scouts*. There are two kinds of Scouts, one kind, founded by Baden-Powell, of Mafeking, exercises boys in ways that are certain to call up thoughts of military life; though good points in the Scout movement are the outings in the country, and Nature-study, and healthy games, and the quick, willing service of people who meet with accidents, &c. The Peace Scouts and Young Socialist Citizen Corps are different. They also go for outings, and take up Nature-study, and play healthy games, and run to the help of the sufferer and the weak; and these Citizen Corps Scouts (Life-saving Brigades, &c.) are pledged to keep clear of arms and militarism, and they seek friendship with Peace Scouts in foreign lands.

Girls and boys, you can see that in the noble Way of Peace difficult questions rise up to hinder our march. You must think and think, like earnest and brave citizens.

Citizens! Let us enter at the bronze and iron gate.*

* See the *Peace Year Book* for much useful information (published by the National Peace Council, 167, St. Stephen's House, Westminster), 1s.

XXXVI.

"P. B."

"Sir, we have a noble corpse on your beach, above highwater mark," said old Peter to Mr. Hawker.

Mr. Hawker was the vicar of a Cornish village. The vicarage stood on the rocky shore on the North coast of Cornwall, and the village was named Morwenstow. Cold blew the winter wind as the vicar went down to the beach to see the dead man.

Noble, indeed! He was full six feet from head to foot, and finely made in his limbs. On his chest, done in blue tattoo, were the Cross of Christ, and the Virgin Mary, and St. John; and below were the blue letters, "P. B." On the right arm the blue letters "P. B." were joined by a wreath to the blue letters "E. M." On the left arm, also in blue tattoo, were an anchor and a forget-me-not flower.

The unknown man was buried in the churchyard of St. Morwenna, after whom Morwenstow took its name. During the next few weeks, nine other corpses were washed up on the coast, and all were buried by the church tower. A boat which had gone down with the men as they tried in vain to reach the shore, was laid near the graves as a memorial. From marks on the boat it was found that it had belonged to the ship "Alonzo," of Stockton-on-Tees.

Three years passed, and rain and snow and sunshine had played upon the graves of the shipwrecked strangers under the trees of St. Morwenna; and the sound of the Cornish sea had never ceased its rolling song.

A letter came to Mr. Hawker from a Danish Consul in a port of Cornwall. Could the vicar give any news of the sailors who had perished in the "Alonzo"? One of the lost men was a Dane, named Philip Bengstein. This Philip had loved a Danish girl whose name-letters were "E. M."; and because Philip's parents had not given consent to the marriage of P. B. and E. M., the young man had gone right away—gone to sea—to England, and had joined the ship "Alonzo," which, after much searching, the Danish Consul had at last found trace of in Cornwall. The ship had been wrecked. Could Mr. Hawker tell more?

Yes, the vicar could tell more. He sent news to the Consul of the corpse of "P. B."—Philip Bengstein—and of the burial in the churchyard; and the Consul sent the tidings on to the parents in far-off Denmark. They wept; but they were grateful, and they wrote a letter of tender thanks to the kind vicar of Morwenstow. There was another mourner—E. M.; and she, too, wept; but she, too, was grateful.

It is pleasant to read Mr. Hawker's story of the good feeling between the English vicar and the Danish folk who mourned for dead Philip. It is pleasant to read of his reverent treatment of the unknown dead—a foreigner, but a fellow-man and a brother. Is there a soul in all the broad earth who would not say that the vicar of Morwenstow did right in his kind care for the last remains of P. B.?

But if we treat with respect the dead Dane, ought we not also to treat with respect the dead Frenchman, the dead German, the dead Russian, the dead Chinaman, etc., who may be cast upon the shores of England?

Yes, of course, you will agree. And if we treat the dead foreigner with respect, ought we not also to treat the living foreigner with respect? Are there not millions of such honest men as P. B. living and working for their daily bread to-day in Denmark, France, Germany, Russia, China, and other lands across the

seas? And are there not also millions of sweethearts and wives, and millions of parents? Shall we only show our affection for them when some of them are shipwrecked on our rocky beaches? Shall we not feel the brotherhood while they are alive and well, working in field, factory, workshop, cottage, village, city, in this land and that, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia? Are not all the great national families really one family, one humanity? Are not all the millions of workers one race, one bond, one proletariat, one kinship?

It is this thought of kinship that thrills the soul of the Socialist. This kinship is what we mean by International Socialism.

When, through strike or lock-out, or slackness of trade, or rise in the price of food, the workers of France suffer, all the workers in the rest of the world feel that a shadow has fallen on their own family, their own brotherhood. And so with the workers who suffer in England, in the United States, in Japan, in Sweden—and the rest of the realms and Republics of the globe.

Union of suffering! union of hearts!

"Proletarians of all countries, unite."

XXXVII.

THE FIRE ON THE ALTAR.

A BAY curves in a crescent on the west coast of the Caspian Sea, the vast inland lake which is touched by Europe on one side and Asia on the other.

A Temple stood here, and on its holy altar, for more than two thousand years, a fire burned, and before this fire, as the image of God, men had bowed the knee from generation to generation. In its clear flame they saw wonder, beauty, God. From east and west, from north to south, they came to worship. Even from India the Fire-worshippers travelled; for the heart of man loves Beauty, and will wander very far in search of it; and when it cannot see it the heart yet longs and broods in silence.

Now this fire on the altar of Ateshga—whence did it come?

From the earth, from mother-earth.

The region of Ateshga is a region of oil. From the depths of the earth the oil wells up in springs and fountains, in jets and streams. Or it thins itself into gas, and the gas lights up at the touch of the smallest flame. To-day the region is a source of oil-supply for the whole world; but, ages ago, it was the centre of the worship of Fire, and the Guebres, or Fire-worshippers, knelt before the altar and adored the beauty of the flickering God.

The priests of the Temple of Ateshga led pipes from the ground to the altar, and so kept up an endless stream of gas, and the fire on the altar never ceased.

In the year 1871 there was an oil-well at this place

—called Baku in later times and now—which had been drilled or pierced on purpose to obtain the greasy liquid —green or lilac in hue—for sale as lamp-oil.

Little by little the eyes of merchants and profit-makers were drawn to the land of Baku. One by one, more wells were drilled. In 1883 there were 400 such wells. The harbour became filled with sailing ships and steamships. A forest of masts stretched a long distance along the shore. The city of Baku was more and more crowded with people. Two Swedish brothers —Nobel by name—drilled wells, and laid very long pipes right from the wells to the coast, so that oil might be carried like water, and pumped straight into steamships; and the steamships themselves used oil for fuel instead of coal. The trade was now so rich and so busy that Baku was one of the most important oil-centres of the world, and the many chimneys of its factories sent out immense clouds of dark, black smoke that curled—as the wind shifted—either towards the snowy Caucasus mountains on the west, or the grey plain of the Caspian waters on the east.

Sometimes visitors would amuse themselves by rowing out on the sea and throwing wisps of lighted straw on the surface of the water. On the surface of the sea floats oil-scum, or perhaps jets of oil force their way through the sea from the sea-bottom, and the moment the flaming straw touches the scum or the bubbling jets a score—a hundred—lights spring up, and the rowers in the boats are surrounded by twinkling fires that dance on the water itself.

About 1880 the Temple was deserted. The Fire-worshippers lost heart at the sight of the factories, the steamships, the pumps, the hustling and shouting workmen, the sable clouds of smoke that rolled over the heavens once so blue.

Thus man blots out the altar and the beauty, and, in his haste to make wealth and profit, turns the holy place into a den of soot.

It need not be so for ever.

Shall we close the oil-wells of Baku, and bid the steamships cross the Caspian no more?

No; the wit and the craft of men cannot so be checked.

But we may raise again in the hearts of men the love of beauty, so that the town, the works, and the harbour —at Baku and in every quarter of the globe—may be cleansed of foulness and ugliness; and so that in every village and city the oil may give a flame to lamps that will shine in clean households and happy homes. And when humanity sets up beauty over riches, and light over profit, the new altar will be built in a new temple, and men will worship the pure and the glorious and the healthy.

XXXVIII.

NEW MOON.

"I do feel hungry," said a nobleman.

"So do I," said another fat lord.

"What a long month it has been," observed a third. "Every day of this month, Ramadan, I have fasted between sunrise and sundown, and I long for the end of this hard time. It should be new moon to-night, should it not?"

"Let us go to the top of the house and look."

So the courtiers of the Sultan, Malik Shah, went up to the flat roof and gazed at the twilight sky.

They pretended to see the faint light of the crescent moon.

Hastening down to the King, they said:

"Sir, the new moon has risen. The fast of Ramadan is ended. Will you proclaim the new moon to the people?"

As a matter of fact, the moon had not yet risen. And besides, it was the rule in this country, as in all other Mohammedan lands, that the Imam, or priest, should speak the word when the fast was ended; and none but he.

So the voice of a herald cried aloud that the month of Ramadan was closed, and that, on the morrow, folk might eat as they chose.

Now these things came to the ears of the Imam of Mecca, named Abul Mualy. This priest was a man of courage and stern will. He at once ordered that another crier should announce that the month of

Ramadan had not yet come to an end, and the fast must go on.

The courtiers told the King. Though he was angry, he did not act rudely to the Imam, but sent a band of his guards with orders to fetch the Imam, with all respect, to the palace.

The Imam only had a common coat on, and a girdle of papyrus—just his everyday clothes. As soon as he received the royal command he put on his shoes and went off with the guards.

This was turned into an evil tale by the courtiers.

"Sir," said these reporters to the King, "the Imam is a very disloyal man. He is approaching your presence as if you were the most ordinary man in the kingdom."

"Go to the Imam," ordered the King, turning to his chamberlain, "and ask him why he comes here in such a guise."

"I can only reply to the Sultan himself," said the Imam in a loud, clear voice.

Bending before the throne, the Imam said:

"I am in this homely dress, sir, in order not to delay by changing; for I desire to show obedience to my King."

"Why, then," asked the Sultan, "have you defied my will, and proclaimed to the city the very opposite of my own message?"

"Because, sir, the fixing of fasts and the ending of them is matter for the Church, and not for the King. I will always obey you in things that are in your right, but in other things it is for you, O King, to obey the Imam. The month of Ramadan is not ended till to-morrow."

The Sultan admired his frank and open speech, and sent the Imam home with gifts and signs of goodwill; and the courtiers were put to shame.*

* W. F. Thompson's *Practical Philosophy of the Mohammedan People.*

Here was a case in which a man of spirit disobeyed the King, and was called a rebel or seditious.

But if we look at the story of mankind we find, on page after page of the book, the names of noble men and women who have said " No " to a ruler's " Yes." I will name but a few.

Moses, born among slaves, took the part of the slaves, and bade the King of Egypt let the sons of Israel free.

Amos, the herdsman and dresser of sycamore trees, cried out against the rich men of Samaria because they oppressed the poor, while they themselves sat at ease and fed well to the sound of music.

Wat Tyler led the country folk of Kent in a vast crowd along the road to London to tell the King and lords that the people were unjustly taxed.

Joan of Arc, clad in a warrior's armour, placed herself at the head of the French soldiers and declared that she and they would not obey the foreign rule of King Henry of England.

The peasants of Germany carried a banner whereon was painted a countryman's shoe or clog. They called themselves the Shoe League, or " Bundschuh," and marched against the castles of the nobles whose selfishness had left them without land, or food, or freedom. Thousands of them died in the Peasants' War.

On a summer day of 1789 the people in the streets of Paris gathered in front of the prison called the Bastille and fired at it with cannon and musket until the governor surrendered. They did this because so many Frenchmen had been unjustly confined within the Bastille dungeons.

Always when such things happened the rulers would say, " All is well, you ought not to make this disturbance." And the people would reply, " All is not well, we rise up in the name of Justice."

Later on we begin to hear of the Socialists, but they really only said the same thing as their fathers before them had said. So many are the noble voices

that cry aloud on the side of the people that I cannot name them all—Karl Marx, the black-browed, black-bearded, large-hearted German who made a book called *Capital;* and another German named Lassalle; and then we hear the voice of William Morris, the English poet and artist; and other voices are those of Bebel in Germany, and Jaurès in France, and Hyndman and Keir Hardie in England, and Debs in the United States.

I have known children who would spend hours in the meadows and woods hunting for plants and flowers, and they would preserve them between the leaves of books for years.

And suppose *you* hunt in the books and newspapers and find the names of the brave men and women in Europe and America and other parts of the world who have not been afraid to tell the rulers and the capitalists that the people were in need, and were not afraid to say the people must have justice, and were not afraid to call themselves Socialists.

Tennyson, the poet, speaks of hateful things; and among such things he reckons "Red Ruin and the Breaking-up of Laws." But I went to a meeting once in 1909 and I saw many earnest men and women who turned eager faces towards an old friend of mine who spoke on the platform. They watched every movement of his hands as he raised them in his speech. They listened with deep attention to every word he uttered; and when the meeting was over they went out into the street murmuring and conversing, and there was a look in their eyes as if they thought, "Yes, what Lansbury says must be done."

What had George Lansbury talked about? He had talked of something that would not have a pleasant sound. It was "The Breaking-up of the Poor Law." And what did that mean?

It meant doing away with the old plan of workhouses, where the poor sheltered because they were poor; and where they saw each other's sad or dull

faces each day, and had no work that could make them happy. It meant doing away with houses where poor children lived apart, and schools where a poor child sat on every seat, and every pen was held by a child of poverty. For George Lansbury wanted—

(1) Work to be given to all who could work;
(2) Teaching to be given in the workshops or on country lands to such as did not know a trade;
(3) The children to be kindly minded in ordinary houses, and sent with other children to Council schools;

And so on of other improvements.

But how hard it is to get new thoughts and new things done for the good of humanity! For when the poor man says the true word there are courtiers and folk in high places who will say there is no need for any change; and they call the speakers of new ideas "rebels," and "seditious," and "dreamers," who would be reckless in spending rates and taxes.

In the summer of 1909 a prisoner lay dead in a Chinese prison. His name was Yung Lin. He had slain himself with his own hand after sending a letter to the Regent, or ruler, of China. In this letter he said:

> The dangers that threaten my country make me sick at heart. Full of grief at what I cannot alter, I have met death after speaking my mind. I cannot write in graceful words and clever style, but I have written what I thought; and now I die, for I fear I might be put to the torture for my plain speech. But I shall live though I die.

In the letter to the Regent he had pointed out the evil things done by dishonest officials, and he prayed that the people of China might awaken to a nobler love of country, such as would lead them to change Wrong into Righteousness.

Yung Lin lay dead. But all the world can read his letter. Many a soul in Asia and Europe and America will admire the spirit which made Yung Lin give up

his life so that he might rouse his countrymen to think of better government.

Yung Lin lay dead.

All honour to this Chinaman. He was a patriot. He loved his motherland. He wished her to enjoy a happier lot. Yung Lin lives though he died.

Girls—boys—you also will be brave for the people's sake. And when the rich folk climb to the top of the house and tell untruth, and say "All is well," you will know what to say for the people.

XXXIX.

ROBERT OWEN.

The stream of the Severn runs by Newtown among the Welsh hills, and of its 6,000 people many work in the woollen mills. Here, on 14th May, 1771, at a saddler's and ironmonger's shop, was born Robert Owen. As a lad he made haste to be first at school, and he raced with his mates to be home first. He loved books, and he read, among others, "Robinson Crusoe," "Paradise Lost," and "Cook's Voyages." At a draper's shop at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, he served rich customers, and when he had time to spare he walked up and down under the noble trees in Burleigh Park, and read books, and thought, and thought.

London was his next home, and again he served customers in a draper's shop, and, boy as he was, he had to have his hair done every morning, so that, with two large curls on each side of his face, he might look truly smart. The long hours tired him. At 8 a.m. work began, and sometimes he was not done till two the next morning.

At busy Manchester he made his next home, and here in time he had a small factory of his own, where the machines (Crompton's mules they were called) spun cotton. From over the wide sea came the ship-loads of white cotton down, more and more each year, for more and more mules were set to work, and more and more folk flocked in from villages and fields to the cotton mills, and more and more masters made money. Strange was the way in which the American

cotton turned into yellow gold. The noise of the mills went on all day, and even night was half filled with the roar. The mills were in the towns, along river sides, in lone spots among the hills. Pale were the men, pale the women, pale the children. Children of six years were taken from workhouses—the pauper houses—and put to minding machines, and they worked as long as the men and the women; often they worked 13 hours a day; and they could seldom sit; and they had no school, no play; and they were even as slaves; and they were sons and daughters of England; and by their toil the masters were made rich.

It is now more than a hundred years since these dark and evil things took place, and the labour of quite little children is not allowed, and for all young persons is shortened. The law of the land so orders. The first of such laws—the first Factory Act—was passed in 1802. But very much more needs to be done. No girl or lad should work for wages until at least the age of 17, and even then they should not work all day.

Robert Owen—dark-haired, large-nosed, and with eyes that ever so kindly smiled at all the world—became one of the masters, or partners, in some cotton mills in Scotland—a place called New Lanark, where the rushing water of the river Clyde set in motion the machines. Here, as elsewhere, men, women, and children toiled in the mills long, long hours. Owen got gold by their sweat; Owen was a wealthy manufacturer, a capitalist. But he had a heart that loved his fellowmen. He could not wipe out all evil at once. No man can do so.

But he could make a happier order. He could make progress. He did not pay the worker higher wages than in other mills. But they lived in better houses; the streets were clean; manners were quiet.

In the mill a small four-sided block of wood hung near each worker, one side black, one blue, one yellow, one white. If a worker's conduct was bad, the black

was turned towards him and a black mark entered in a book; if not so bad, blue; if good, yellow; if excellent, white. As years passed by blue and black were rarely seen.

Nor were the children punished in school. Yes, there was a school for children aged about three to ten. Girls and boys looked at bright maps and large paintings of animals, they read, they wrote, they sang, they marched and drilled, and with bare feet they danced to the sound of fife and drum. They danced, the girls in white frocks, the boys in white jackets and Scottish kilts; they danced to the sound of the fife and drum. People came from many towns; people came from far countries; dukes came, priests came, philosophers came and watched the New Lanark children dance, with bare feet, to the sound of fife and drum. And if Robert Owen entered the room the little ones ran and caught hold of his coat and laughed up at his kindly eyes. Owen was one of the first men in the world to found infants' schools. In a printed paper he said to employers of labour: IMPROVE YOUR LIVING MACHINES. He meant by education, by kind training. When he was an old man he talked in like strain: "The members of any community may by degrees be trained to live without idleness, without poverty, without crime, without punishment." Owen did not read many books after his marriage. He read the world, and tried to improve it.

Often did Owen surround himself with eager men and women, and show them a picture of a Village of Union—a big square garden, with a long row of houses on each side, enough to hold 1,200 or 1,500 people. What sort of people? The unemployed poor, who would have work given them to do daily—work for all—while the children were taught good lessons, and sang and danced, and had a sleeping-place (dormitory) by themselves. Rich folk must subscribe money for these villages; so must Councils; so must the Government of England. This Plan was talked of

at meetings, in newspapers, in streets, in the summer of 1817. It was the beginning, in a way, of Socialism, though Owen and his friends were not called Socialists till about the year 1832, and, of course, the word Socialism to-day means much more than putting the Unemployed in Villages of Union.

How the man worked, year in, year out! He was an apostle, a messenger of peace and co-operation.

On the green bank of an American river a little town lay among mulberry trees and cornfields. Some German folk had built it, and had lived together as a "colony," calling the place Harmony. They were going elsewhere to settle. Their town was for sale. Robert Owen bought it for about £30,000, and crossed the Atlantic, and lived at New Harmony (its fresh name) among nearly a thousand colonists. All were to be one family, with similar food, clothing, and schooling as near as could be; and each was to render his or her best service for the good of the whole. In three years the plan ended, for the men and women were of divided mind, and each was not willing to serve others. Owen lost much money, but he was more noble in the loss than other men in their gains.

In Hampshire, an old farmhouse named Queenwood stood on the old Roman road, and a fine alley of yew trees made a shady walk in one part of the estate. Here the Owenites set up a colony in 1839, and here a grand building was erected and called Harmony Hall. Some fifty men and women worked in various ways, and children were taught in a school, and the voice of Robert Owen was often heard as he spoke to the colonists of the end of all bad things and the coming of a New Moral World. A paper with that title, "New Moral World," was printed weekly to tell of the gospel of Education and Co-operation. This colony was ended in 1845.

Robert Owen's friends had gone from town to town lecturing as "Social Missionaries." Among these were G. A. Fleming, Lloyd Jones, and G. J.

Holyoake. But they gave up the name of Social Missionaries, though, in one way or another, they still did their best to spread thoughts of progress and harmony. At this time (between 1840 and 1850) began the Co-operative movement, of which we see so many signs—shops, mills, garden suburbs, etc.—up and down England to-day. This is not Socialism as we now understand it, but it sprang from the new life that was quickened in the working people by Robert Owen. Other working men cared more for Trade Unions—societies in which the workers banded together to help each other in sickness and in the struggle for higher wages, or to keep wages from going down. With such men Robert Owen was friendly, though he seems rather to have hoped that masters would become good-hearted like himself, and join with the men as comrades in national companies for every trade.

Owen lived in a peaceful old age at Sevenoaks in Kent, always loving the world, always giving men messages of hope. In the autumn of 1858 he stood up in a meeting at Liverpool and murmured words of brotherhood. Then the old man—aged 87—could say no more, and was led away. His friends took him to Newtown, and there, in the little Welsh town where he was born, Robert Owen died, holding his son by the hand. In 1902 an iron rail was placed round his grave, and on it are these words of his own:—

> "It is the one great and universal interest of the human race to be cordially united, and to aid each other to the full extent of their capacities."

And a bronze plate on the tomb shows grand old Robert welcoming a band of working-folk that come towards him—men bending under loads, a potter carrying a jar, peasants bearing scythes, and a poor woman kneels in weariness. Behind Robert Owen is a woman that stands upright and noble; and the name of the upright and noble woman is Justice.

NOTE.—The best biography of Owen is by Frank Podmore, in two volumes, published by Hutchinson.

XL.

KARL MARX.

A BOOK lay open. Its page told a tale of death, for it was a book about the deaths of small children. It told also of the hard toil of girls and women in mills, and how in some trades they act as beasts of burden. In brick-making, tin-plate works, iron hollow-ware, certain hardware trades, some jam and sauce factories, mat-making, etc., women often carried weights that caused them hurt—girls carried 72lbs. of bricks resting on a pad strapped on the hips, or wheeled barrows containing 40 bricks weighing 9lbs. each. Four women carried clay, each piece a half-hundredweight (56lbs.), and each woman made 128 journeys a day. This was in the years 1902-1904.*

Did these folk work for the love of the work? They did the toil for wages. They slaved like beasts under the wage-system. It was the wage-system that Karl Marx hated. With heart and head he sought to kill it.

* * * *

Romans in old days built the walls of Trier, or Treves, in the Rhineland, and some of their handwork is to be seen to this day. In this ancient town, on May 5, 1818, a boy was born to Jewish parents, and they named him Karl Heinrich. Their family name was Marx. Black-haired, bright-eyed, quick of soul

* *Infant Mortality*, by Dr. George Newman. Published by Methuen in 1906.

was Karl, but he was well ruled by a kind father, who was a man of law, and he learned to be strong, yet to obey. A friend of the father was the Baron von Westphalen, and he would oft take Karl on his knee and tell him tales of the Greeks from the poet Homer, and tales from the plays of Shakespeare, and tales from the droll story of "Don Quixote." Karl strove hard at school, learned Greek, learned Latin, and went to the university at Bonn and the university at Berlin, and . . . .

Well, he read many books. But at night he would write about "Tears of Joy and Sorrow"; and it was a joy to him to know that Jenny von Westphalen, who had played with him when they were little, had given her word to be his wife some day; and it was a sorrow to him when, at Easter, 1838, he stood at the death-bed of his dear father.

In 1841 he was proud to call himself Ph.D.—Doctor of Philosophy. But what could he do with this wisdom, this philosophy? Would he make money? Would he rise to a place of comfort and rank as a lawyer, a statesman, an official? Very strong, live ideas kindled in his young brain. He wanted to make the world more free. He was a Reformer at the root—a Radical, and in a journal he printed articles on the freedom of the people. Police read the paper, police disliked it, police put an end to the print. Thus young Karl Marx had come to blows with the State in the cause of the common folk—the proletariat.

In the summer of 1843 Karl and Jenny were married, and they went to live in Paris, that famous city on the River Seine, the city where the holy chapel (La Sainte Chapelle) of Saint Louis stands—the city of the Revolution of 1789; and here he met a German who became his friend and was a friend to him all the days of his life; and this was Friedrich Engels. Karl wrote and wrote books and columns and columns in newspapers, and his heart was warm with love of the folk, and his mind was aglow with ideas, ideas, ideas.

One of his comrades in Paris was Heine, a poet whose verses are to-day read all over the globe.

Police again—the State again! The French State turned the men of ideas out of Paris, and he and Jenny dwelt three years in Brussels. Engels was his friend; always a friend that helped. For a few weeks, in 1845, he visited England; and it was in England that he was to die; and the soil of England—the soil that felt the tread of Alfred, Chaucer, John Ball, Wycliffe, Latimer, Cromwell, Milton, Bunyan, Wesley, Paine, Shelley, Blake, Bradlaugh, Morris—was honoured by the tread of Karl.

Workers in that day dreamed of a happier earth. Perhaps they could make a better in America—in Texas.

"Let us go to Icaria!" said some.

Now Icaria was nowhere; but it was the dream of a man named Cabet (the writer of a book called "A Voyage to Icaria") to set up a new People's Colony in Texas, where all should work for each other in a friendly commune, without masters, without capitalists.

Such was not the dream of Marx and Engels. They had a mind to stay in Europe and fight the Evil Thing there. They spoke at a meeting of German working men in London, and the meeting bade them get ready a Word to the World, a Manifesto; and this paper was issued in February, 1848, just when the streets of Paris roared with the shouts of the people in Revolution, and when they rose against the King, Louis Philippe. To Paris hurried Karl.

The "Manifesto," what did it say? That the ways of men had changed; the old order of village life and cottage labour and the spinning-wheel had gone. Men with money had set machines going—steam-machines, steamships; and now articles were made in vast numbers in big buildings by crowds of workers who earned wages; and the good of the masters was one thing and the good of the wage-earners was another;

and there was a class-war. There must be a new order. The workers must join together in a great bond, and, step by step ("by degrees") get the rule of the wealth, the capital, into their own hands, so that the wealth they made might be life to them and not a rod over them to keep them in misery. "Workers of all countries, unite."

"Let us workers," cried a German in Paris, "go to the aid of our class in Germany. Paris has begun. Let us go on with the Revolution."

It was Herwegh who said this.

"No," replied Marx, "that is not the way to make a Revolution. We must wait till the people—Germans and others—know what they are to aim at. They must understand what capital is, what profit-making means, what public ownership means."

Herwegh and a band of Germans did march into Baden, and troops easily scattered them right and left.

The soul of the people in Germany was moving towards freedom. Marx went there for a time; but the movement died out, and he returned to Paris—only for a month. A police-sergeant came to the door. Paris was no place for such lovers of liberty as Marx, for Louis Napoleon was now master. The Marx family travelled to London—black-bearded Karl, his dear Jenny, their three children, and their noble helper, Helene Demuth, the servant who served them with all her life and love. Was not Marx himself a servant? He served Humanity.

They lived in Camberwell. Money was scant; the rent fell behind. The landlady stepped into the room and said the money must be paid. Mrs. Marx was feeding the new baby (the fourth) at her breast—poor breast, it was marked by blood, for it was sore. There was no money; and policemen entered, and the furniture was sold, even the toys, and Marx's two little daughters wept. The next home was in two rooms at Dean Street, Soho; and here such Frenchmen as Louis

Blanc came to see them, and such Englishmen as Ernest Jones and George Julian Harney.* He got a living by writing; he read heaps of books at the British Museum; he watched what the world did; he was happy when Charles Darwin's book on the story of living things (*The Origin of Species*) came out and set men thinking; and he felt joy in the fight of the Northern United States against the slave-holding South; and he loved President Lincoln for saying to the American Congress in 1861:—

CAPITAL IS ONLY THE FRUIT OF LABOUR, AND COULD NEVER HAVE EXISTED IF LABOUR HAD NOT FIRST EXISTED.

At a hall in London, on September 28, 1864, the chair was taken at a meeting of English, French, Germans, Italians, and Poles, by Professor E. S. Beesly, a teacher of history and a follower of the Religion of Humanity. This meeting was the first step of the INTERNATIONAL—that is, the International Working Men's Association. Its aim was to move the hearts of workers in all lands and make them into one fellowship—"Workers of all countries, unite." If a strike took place in one land, the workers of other lands should help. But this plan put fear into the hearts of the owners of land and machines. Capitalists and Governments kept a jealous eye on the International. They were glad when, after a few years, it died out.

But the ideas of Marx did not die. In 1867 his book on *Capital* was printed. In this he set forth the ideas that make Socialism—how employers employ wage-earners and pay for their labour-power; how the labour-power of the men (and women and children) makes wealth; how just a little of this wealth goes to provide the poor food, the poor clothes, the poor rooms of the workers; how the rest—the surplus value—goes to provide the rich food, the rich clothes, the rich houses of the master-class.

* Many years afterwards, when Harney was silver-haired in his old age, I spent a morning in talk with this "last of the Chartists."—F.J.G.

In 1871 the Marx family moved to a new house, near the broad lawns and old trees of Hampstead Heath. What joy he felt when, in the Germany of his birth, the Socialist vote numbered 450,000 in the year 1874. From all over the world Socialists looked to Marx as the leader, the captain of their souls, the pioneer of Socialism. He was in weak health, but he loved mankind; and there were grandchildren now to play with.

The year 1881 saw H. M. Hyndman come to the front as a Socialist, and the Democratic Federation was formed. In time to come Hyndman and his friends were to be known as the Social Democratic Party, and they spread the thoughts of Marx far and wide.

Ah! the darkness of the December day in 1881 when his wife Jenny died, and the comrade who had loved and laboured at his side—(no wage-labour was Jenny's) —smiled not nor spoke the cheering word any more. In the sunshine of Algiers Karl sought rest; and the pleasant beaches of the Isle of Wight he paced with bent head; and then, on March 14, 1883, the grand old Socialist passed away. Seven years later the noble serving-woman, Helene Demuth, died also; and man and wife and the good Helene lie in the same tomb under the grass of Highgate.

NOTE.—The particulars are drawn from John Spargo's *Karl Marx*, published by Huebsch, in New York, in 1910.

XLI.

WILLIAM MORRIS,

Poet, Artist, Craftsman, and Socialist.

Near the shade of groves of hornbeam trees in Epping Forest, at Walthamstow, in Essex, William Morris was born in 1834; and the little lad had a joy in seeing haystacks, farmhouses, old churches, rivers, and the blue dome of the sky. At Marlborough School, in Wiltshire, he never played cricket or football, but he loved the open air, the avenue of beeches in Savernake Forest, the green Downs, and the ancient rings of stone at Avebury. As a young man he studied among the noble gardens and grey towers of Oxford. He had a great friend, Burne-Jones, who would spend long hours in woods, drawing flowers and leaves; and William drew windows, arches, and gables, and gazed at fine pictures. Yet they knew there was sorrow in the world. Said one of Morris's friends:—

> I remember one Saturday night walking five miles from Birmingham into the Black Country, and in the last three miles I counted more than thirty lying dead drunk on the ground, nearly half of them women.

Beautiful was Oxford; gloomy was the life of the common people. Morris and Burne-Jones thought of becoming clergymen of the Church of England. They walked and rode about France in 1855, and looked with deep delight at the carvings and windows of cathedrals, and they told each other they would be, not preachers in pulpits, but artists, unfolding to the

eyes of men and women the vision of whatever is glorious in shape and colour.

In rooms in Red Lion Square, London, the companions drew and painted and talked of old histories and poems; and Morris made poems himself. Their friend was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, another painter-poet.

In 1859 Morris married beautiful Jane Burden, and his heart was set to build her a good and lovely home, and this he planned at Bexley Heath, Kent. The Red House this red-brick home was called. It had oak stairs, pointed archway doors, very handsome walls and ceilings, and there was a garden, a bowling-green, and blazing plots of flowers. Morris had a business now. He and his six friends formed a company—"Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co., Fine Art Workmen in Painting, Carving, Furniture, and the Metals"; and their aim was to give beauty to churches and to houses.

In wall-papers, for instance, they printed new designs, such as the acanthus and pomegranate; and folk began to learn nobler ideas of the decoration of buildings.

Beauty in tales, also, Morris yearned to show the folk, and his tales of Greeks and Norsemen you may read in the poems of "The Earthly Paradise."

His dress was a blue serge suit and a soft felt hat, and once a Kensington fire brigade man stopped him, thinking Morris a sailor, and asked: "Beg pardon, sir, but were you ever captain of the 'Sea Swallow'?"

From the Red House to London; from London to the old stone mansion by the Thames, near the beginning of the river. There was a joyous garden, and doves cooed in a cot, and the old yew hedges guarded the paths. Kelmscott House the place was called. Blackbirds loved the spot, so did rooks and owls and herons.

In 1871 Morris took holiday in far northern Iceland, and his poet's eye gloried in the sight of grim moun-

tains, and jagged rocks, and falls of water, and the sea beating on cliffs. Then back to Kelmscott House in England.

Much now he laboured at the making of things in wool and silk, carpets and the like; and he took great pains to learn the art of dyeing with indigo and other hues; and that famous master of dyeing and the silk-craft, Thomas Wardle, advised and helped. Thus he created new things; nor forgot the old, for he and others joined in a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings—to wit, castles, abbeys, mansions, halls, which are precious spots in our blessed realm of England.

At this time, 1877, when some would have led the English into a war with Russia, caring little for the misery which war brings upon the workers, Morris printed a warning to the people against the money-makers and profit-makers:—

> These men cannot speak of your order, of its aims, of its leaders, without a sneer or an insult; these men, if they had the power (may England perish rather!) would thwart your just aspirations, would silence you, would deliver you bound hand and foot for ever to irresponsible capital. Fellow-citizens, look to it, and if you have any wrongs to be redressed, if you cherish your most worthy hope of raising your whole order peacefully and solidly, if you thirst for leisure and knowledge, if you long to lessen these inequalities which have been our stumbling-block since the beginning of the world, then cast aside sloth and cry out against an Unjust War.

By good hap, there was no war.

On the Thames bank at Hammersmith Morris had a second home, named after the far-off country one, Kelmscott House; and the rooms were hung with tapestry, woven on his own looms.

Such tapestry, along with carpets, embroidery, velvets, and other fine wares, were made at a new works which he set up at Merton Abbey, by a stream and mill-pond, in Surrey.

Here also was a glass-painting shed for the picturing of splendid windows. Often, as Morris stood among the

beautiful things here woven and coloured, he asked why should not the homes of all the people, and not just a few, be furnished with these objects fair to the eye.

In 1881 workmen's clubs in London joined in a Democratic Federation, asking for a new Parliament each year, for the payment of members of the House of Commons, for the wiping-out of the House of Lords, for taking over all the land by the nation (nationalisation of the land). The people, they said, must help themselves. Noblemen would not save the poor from their poverty; neither would the middle classes (bourgeois). In January, 1883, Morris took up his card as a member of the Federation, and his name was written on it as "William Morris, designer."

He was a Socialist now. He joined hands with the proletariat—the great mass of the men and women and children who have little or no property, and who know so well what tears and hardship and darkness are. For artists can never be so noble in their work as when they keep in close comradeship with the people. Morris the artist, and Walter Crane the artist (they were friends) were now marching with the common people towards the true Commonweal.

The Democratic Federation soon bore a new name, the Social Democratic Federation (later known as the Social Democratic Party, or S.D.P.); and in January, 1884, the Socialist paper, *Justice*, came into the world, helped by H. M. Hyndman, William Morris, and Edward Carpenter, Carpenter being a poet who tilled seven acres of land near Sheffield, and loved sunshine, and earth, and music, and the people.

Morris lectured at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Blackburn, Leicester Secular Hall, and London. How well I call to mind—I who write these pages—listening to Morris when he spoke in a poor dingy club-room in London one Sunday evening, to a small audience of working people, about the society that was to be in the future. I can still see his clear

eyes, his bushy hair, his blue serge suit, and hear his manly and honest voice.

The Socialists were not all of one mind, and Morris and some others formed a new group, the Socialist League, and in the journal of the League, *The Commonweal*, appeared writings of his, both prose and verse, that are now among the treasures of Socialism, such as *John Ball* and *The Pilgrims of Hope*.

When, at the corner of a dull street—Dod Street, Limehouse—the police tried to stop an open-air meeting, great was the uproar; and Morris joined in hissing in the police court when a magistrate punished men arrested at this meeting, and he himself appeared in the dock to pay a fine for thus showing his anger at injus tice.

In 1886 it was that he wrote *The Dream of John Ball*, and told of the rising-up of the people against the slavery of Gradgrind labour. He would think of the Englishmen in John Ball's day when, on December 18th, 1887, he stood among a great multitude of Londoners in a cemetery, and spoke at the open grave of young Arthur Linnell, struck even unto death by the police at a people's meeting in Trafalgar Square.

In 1889 he sat among the Socialists at their international congress in Paris.

Glad was he to hear of the procession of London dockers, who marched through the streets, morning after morning, letting all the world know for what poor pay they laboured at the waterside (5d. an hour), and crying out for a tanner (6d.), little enough as that was.

All the time his hand and head were busy at his beloved arts and crafts; for while he wanted the people's bodies to have ample food and good garments, he longed also that the people's souls might have the Vision of the Holy Grail—the holy cup from which we drink love and truth and beauty.

The Socialist League ended; the *Commonweal* ended; but not before there had appeared in it Morris's tale of *News from Nowhere*—joyous scenes of the

world when private property was no more—a tale much read in England, France, Germany, and Italy.

Early in 1891 Morris started as a printer, and at the Kelmscott Press he had books handsomely printed from choice types, on pure hand-made paper; for his faith was that great thoughts would change the world to greatness, and great words should be stamped in lovely guise in books that are a pleasure to see and handle.

Sickness and pain, meanwhile, wearied his spirit, but his soul sang at Kelmscott Manor (up the river) one winter—

> The wind's on the wold,
> And the night is a-cold,
> And Thames runs chill
> 'Twixt mead and hill.
> But kind and dear
> Is the old house here,
> And my heart is warm
> 'Midst winter's harm.

In 1893 he joined with other Socialists in a manifesto that claimed, for the whole people, complete ownership and control of the means for creating and distributing wealth, and claimed the end of the wage-system and the end of distinctions of class. Also, he watched with ever so much care the re-printing of our famous old Chaucer's book of the *Canterbury Tales*. For while he worked for the New England he would keep a warm heart for the Past. The Chaucer book had in it eighty-seven pictures done by the hand of Burne-Jones. These lovely leaves of print were finished in June, 1896.

And now his weakness grew sore upon him. Softly he gazed from a ship upon the peaks and fiords of Norway, where they took him that summer for his health's sake. With a gentle smile he wrote to his old friend, the silk craftsman, Wardle, of Leek, saying that he called to mind how Wardle once carried him, pickaback, across a Derbyshire stream; and he shed quiet tears when something was said about the sorrows of the poor; and he cried a cry of joy when a comrade played an old English melody on the tuneful strings of a virginal. His

eyes once again met the eyes of family and friends in tenderness; but they saw no more after the 3rd of October, 1896.

Loud blew the storm on the Tuesday when Morris was buried in the churchyard of Lechlade; apples were strewn on the grass of the village orchards, and sad grey was the sky.

NOTE.—The official biography, from which these details were taken, is Professor M'Kail's *Life;* but a sympathetic and well-informed little book, by James Leatham, *William Morris, Master of Many Crafts,* was the first monograph on Morris which appeared.

XLII.

AUGUST BEBEL.

Sergeant Bebel was a soldier in the Prussian Army, and he married a baker's daughter, and their son, August, was born in a barracks. Frau Bebel gained a little money by selling hot potatoes and other food and wares to the soldiers at the canteen counter. The Sergeant died, and the widow had a hard struggle to maintain herself and her two boys.

At one time they lived in the warders' rooms at a reformatory near Cologne. The groans of prisoners being punished echoed through the dismal building, and at night the owls screeched round the towers.

August went to school at Wetzlar. Seldom did he have more than enough to eat. For years it was a happy dream that he might have his fill of bread and butter. The brave mother made white gloves for soldiers—one pair a day at about twopence. August did housework: scrubbed the floors, scoured the pewter, made the beds. He earned a few pence by setting the skittles up in an alley after the players knocked them down. In the fields he and his brother loaded potatoes in sacks from seven in the morning till the day grew dark. Wages—one big bag of potatoes for winter food.

In 1853, when August was thirteen years old, the mother died. For seven years she had felt the coming of death by consumption.

August wished to be a mining engineer. As a matter of fact, he became a turner of articles in wood and horn. When an apprentice he eagerly read such books

as *Robinson Crusoe*, Scott's works, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The brother died in 1859. August Bebel was alone in the world.

He journeyed about in search of work. Once he played at cards and gambled away sixpence. Then he vowed he would never again play for money; and he kept the vow. At this time he possessed neither warm underclothing nor an overcoat nor an umbrella. Hardship weakened him and he was classed as unfit for the army.

At Leipzig he settled, for there he found work, and for years carried on a struggling business. Bebel was not merely a turner; he was a citizen; he eagerly watched the affairs of his country and of humanity. He studied, discussed, attended meetings. At Leipzig he met the famous pioneer, Ferdinand Lassalle.*

Here, also, he made friends with the sturdy-souled Wilhelm Liebknecht, whom Bismarck had turned out of Prussia. "He was a man of iron," says Bebel, "but his heart was the heart of a child." †

He and Bebel worked together like twin heroes in the cause of the proletariat of Germany. Liebknecht had lived twelve years in England, and learned Socialism from Marx and Engels; and his converse helped to lead Bebel from the ideas of a Liberal or Radical (a social reform man) to the ideas of Socialism (the doing away with rent, interest, profit, wages system). Bebel snatched time from business to go about lecturing to working-people. Lodgings were strange and often comfortless. Once he slept in a garret where a weaver kept his yarn. When the

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* Lassalle was born at Breslau in 1825, and died in 1864. He and Bismarck often conversed on economics and politics, and Bismarck's so-called Socialistic schemes were partly based on Lassalle's ideas; though, of course, he sought to do through an aristocratic and middle-class State what ought to be done by the people as a whole. Lassalle's *Workingman's Programme* (*Arbeiter Programm*) can be had as a penny pamphlet. (Twentieth Century Press.)

† Liebknecht died 7th August, 1900.

morning sun peeped in, Bebel found he was lying on a mass of yellow yarn, and his fellow-lecturer had a pillow of red yarn. But food and lodging, poor as they were, were offered in faith and kindness. And Bebel was accused of thriving on the pence of the needy!

In 1867 he was elected a member of the North German Diet, and then of the Reichstag of Prussia. Gustav Freytag, the novelist, was a member. Another member was Eugen Richter, the Liberal; another Windthorst, leader of the Centre Party; another was Bismarck, of whom Bebel says:

> He almost always attended the Reichstag wearing a black frock-coat, a black waistcoat, and a black stock so high that only the narrowest rim of white collar was visible above it. His hair, or as much as was left of it, was dark, as was his moustache. . . . Giant though he was, he did not roar like a lion . . . his voice was actually a high treble.

Bismarck was the masterful man who had planned that Prussia should lead Germany, and that the Germans (leaving out the Austrian-Germans) should compose one Empire. For such an idea he lived, brooded, plotted, worked; for this idea he became a man of "blood and iron"; for this idea he urged Prussia and Austria into victorious war against Denmark, and then Prussia against Austria, and then (in 1870) Prussia and other German States against France; and for this idea he strove to beat back Socialism and Socialists. Therefore, he had no love for Bebel or for Liebknecht, or any other such leaders of the people.

When, for a while, there was a republic in Spain, Bebel and Liebknecht openly expressed their good wishes to the Spanish people; and for uttering ideas "dangerous to the Prussian State" they had to undergo three weeks' imprisonment. Other experiences of jail were to follow. Bebel's first speech in the Reichstag was a speech against Bismarck's policy of putting Prussia in front of other German States. Such a policy would lessen freedom, and make the land into

one great military barracks. The Socialists were not many in number, but they were full of hope and courage. Women began to take interest in their meetings. Trade Unions were formed in 1868. Congresses were held in various cities. Socialist papers were printed.

Then Europe was overshadowed by the curse of war. Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, declared war, but France was not ready for war, while Germany was; and Bismarck knew all that, and had goaded the French on, of set purpose. The Reichstag voted money for the bloodshed. Bebel and Liebknecht did not vote. Members of Parliament furiously shook their fists in Bebel's face when he spoke in favour of peace with France, and when he declared that Germany ought not to annex the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Bebel's wife, pale as death, rushed into the workshop one day and said a police official wished to see her husband. He and Liebknecht were accused of friendship with French workmen; and they were accused of high treason. While he was in jail elections took place and Saxon voters again elected Bebel—prisoner as he was—to a seat in the Reichstag. While Parliament sat Bebel was allowed out of jail. This was the time when, instead of giving all their thoughts to the bettering of the condition of the people, members of the Reichstag split into religious parties—Catholic against Protestant. Bebel had no care for such quarrels. His quarrel was with poverty and with capitalism. From 1873 to 1st April, 1875 (Bismarck's sixtieth birthday!) Bebel was confined in a fortress. He had a canary to listen to, pen and ink to write his thoughts, books to read; and the people were ever in his memory and heart. Of books, he studied Marx's *Capital*, Engel's *Condition of the Working-classes in England*, Mill's *Political Economy*, Plato's *Republic*, Aristotle's *Politics*, Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, Darwin's *Orgin of Species*, and Haeckel's *Story of Creation*.

He sat again in the Reichstag. Once he spoke in defence of the Paris Commune, of which so many falsehoods were, and still are, told. He praised the Commune, for example, for doing away with night-work in bakehouses, for separating Church and State, and for cutting down the salaries of over-paid officials.

Bismarck would not give the Socialists peace. Coercion laws were passed, Socialist meetings were attended by police, Socialist papers were seized, Socialist speakers imprisoned, Socialist workers dismissed from employment. But Socialism flowed on in a larger stream. The journal *Vorwärts* (Forward!) went on; the hearts of the people went on; the congresses went on; the messages of cheer to French workers, British workers, the workers of the world, went on; the votes went on. In the year 1881 the Social Democratic votes were 312,000; in January, 1912, as many as 110 Socialist members were elected to the Imperial Parliament (Reichstag) by 4,250,000 German votes. Bebel lived to see all this, and to rejoice in the march of the people.*

* See *My Life* (down to the year 1878) by August Bebel. English translation published in 1912 by Fisher Unwin.

XLIII.

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

"When father comes home we will light up the tree of the Christ Child," said the mother; and little five-year-old Adelheid gazed with joy at the branches of the Christmas tree hung with coloured paper chains, gilded nuts, and toys. The tree stood in a room which was kitchen, parlour, bedroom, and all, for an Austrian family of seven people.

Eight o'clock struck, and the dusk had come over the village, and the younger children went to bed without seeing the candles lit. A step on the stairs. Father, half-tipsy, tumbled in; angry words from wife and husband. In passion the man seized a hatchet and cut the tree of the Christ Child to pieces, and Adelheid wept bitterly, till she fell in a tired, uneasy sleep.

A year or two later the father lay dying of cancer, and a Catholic priest had come to say the last solemn words, and incense filled the room while mother and children knelt.

Adelheid had four brothers. The eldest had gone away; the two next were apprentices. The fourth, aged ten, left school to work in a factory on week days and set up ninepins for skittle-alley players on a Sunday. The mother did clothes washing and any other work by which she could earn something. At the age of eight Adelheid also began to earn. For sewing 144 mother-of-pearl buttons on sheets of silver paper she got a farthing and a half, and even secured

twenty-seven farthings a week. Sometimes—oh, joy!—she could earn ten farthings in one day by following the funeral of a richer school fellow who had died, it being the Austrian custom to give this money gift to poor mourners. Once at such a funeral Adelheid had to walk along a wet and muddy road in shoes that had no soles. She still had to go to school. A rich lady, a duchess, sometimes helped the family. Once Adelheid visited the Duchess's house, embowered amid trees, and stately with great staircases, carpets, mirrors, pictures. From this lady came presents of clothes, books, money. Some rich folk are so kind to the poor. The brother who set up ninepins on a Sunday had an accident to his knee, and lay on a water-bed in a hospital for a year; and when he had been on that bed three hundred days the nurses decked his couch with flowers. On that bed he died, and he was buried in a pauper's coffin. Not long after that the mother was taken to jail by two policemen and there shut up for twelve hours by order of the State. Her fault was in sending Adelheid so irregularly to school.

Next they moved into a town. Adelheid's school days were past. By working at crochet twelve hours a day she could earn sixpence. She went to the workshop at six each morning, her mother having to wake her at the grey dawn. She had one great wish—that she might lie abed and wake of her own accord. "That seemed to me," she says in the story of her life, "a most splendid and beautiful thing."

In the little leisure time which the girl could snatch she read stories of princes, princesses, and nobles. Such were her dreams, but her daily life had no such glory in it. At the age of thirteen she was toiling in a bronze works, soldering metal with bellows driven by gas. The gas was bad for her lungs, and there was a tell-tale pallor in her cheeks. When her health failed and her head swam giddily she was for a while placed in an asylum for lunatics. In four weeks she was let

go, and she trudged from factory to factory—cardboard box factories, shoe factories, fringe-maker's factories, etc.—begging for work, often finding none, or only obtaining work for a few days.

The elder brother had been in the army three years serving the Emperor and his Austrian fatherland, serving the colours; prepared at any moment to die in defence of home. He had come home to live on the poor scraps which his old mother and fifteen-year-old sister could supply him with till he found work. Adelheid often walked about in the streets, even in the cemetery, to keep herself warm on winter days. She had a piece of bread for breakfast, and spent a halfpenny for her dinner. A begging letter once brought ten shillings from the Emperor; another ten shillings from an Archduke; another ten shillings from a rich person, whose secretary brought the kind gift, for, you see, all the rich people do not forget their poor brethren. And there was handsome Mr. Berger, a traveller from the glass paper factory where our friend found work. So gently did he speak to her one Friday morning when he called her to the office. He took her hand, and promised her higher wages, and then he kissed her. . . .

She went to work on Saturday, and thought of the promise of higher wages, and she thought of Berger's kiss. . . .

No, no, no, no; not even for higher wages would she go back. On Monday she reached the factory door—remembered, paused, and did not go in. She never went back. Three days before Christmas she visited an aunt in hope of aid, and the aunt sent her away. Out in the cold streets she roamed; and Christmas trees—trees of the Christ Child—glittered in windows; and Adelheid walked towards the river that runs through the city and the grandeur and the poverty of Vienna—the Danube.

"Why do you cry?" asked a well-dressed gentleman.

She told how poor she was, and he gave her ten florins, and smiled sweetly and spoke sweetly, and took her to the door of his house, and asked her in, and . . .

No, no; once again, no. The girl fled home, and her mother and brother said hard words to her because she did not find work and get money.

At length she found work and "good wages" (12s. a week) at a large factory, and this is her own account of the meals:—

"Those who stayed at the factory for the dinner-hour would buy themselves for a few farthings a sausage or the leavings of a cheese shop. Many a time we ate bread and butter and cheap fruit. Some drank a glass of beer and sopped bread in it. If we felt a loathing for the food, we fetched a meal from the restaurant; for 1¼d. either soup or vegetables. It was seldom well prepared, and the smell of the fat was horrible."

She felt ill, and resolved to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Holy Virgin, and walked nine miles to the sacred place, and mingled with a crowd of sick folk who gazed at a wooden figure of the crucified Jesus. "All crept on their knees to kiss the spots pierced by nails; I did so, too," said Adelheid. And she also crept on her knees up the steps, at the top of which gleamed an image of Mary blazing with jewels. But in such things and in the Church that taught such things she lost her faith.

"But the poor need not suffer; the ways of society can be changed." These thoughts were uttered by men whom Adelheid now began to listen to and talk to. They were Social Democrats. Was this really so? Her mind was moved by a great new wonder. She bought the Socialist paper each week, read it aloud to her companions, expressed her thoughts to the groups of girls that assembled about her. She read books and pamphlets by Engels, by Liebknecht, by

Lassalle; by day and by night she dreamed of the salvation of the poor from their misery. She went to meetings. One Sunday, with a brother, she tramped the snowy streets to a Socialist hall, and she was the only woman amid the dense crowd of men. Her heart was on fire. She felt that Capitalism was bad, that profit-making was bad, that militarism was bad. One Sunday morning nine women (herself being one) and three hundred men gathered at a Socialist meeting to discuss how to organise women in Labour unions. Adelheid mounted the platform, her throat parched, her eyes dim with nervousness. She made a brave little speech. "Men and women workers," she declared, "must join hands in a common bond of union." The people loudly applauded. They swarmed round her. They asked her name. They greeted her as a comrade. She and they had one faith.

She still earned wages at the factory, and it was hard work to speak often at meetings as well, sometimes starting out at five o'clock on a Sunday morning. Much amazed was her good mother once when Adelheid took her to a Socialist meeting and the old dame heard her daughter address hundreds of working folk.

People understood Adelheid's merit, her good heart, her good sense. She left the factory for ever; she had been chosen to help in the task of organising woman-workers, and of issuing a woman's newspaper —the *Arbeiterinnen Zeitung*.

In 1894 Adelheid married a good man named Popp, considerably older than herself, with whom she lived during eight years of comradeship and love, and then he died, leaving her with two small boys to protect. His heart, like hers, was with the people in their sorrows and their hopes. Once she was clapped in prison for writing an article about "the present institution of marriage," and her husband came to

see her and console her; for he loved her as a wife, and he admired her as a woman of courage.

After Mr. Popp's death she could say:—

I had my children; and I sought comfort in the thought that perfect happiness comes to no one. And Socialism has given to me so much, has lent my life so much peace, that I had strength to go through much without succumbing. To be inspired to serve a great cause gives so much joy, and lends such high worth to life, that one can bear very much without losing courage.

Adelheid Popp still (1913) labours for the cause.

NOTE.—The details above given are taken from *The Autobiography of a Working Woman*, by Adelheid Popp. Translated by F. C. Harvey. (Fisher Unwin.)

XLIV.

WOMEN'S WORK.

NEVER have I seen girls happier than those who sauntered to and fro in the tree-lined streets of Madison, in Wisconsin, in the summer of 1911. These daughters of the Republic of the United States were learners, and the learning was a labour of love. As I watched them walking in the glow of the sun, and carrying the volumes from which they studied, I said to myself:—

"Some day this shall be the lot of all young women of every Commonwealth on earth. For every daughter of Humanity there shall be set apart a term of years in which she shall learn the noble arts and crafts of womanhood, and train herself to be a good wife, a good mother, or, if she remains unmarried, a good sister of the people."

One building in Madison had been reared by the State for women only, and it was named Lathrop Hall. It was a great house with many windows, and green lawns and trees surrounded its cheerful walls. I heard music there one evening, and the joyous tramp of feet, and yet I knew that this dancing was but a pleasure by the way, and that, when dawn broke, the girls would be up betimes, reading for the hard study of Home Economics.

My young friends, Cecilia and Louise, commanded me to bear them company in a tour all round Lathrop Hall, for they—Americans—were proud to show me—an Englishman—how fine a temple of science the

Republic erected for its daughters. They pointed out to me—

Well-lighted class-rooms.

Kitchens where every vessel was bright, and every table and stove seemed to smile a message of cleanliness.

Charming sitting-rooms.

A spacious bath for swimmers.

A large gymnasium, in which girls in costume stepped and leaped in physical exercises.

Louise had thoughts like mine.

"Why cannot all girls come to such places as Lathrop Hall?" she said.

In a little book published by the University of Wisconsin these remarks were made:—

> It is estimated that over ten billion dollars are spent annually in the United States for household maintenance for the items of food, shelter, and clothing. Women spend at least ninety per cent. of this amount. In any other phase of life, the ones entrusted with such expenditure would necessarily have to pass through a training which would fit them to spend wisely, but the great mass of women have no training in this most important field.

So the University was saying what Louise said.

The students took up these subjects:—

(1) Art and design, as shown in the making and colouring of wall-papers, rugs, draperies.

(2) The preparing of food; the study of the effect of heat and cold; the digestion of food.

(3) Food supply; the keeping and testing of food; the use of fuel and vessels in cooking.

(4) Textiles; the weaving of threads and fibres; dyeing and washing.

(5) Diet; that is, the giving of food according to one's need as a man, a woman, an invalid, a child, a worker in house or field, etc.

(6) Home-building; health of the house; soil, drainage, air, light, heat, water, gardens.

(7) House-decoration; furniture; pictures.

(8) Household management; spending of the income; care of the family.

(9) Clothing; costumes for beauty and health.

(10) Child-rearing; feeding and teaching and training.

And so on. You will see that all these subjects come under the head of Home Economics, a right ruling of the home. If you think of other kinds of labour in which women engage to-day, you will notice that they nearly all turn towards the home as the centre. What is the woman-teacher but the school-mother? What is the trained nurse or woman doctor but the mother of the sick and helpless?

But the evil thing is that so many millions of women and girls who would be glad to learn happily at the University, and to work happily as queens of Home Economics, have to troop into shops, mills, and factories, not as merry sisters and wives, but as "hands" who toil for wages. When, in New York, or Chicago, or London, or Glasgow, or Paris I have seen crowds of women and girls marching to the big store or factory, I have asked myself:

"Do these women and girls choose this life because they love it?"

No, they do not choose it. The heart of woman turns, not to the mill, but to the home; to the body, not the machine; to the family, not the employer; to the circle of loved ones, not the office and the warehouse.

In the Socialist State women and girls will work in the glorious service of Humanity, and their chief labour will be in Home Economics. But where will they work? The unmarried will help in the homes of their married sisters and friends; or they will be found in bright mansions like Lathrop Hall (I saw it; it was no dream; I saw it with Cecilia and Louise), and employ hand and eye and eager brain in the preparation of food and clothing and all kinds of household aids for the community, and not for the private profit of a capitalist. Or they will be active in garden,

orchard, or farm or dairy. Or they will assist the mothers in the blithesome kindergartens which will be built in every group of homes; or they will lead the children to larger kindergartens and schools, and teach such lessons as the mothers are not so well able to impart themselves. I believe that, in days to come, school and home will be brought much more close together. Mothers will help in the schools, and teachers will help in the homes; and there will be more of open-air life; and teachers and mothers will often take bands of children to meadow and wood and hillside for the learning of the secrets of Nature, and the doing of simple outdoor work, and for singing and dancing in the sunshine.

But if a woman has a mind to turn to other labours, she will be free; but every woman, as every man, will work, not for herself and her own whims and fancies, but for the order and progress of the Commonwealth.

When I was in America in 1911, I met a lady named Sarah J. Eddy, who had a great love for her fellow men, and, though unmarried, she was like a mother of mercy and pity to her neighbours, welcoming them to her house and garden, and amusing and instructing them in a seaside house called the Social Studio. Sarah Eddy had a gift for drawing and painting, and she painted a picture of "The Madonna of the Clouds," in which one could descry the sweet face of a mother looking forth from the cloudy heavens. A copy of this picture was given to a prison in which women were confined; and one of the prisoners wrote to Sarah Eddy to say what comfort the vision of the "Madonna of the Clouds" had rendered her in the time of her misery in the jail.

Let women, then, if they will, be painters, poets, designers, searchers in science, or what they will; for the day is past when either man or woman should be fenced about and told: "Not this, or not that, may you do."

Nevertheless, I think the Heart of Woman will beat

true to the Home and the Child; and one of the most blessed things Socialism will do for women will be to deliver them from the wage-earning dullness of the shop, warehouse, and factory, and open to all of them who so desire the door of the house where they shall know the love and respect of the husband, and the laughter and prattle of the child. Many a place now covered by jerry-built cottages and horrible back streets, and many a place now dwelt in by poor folk who live as gypsies rather than as families, will then be gay with fair households and garden villages, and the eyes of men will never behold a woman in rags, or a woman wandering in the street as one who has no circle of friends to love her.

XLV.

ON THE HILL.

A SQUIRREL darts over the lawn, pauses on the sidewalk, curves its tail on the spot of sunlight that glitters among the shadows of the trees, and presently runs up the stem of a maple.

This happens in a town of more than thirty thousand citizens, and it is a token of the spirit of peace and quiet thought which broods over a centre of learning. The place is Madison, in the State of Wisconsin, the eastern edge of which is pelted by the waves of Lake Michigan and the western by the stream of the Mississippi.

On the hill stands a building of sandstone, topped by a dome which flies the flag of the Stars and Stripes. This is the University of Wisconsin, and hither any daughter or son of the Wisconsin State, if tested by the work in the High School or in some other way, may come to study. A green ground, or Campus, girds the temple of knowledge, and here and there, amid the trees, one sees other State buildings—Science Hall, the Historical Library and Museum, the Physics College, the Chemical Laboratory, the Colleges for Horticulture and Agriculture, the Law Building, and the rest. On one side of the University Hill flashes the rippling sheet of Mendota, six miles long, and bordered by pleasant wolds and meadows; and when the sun sinks the red and orange of the evening sky are a glory to behold, and the waters of Mendota shine with many colours. On the front of the University is a statue of

Abraham Lincoln, seated and looking down State Street towards the Capitol, or State House, a mile away. Here, as in other roads, the trees form double lines that cast a trembling shade, and the streets are lined with the wooden houses which appear so restful and comely in American scenes. The foundations are often of stone or brick, but the walls and roof are composed of wooden planks and tiles, and verandahs, supported by wooden pillars, provide a resting-place in the heat of the day or the cool of the twilight hour.

In the summer of 1911 it fell to my lot to dwell a week or two in Madison, and I saw with pleasure the young men and women going to and fro in the avenues and across the Campus carrying books and papers, and chattering of their tasks—engineering, or chemistry, or dairy work, or teaching, as the case might be. At eight o'clock in the morning we sat in class, and heard the Professor talk of the March of Man, the Rights of the People, and the Thoughts of the Wise concerning human Liberty and Government. And so on through the day, there was always a tongue that spoke the message of learning, and the listening ear that gave heed, and the busy hand that made notes; and there were breakings-up for meals, and gathering again for study; and the waters of Mendota glistened in the sun, or gloomed darkly when the heavens clouded.

One night I descended into the basement of Science Hall. In an underground chamber a machine of magnets and glass tubes was at work, and one of the Physics teachers showed me a tube in which violet and yellow rays were shooting with a ghostly light.

"I am trying," said he, "to learn more of the nature of the atoms and electrons of which matter is made up."

His earnest face was turned towards the tube and the Cathode rays as if he was praying to Nature herself to tell him of the secret framework of the world, and how the great globe and space itself were builded; and I thought of the labours of the famous Faust or the

mighty Paracelsus, of whom legends and poets love to tell. His sister had come with us to these shades below. Her business, however, was not with Physics and Chemistry. She was a Kindergarten teacher, and this is another way of saying she was an artist seeking to shape the souls of little children into noble women and men, so that the Family might be pure and the Country strong, and Humanity musical and brave all over the wide world. For her also the University was established on the hill, for it taught her to teach more usefully and more wisely.

"My boys," said a mother to me one day by the waters of Mendota, "are lithe as Red Indians, and the air and sun and water and the toil and the fun of camping out turn their skin brown and harden them with the healthy hardness of a creature of the woods."

But as she spoke my memory flew to the noisy streets of Chicago, and the dusty by-ways of New York, and the slums of London, where I have seen children living life in rags, and learning the lessons of damp and dirt and the foul tongue. I said then to myself:—

"By the waters of Mendota, and in the land of the willow and the maple and the catalpa there is the breath of life; and this breath of life is the birthright of all the daughters and sons of Humanity; and the feet of all children should run joyfully on grass, and the eyes of all children be lifted joyfully to the clear heavens above the trees, and the souls of all children should dwell in the place where the squirrel runs in peace, and the teachers of knowledge and wisdom lead the way joyfully along the path of the service of man."

All children—the temple on the hill is for all. Not for the rich few; not for the class that make profit out of land, and mill, and factory, and railroad, and workshop. All children; the revolution is for all. For this is the revolution, when human life is no longer choked in narrow lanes and stifling dens under the lordship of the owner and the exploiter; then human life shall laugh in the freshness of the breeze, and challenge the freedom

of the thunder of the tides of a thousand sea-shores, and shall march to the everlasting hymn of Love, Order, and Progress. Whosoever thinks this is a good vision to hold before the mind and to work for must therefore say Yea to this resolution, and play the man in helping it to become a real thing:—

"For every child its Kindergarten, with teacher and mother as gracious guardians. For every girl and boy a school for work of hand and eye and thought, and broad playgrounds where there is full riches of sun and air and green things. For all youths and maids right up to the age of 21—to the threshold of womanhood and manhood—the teaching of the college and the craft school. Here shall they be instructed in the ordering of households, the right building of village and city, the draining of swamps, the care of forests, the tilling of plains, the using of waterways by sea and stream, and the good politics for the republics of all the continents. These schools of the people will give plenteously—food for the mind and sustenance for the body, and the multitudes of the young shall go forth from the gates of the temples on the hills, and make a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Keep this ideal plain and clear before you. The children are not to be taught for a few years only, and at the age of 14 to be driven out into the world of wage-earning, like slaves and serfs. They are not to be content with social settlements, where evening clubs give a little glimpse into the world of books and art and music. They are not to stop short at recreation grounds, where trees are stunted and grass is thin, and fences are many; or with swimming-ponds, in which the bathers go in herds rather than as free swimmers with ample space and ease. Free education for all, and education that is bountiful and liberal; and all this, not for the cosy comfort of each little self, but for the service of one another in the fraternity of the Family, Country, and Humanity.

XLVI.

A GLASGOW ANNIVERSARY.

The following is the substance of an address to the united Glasgow Socialist Sunday Schools at the Co-operative Hall, Sunday, February 6, 1910.

You know the pretty-coloured gold fish that swim in glass globes. These fish belong to the kind, or family, known as the carp. In Japan the carp is a very bold, brisk little fish, which swims up stream and battles against the downward rush of the waters. About the beginning of May each year you may see carp flying in the air over Japanese houses. They are made of paper and other materials, and are gaily painted, with bits of gold or silver paper for the eyes. The paper carp are fastened by cords to poles, and flap to and fro in the breeze; and the people, especially the boys, gather in the streets and look up at the flying and dancing fishes.

"There," say the parents to the boys, "you see an example for you. You are to be bold and brisk in the service of Japan, like the gay and lively carp."

We here to-day in Glasgow—you young Socialists—are to be bold and brisk, not, of course, for Japan and its Emperor, but for this Red Flag (a Red Flag is here displayed). To this we look up with pride, as the Japanese lads look up to the carp, and for this we offer our bold and brisk service.

The English doctor, in whose book I read about the carp, saw a poor Japanese woman come out of her house and hold up her little boy, and chatter and smile

as she showed him a cheap paper carp on the roof of her humble cottage. As the English doctor drew closer, he saw the child was blind!

Yet even a blind child could work for Japan. Even a blind, a crippled child can work for the Red Flag.

Yes, and the Red Flag works for the blind and the crippled, for it tells them that all the people—all society—will care for the weak.

My friend, George White, walking lame and supported by a stick, tramped all the way from Leicester to London and back with 400 Unemployed to let London and the King see the people's need. Thus the lame man served the Red Flag. And my friend Moore, who has no legs and has to be drawn in a little cart while he plays the flute to earn his living, helped me when I was put up for election to the Leicester Town Council; and thus Moore served the Red Flag.

The flag blows for Freedom!

In the year 1848 the Pope fled from Rome, and Rome for a few months was a free Republic. It had been a bad time for the Italian folk. Those who spoke their mind about public affairs were arrested and clapped in prison. At the city of Perugia, for instance, there was a prison where prisoners were let down through holes in floors into dark dungeons without windows. But in the days of the Republic men broke open the prison and began to pull it down.

One morning, a white-haired man sat watching the workmen that were razing the jail to the ground, and the sunlight gleamed on his white locks. He had sat there more than once eagerly observing the gradual fall of the prison.

Why did he take such an interest?

Because he himself had been thrust into one of the dungeons for uttering his opinions in the open-air to the bystanders. He had suffered. Now he was glad.

And some day some of you young Socialists will be old, and you will watch the falling of the prison walls.

Crash! What falls? The workhouses of the

paupers. They are not needed, for every man now has work and wage and home.

Crash!! What falls? The horrible, filthy houses that are not fit for human beings to dwell in, such as some of the houses in Cowcaddens.

The Red Flag will bring this liberty some day, and you bold, brisk young Socialists will help.

Some day, I said. We have to dream of these things first.

Let me tell you an old dream. You have heard of the famous King, Alexander the Great. The history books tell of his wonderful deeds. But I will tell you a legend (a not-true tale) of Alexander and his travels. Don't believe it; and yet there is something in it I am pleased to relate.

Alexander marched to the shore of the far China sea, and one moonlight night he saw the women with fish-tails—the pretty mermaids—sporting in the ocean; and he heard them sing.

Then he marched into the silver land. The ground was silver, the rivers running silver, the ponds and lakes of white, shining silver, and his army made haste, for there was nothing to eat or to drink.

And then they came to a place called the City of Friends. The gates of the city were always open, for there was no fear of war. No bolts fastened the doors, no bars closed the window, for all citizens had food, and clothing and plenty, and none desired to steal. If two men were in anger, and about to fight, the people gathered round and made peace. If storm or flood made havoc (such as the floods have lately done at Paris—all the world was sorry for Paris), the citizens hastened to relieve the persons in distress. And if hunger and frost drove the wild ass or the wild sheep from the wilderness into the city, these poor creatures received aid from Man, their Friend; for it was the City of Friends.

Let us call it the Red Flag City. And who are the

people to build it? I will point to the builders. I point to *you*.

Just a word about Alexander. After he had beheld the City of Friends, he marched his army to Babylon, and there he died. When he was dead, his body was laid in a box of gold—a golden coffin for a King. But the hand of the dead King was made to hang over the side of the gold chest; and in the hand was placed a clod of earth, to show that, after all, the richest of men was a child of the earth, and to earth he must return; and then what was the worth of his gold?

Not the City of Gold: but the City of Friends.

Yes, and you will aid in the building. Your hymn says it—

> We will make the world anew:
> Boys and girls together.

XLVII.

THE TREE.

A May-Day Message.

A frigate of war lay in the bay: and the French sailors and marines could look upon the shores of one of the loveliest islands on the earth—Hayti, in the West Indies. Under the broad blue heaven the mountains rose, and their slopes were rich with pine, and oak, and mahogany, and satinwood, and rosewood; and the fields bore plentiful crops of cotton, rice, maize, yams, ginger, arrowroot, and many another useful plant.

A prisoner was brought on board the French frigate. Black was his skin, noble his heart. For some years past he had been captain of the negroes of Hayti in their war for freedom. More beautiful than the beauty of this island was the new hope that had sprung up in the negro heart—the hope of liberty for men, for women, for children; and their leader against enemies —sometimes English, sometimes Spanish, sometimes French—was Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Napoleon Bonaparte had decided that the freedom of the negro should come to an end. Ships and soldiers had arrived from France. Toussaint's house was visited by twelve French officers. He drew his sword. They declared that he was arrested by the order of Napoleon. Then he knew the freedom of Hayti was gone. He put up his sword in its sheath. Along a road guarded by French soldiers he walked silently, while the black people mourned: and so he came to the sea.

As he stepped on the frigate, he said to the Commander—

"The French have felled the tree of liberty. This tree will put out its roots and grow again; for the roots are many, and they strike deep!"

They took him to France (this happened in 1802), and placed him in a fortress on the Jura mountains, where the air was chill.

Often did Toussaint gaze from the window of his prison and think of the island and the people whom he would never behold again: and in that first year of his prison life he died.

In 1821 Napoleon also died a prisoner on the island of St. Helena.

To-day the Republic of Hayti is independent. It is not as happy and as prosperous as friends of the negro race might wish: neither is the negro race all over the world so happy and so prosperous as it will be in the days to come. But Toussaint's work will go on.

In the West Indies, in the United States, and elsewhere, the negro will march towards the Better Land of Love, Order, and Progress. The roots of the tree are many and strike deep.

The tree is a tree for the healing of all the nations, and its fruit is freedom for the wide, wide world.

We lift the banner of our May-Day. The banner is red—red of the heart, red of the dawn, red of the fire of the altar of love. When we have lifted it, and our soul beats with the flap of the crimson flag, we think of all that are desolate and oppressed.

All that are desolate and oppressed—

The negro of the Congo.

The coloured man of the plains and forests of South America.

The beggars at the gates; the tramps on the road; the paupers in the workhouses.

The wage-earners in the field, the plantation, the

mill, the factory. the mine, the railroad, the dock, the ship.

The beggar and the tramp are scorned by the folk who only see the rags, and the dirt, and the rudeness, and the idleness, and never ask if we have helped the beggar and the tramp to become clean, brave, and useful. And so, as we lift the flag, we think of these poor brethren, and we desire that the tree of liberty and love shall grow for them also.

For all men and women under heaven does the tree of liberty put out its splendid leaves. It strikes its roots deep for the folk of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and the isles of the sea. The sun that kisses our May-Day flag, and the sweet air that breathes upon its red folds are not for England or Scotland only, much as you and I love dear old England and dear old Scotland. They are for the German, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Turk, the Persian, the Indian, the Chinese, the Japanese: for all! For all, the land; for all, the corn; for all, the fruit; for all, the home; for all, the song; for all, the happy hours of play; for all, peace! Some day—O girls and boys, march for it, learn for it, think for it, live for it—some day the last profit shall be ended, and no more will any man make gain out of the toil of his brother-man; and the Old World shall cry across the waters to the New—Yours fraternally!

XLVIII.

SEVEN SCENES.

A Historical Review.

I.

With hoarse shouts, a band of half-naked hunters drag an antlered deer along the glade in the forest. Women and children, with answering yells, come out of rough huts, or pits in the ground, to meet the home-comers. The beast is laid down in the midst of the savage village, and cut up with rude tools of stone or bronze, and a portion given to each family. To-morrow, perhaps, the men will fish in yonder stream or lake, and the catch will be divided among the villagers in like manner. The canoe, made from a tree trunk, belongs to the village. If cattle are tamed, the bellowing creatures are the property of all. When the women sow seeds of corn or vegetables in the clearing round about the hamlet, the land belongs to each and all; and the crops are not for one family more than another; and no man pays rent. Things are held in common. Such a village is called a Village Community; and the life is known as Communism.

II.

Long lines of men are at work on a big farm. Their bodies are browned by sun and hardened by weather. Scant is their clothing. Hour after hour they labour under the eye of a taskmaster; and at night they obey a signal, and gather in a troop and march to a shed

or barracks where they eat and drink coarse food and liquor, and they sleep like cattle in their stalls. They are slaves on a great Roman estate. Elsewhere, slaves grow vines, or shake the olives from the olive trees; or mind swine in the woods; or hack lumps of stone from out of the quarry; or row the warships while their masters fight on the decks above. Such slaves are captives taken in war; or many are born in the women's quarter in the slave-barracks or ill-smelling rooms at the back of their owners' houses. This is the age of SLAVERY.

III.

In the summer sun, men and women cut the grass and toss the hay: but the hay crop is not theirs. Men cut hedges and make ditches along the sides of fields and meadows; but the fields and meadows are not theirs. Men fell trees in the forest, but the timber is not theirs. Or they tend flocks and herds, but the cattle and sheep and pigs are not theirs. The work is done for a landlord, and his are the land, the streams, the woods, the cattle. He lives in the house of many towers on the crest of the hill, and from time to time you may see him and his followers ride by, clad in shining armour, and bearing the long lance or heavy sword or axe. The people, however, may not be sold as slaves were sold aforetime. They must needs work part of their time for their lord, but they have their huts and cottages and gardens. This is the age of SERFS and SERFDOM.

IV.

A strong youth, with a bundle slung over his shoulder by a stick, marches along a country road, after the manner of the famous Dick Whittington. He is journeying to a town, where he will offer his labour to a master. He may be a day-labourer, working for a day's pay; and, when he cares, he will go and work for a new master, and bargain as to what

wages he will get. Or, if the lad is not too old, he will become apprenticed to a craft—cooper, saddler, tanner, smith, etc.—and then take rank as a journeyman, and may even rise to be master; and master and apprentice and journeyman labour together, seeing each other's faces, and making goods for customers in their street, or at the weekly market, or at the big fair. Men are free labourers, and serfdom has gone. The period of WAGE-EARNING has set in.

V.

Dull is the dawn. A drizzling rain falls. The clatter of many feet is heard. Men and women, and even children, tramp into a huge, ugly building, with many windows, and lights flash from the many windows upon the gloomy, grey world without. The clank and whirr and hiss inside the building tell of the presence of machines. The rumble of a train is heard, and the locomotive and the long line of trucks that hasten by speak of the power of steam. Men are wage earners still, but they cannot, as in old times, make articles in their own workshops, chatting with the master as with one of themselves. They very seldom or never see the master for whom they toil inside the mill, and who reaps the chief profit of their labour. It is the age of MACHINERY and the CAPITALIST and CAPITALISM.

VI.

A man sits, pale and wretched, at his fireside, and tells his wife the sad news. His business is on the down-grade. He must close his mill. A big owner—a great Capitalist—has bought up a lot of mills in the same trade—of oil, or cotton, or wool, etc.—and he will do most of the business; and the little man, the man who owns but a little mill, with a little capital, must shut up. He cannot compete against the man of large capital. Or perhaps several big capitalists have joined all their oil-works, steel-works, etc.,

together in one business, and the man who will not join their combination is crushed out; for they have many ways of checking his progress. This is the time of big TRUSTS and the failure of little traders.

VII.

A motor stops at a house door, and the baker-man runs up the garden path with loaves from the municipal bakery, sold at the cost price and not for profit. A municipal butcher brings meat, selling at cost price and not for profit. The town is lit with electric light, sold without profit. Rent is paid to the Corporation at the Town Hall just as the electric light is paid for. The citizen who lives with his wife and children in the town works for the municipality as a builder, a carter, an engineer, a teacher, or the like. Perhaps the man next door works for himself, and charges profit for his work; for all men and women are not bound to be municipal or Government servants. But the wage system has gone for ever. No child is shoeless or half-naked, for the nation makes enough in its workshop for all bodies to be clad, just as it can supply uniforms and shoes to all its police and sailors. Every citizen does useful service, and the hum of labour and the music of the people's songs make England merry. This is the age of SOCIALISM.

* * * * *

In these seven sketches you have a little history of the world. Even more than a history, for the seventh pictures carries our mind forward to a better day. In the Bible the prophets foretell a golden age, when "The wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and the mouth of the folk shall be filled with laughter." Sir Thomas More, a very noble Englishman, wrote a *Nowhere* tale of the Happy Republic, or Utopia, and "Utopia" means "Nowhere."

Nowhere! But it shall be somewhere if you have the will.

You are the people to say what shall be—you girls, you boys! you valiant daughters and sons of England; you young citizens of this land of Alfred, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Johnson, and Ruskin, and Morris; you children of this land which is so beautiful where it is not soiled by the muck-heaps of our "business" and the dismal dens where millions of our workers dwell; this land of the shining lakes and the bright, green meadows, and the leafy lanes, and the villages at the side of the woods, and the glorious cathedrals, and the stately colleges and lawns and avenues of Oxford, and the misty mountains of Wales, and the sea-splashed cliffs of Cornwall, and the rippling Channel that kisses the chalk walls of Kent.

XLIX.

SEVEN PAINTINGS ON THE CHURCH WALL.

When I sat in the Leicester Town Council as a Socialist member in the years 1908-9-10 the ward for which I was elected was a group of dull and gloomy streets, known as the Wyggeston. At the election I was opposed by a Liberal. As you would expect at an election, some people said and printed things against me, and my friends said and printed things that were kind. Among the friendly voices was that of the Rev. F. Lewis Donaldson, Vicar of St. Mark's. The church of St. Mark overlooks a bustling and noisy street on the border of Wyggeston Ward, and the parish contains nearly 15,000 men, women, and children, most of whom dwell in poor houses and are folk of sorrow and acquainted with grief.

Some months after I had left Leicester I had occasion to visit the good old town, and I found the door of St. Mark's church open, and entered, for I had heard of seven paintings done by the hand of J. Eadie Reid, and placed on the wall round about the holy altar. It was about one o'clock, and outside the loud street roared, and troops of men, women, lads, and girls swarmed out of the workshops and factories on their way to dinner; but inside the church all was still, and I could almost hear the beat of my own heart as I looked up at the seven paintings in the seven spaces or panels. There was a centre picture, and then a pair right and left, and a second pair right and left, and an outside pair right and left; and we will notice the outside pictures first.

First Pair.

Right.—A dark angel with dusky wings holds a globe that seems made of very glossy glass, which is ever so little touched by a ray of light. Men bend under heavy loads, and one of the wage-earners has fallen wretchedly to the ground. On a throne sits the Lord Mammon, gold-master and profit-monger, and his eyes have no pity for the weary and heavy-laden; and a maid-servant waits on his pleasure, and her name is Luxury, for she is minister to idleness and rich ease.

Left.—A dusky angel clasps a globe ever so little kissed by a ray. A worker crouches in misery. An ill-clad mother holds up a hand to point her ill-clad daughter to the far-off light. A woman leans over her fallen father. A labourer lifts his hands and curses.

"Oh, hush!" whispers his pale wife.

An old man is tired of the long struggle.

Two grave sages look like statues of wisdom and learning, but it is not to them that the folk turn for help. Stripped to the waist the puddlers work with melted iron. In the rear are black factories, and the black smoke throws a black shade over the life of the proletariat.

Second Pair.

Right.—The angel is brighter, and the globe sparkles. A husband and wife walk together as if with happier thoughts of home and children. A miner, a shepherd, and a tiller of the soil have a cheerful manner, as if hope had risen in their sky. Men still sweat and sigh at their work, but there is less despair in their eyes.

Left.—The angel smiles, and, though there is pain on the faces of the poor still, yet there are leaders who point and beckon and cry "Have faith!"

The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. A Labour Movement is warming the chilled hearts, and raising the love-spirit like a banner; and

a gleam of faint gold and red lights the factories and furnace shafts at the back.

Third Pair.

Right.—Healthy and merry are now the folk in their daily labour.

A planner holds up a model of a church, of which he is the architect.

His brother in the plan—a builder—stands at his side, joyful at the idea of building a noble house.

A woman broods in deep and lovely dreams of poetry and music.

A mother cherishes her bonnie babe.

Overhead is the vision of six apostles of the Lord Christ—fishermen and peasants.

Left.—A carver has in his hands a statuette.

A student and his book tell of the stores of knowledge which even the Sons of Labour now have the time and the desire to win.

A wielder of the hammer stands in the glory of strength and usefulness.

A sailor shows the model of the ship in which he floats like a conqueror over the mighty sea.

A woman, gay soul of the household, plies her work in the morning and the evening as if it were a thing of song.

A ruler, who leads the craftsmen as their chosen captain, has taken off his crown in homage to the central king.

A teacher leads a child on the path of sweetness and light.

And six more apostles sit above, as glad watchers of the new age.

The Centre.

Here is the Lord Christ, of whose carpenter work, and of whose deeds of mercy the gospels tell the poetic tale. This is he who was born of poor parents in the stable of Bethlehem, and at whose baby feet the

shepherds knelt after they had heard the choir of heaven tell the message of his birth:—

> The shepherds on the lawn,
> Or ere point of dawn,
> Sat simply chatting in a rustic row.
> At last surrounds their sight
> A globe of circular light,
> That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed;
> The helmed cherubim,
> And sworded seraphim,
> Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
> Harping in loud and solemn choir,
> With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.
>
> *John Milton.*

This is he who was nailed up between two thieves. One of them, poor soul, not knowing better, cursed the Christ, and the other breathed a blessing, and all three died on their bitter crosses. But now the Christ that bore the burden lifts his hands in tender greeting to his brethren and sisters, and a cross glows in the lines of light above his head, and the sunshine flashes a message of peace to the workers of the world.

After-Thoughts.

But if perchance the door of St. Mark's Church should be opened by a Socialist Jew, a Socialist Hindu, a Socialist Japanese, and others who do not kneel in worship of the Christ of Bethlehem, then I think I should say to them:

"Comrades, these pictures are a quite beautiful vision of the Triumph of Labour, and this Christ is a grand Lord of Love. But, if you would rather have other poetry to speak your faith and hope, then let us suppose this mid-panel is changed. . . . . And now behold a new figure of a woman holding a child in her caressing arms. This is the Spirit of Humanity,

of whom we are all the daughters and sons, and whose service is our religion."

So let it be this central picture, or let it be that.

Each speaks of the glory of fellowship. Both foretell the victory of love. The light is the light of the morning.

"England is risen, and the day is here!"

NOTE.—Fuller details will be found in the Rev. F. Lewis Donaldson's descriptive penny pamphlet, to be had from St. Mark's Vicarage, Leicester.

I.

RED.

South America was made nobler by the presence of Garibaldi. This great-hearted Italian took the side of the republicans of Argentina against the dictator Rosas, and his legion of Italians and Frenchmen fought on behalf of sacred freedom. The war, of course, upset business, and so it happened that a certain merchant had on his hands a quantity of unsold red woollen jackets or blouses, which he usually supplied to the slaughtermen and salters in the big butcheries of Monte Video. The Argentine Government bought the lot cheap, and passed them on to Garibaldi to use as uniforms for his band of Europeans. The men became known as the Red-shirts, and the scarlet blouse was a sign of courage and determination. Garibaldi did good service to Argentina, and then, with 85 Red-shirts, crossed to Europe, where he was to do yet finer service in the cause of the liberty of Italy. The Red-shirt was transformed into the badge of character and heroism.

You, young Socialist, sing of the Red Flag. You look upon red as the mark of the revolution from capitalism and exploitation to co-operation and the end of private profit.

Very well, comrade, but remember also, that the red cloth is not in itself a sure and certain clue to nobility of purpose. On the back of one man it might be only a slaughterman's jacket. I speak in no disrespect of a Monte Video slaughterman, but such a man might be a brutal-minded slayer of bullocks,

caring only for the week's wage and the gross delights of a feeding and drinking bout. But on the back of Garibaldi the same shirt was a pledge of character and heroism. It was a guarantee of a noble aim.

You will see what I am driving at. The Red Flag is a mere cast clout and rotten rag unless upheld by the hands of a man who loves his fellow-citizens, glories in the public honour, and dares wind, weather, and tragedy for the sake of the order and progress of humanity. Socialism will fail like the house of sand in Christ's parable unless based on the rock of character.

Anti-Socialists may seize upon these words and say:

"We have always told you so! And that is why Socialism is a folly and a clap-trap, because loud-mouthed orators preach the abolition of capitalism and private enterprise, and forget that, unless human nature is purified, no social system can be improved."

As a matter of hard fact, human nature has in it the qualities needed for the foundations of a Socialist State; that is to say, love, friendship, reverence; intellect and skill; courage, good-sense, and resolution. Not a day passes in the history of the old earth without ten thousand times ten thousand instances of human goodness. This is so true that it cannot be made untrue by the silliness, the cowardice, the hoggishness which one also beholds in the course of every day's experience. The Bourbon princes were the tyrants of Naples, and they threw Italian patriots into vile jails; but human nature produced Garibaldi and Mazzini to tell Italy and the world that the people were born to freedom. The white men evil-treated the black, but human nature produced Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln and John Brown of Kansas to prove that white manhood loved justice to the negro. Judas Iscariot was a betrayer, and Titus Oates a sneaking informer, and Azeff a police-spy; but human nature produced a Saint Paul, a John Hampden, a

John Ruskin to witness for charity, liberty, and the ideal. The treasures of human nature are rich enough to furnish all the devotion and the bravery that the Socialist Commonwealth calls for. East and west have I been, and I have found as much grit, valour, sense, and high purpose among Socialists as I have among those who believe in rent, interest, and profit.

There is, alas! too much "softness" and self-indulgence in the world. Some of it exists amongst the mobs of the race-course, the football spectators, the music-hall loungers; but the chief place to discern these weak qualities is in the poor-hearted class who live idly on the labour of the workers. Socialism needs all the splendid powers of humanity—the spirit of the pioneer, the daring of the missionary, the dogged sense of duty in the Civil Servant in a far-off corner of India; the faithful toil of the Canadian farmer; the intelligent study of the young American at his College of Agriculture; the fearless industry of the British fisherman and seaman; the staying-power of the Australian shearer; and the loyal home-keeping and nursing and teaching genius of women. All the soul and strength is demanded by the Brotherhood which will own the land, and till the soil, and weave wool and flax and cotton, and frame machines, and build houses, and lay out gardens without any greed for rent, interest, or profit.

Young Socialist, trample on this falsehood that your Red Flag is the banner of the soft and puny. Young Socialist, look in the eyes of the ignorant folk who say you want to divide up the money of the rich, and tell them their lie is foolish; for in your Commonwealth, honest labour will be the service paid by each citizen —man or woman—to the Family, to the City, and to Humanity. Young Socialist, laugh to scorn the stupid tale that you seek after a big bill of fare and a lazy life; and declare, in word and deed, that you revere your republic as the Romans did; that you love your England as Cromwell did, your Wales as Llewellyn

did, your Scotland as Wallace did, your Ireland as Robert Emmet did; that your patriot heart will not endure the rule of poverty and squalor in your homeland, and that the Atlantic shall break upon the shores of a new British Isles, where a manly and independent peasantry will be co-partners with the healthy artisans of a thousand Garden Cities.

Young Socialist, it is worth while to be a father, it is worth while to be a mother, and bring up children in the sacred school of the fraternity of the whole great planet. Look forward to the years when you will yourself be a parent.* Play your part as a man, as a woman—kind, thoughtful, valiant—and train your little daughters and sons to serve mankind in the federation of Commonwealths. In that federation each nation shall glory in its own order and progress, and feel joy in the order and progress of the rest. Australia shall be glad for the prosperity of China; England shall rejoice at the self-government of India; New Zealand shall find pleasure in the peace and wealth of Argentina; the United States shall take pride in the liberty and culture of the negro peoples; Japan shall praise the work of the folk of Russia, and Egypt shall love to hear the song of freedom in Mexico; France and Germany shall bridge the Rhine with eternal friendship, and South Africa shall applaud the public spirit of a free Poland.

Young Socialist, it is a most noble privilege to be born into the world with so magnificent a destiny to fulfil. Let every fiery and pure element in your character leap to the knightly task.

Courage!

* See *The Threshold of Sex, for readers aged 14 to 21*, by F. J. Gould. Published by Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London. 2s.

LI.

AT THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

It is for the good of Humanity that most of the maids and lads on earth should love in the pleasant days of courtship, and join their lives in wedded partnership, for "there is nothing real in the world but love." In the ill-built houses of our towns and villages, and while the struggle for bread is so bitter, a pure and noble courtship is not easily experienced by any, and millions never know its happiness. The Socialist Commonwealth will seek to give all young folk a happy love-time and a happy home, and Goethe's poem of *Hermann and Dorothea* (here given in a short and simple story) will picture for us what a noble wooing should be like.

The front windows of the old inn looked out upon the market-place of a little German town. On the swinging sign-board was painted a Golden Lion.

At the back of the house were stables in which some fine horses were provided in the comfortable stalls, and watched over by the innkeeper's son, Hermann. Then there was a barn, and after that a large garden with a summer-house. The garden ran right up to the old wall that encircled the town and had defended it in the Middle Ages. A small gate opened out into the moat—the big ditch now dry and grassy, but once filled with water. Beyond the moat rose a hill, whereon was a vineyard, where grapes hung purple and rich. A leafy path through this vine-garden brought you out to the hill-top, and here grew a large pear tree. It was a very old tree, and nobody knew who planted it. Haymakers would rest under its thick foliage, and shepherds came to it for shade.

The innkeeper and his wife sat at the door of the Golden Lion. Middle-aged folk were they; honest, hard-working.

"Never," he said, "have I seen the market and the streets so deserted. Scarce fifty people are to be seen. I suppose the rest have gone to the high road to see the refugees. How dusty the way in this hot noon! I feel I cannot go to see the misery of these poor families who have had to fly from their pleasant country on the other side of the broad Rhine-stream. But I am glad you sent Hermann with old linen and provisions; for those who are well off should spare of their abundance to the needy. Hermann manages the new coach well, does he not? A fine vehicle it is, too—four seats inside—a seat extra beside the driver. And he guides it well round the street corners."

The good and sensible mistress replied:

"Not lightly, father, would I give away our linen, for one has so many uses for it. But you see there are old people and children with scarce a thing on them; and their need was great. And you will not mind, will you, that I took from the wardrobe your old flowered dressing-gown?"

The innkeeper smiled.

"I was fond of the old gown. Good Indian stuff it was. Still, I had left off wearing it, for it is out of the fashion now to go about in cap and dressing-gown."

"Look," said she, "the people return."

"Not a cloud to be seen," remarked the innkeeper. "The weather is fine and settled. Our harvest of wheat will be as good as our haycrop."

The crowds were filling the streets again.

A carriage rattled by carrying a rich merchant and his daughters.

Two gentlemen approached the door of the Golden Lion. One was the kind and pleasant parson. The other was the chatty and rather close-fisted apothecary —the seller of medicines—whose shop had for its sign St. Michael slaying the dragon. The Saint who slew the monster was like the clever druggist killing people's disease!

"What did you see?" asked the good and sensible wife of the host of the Golden Lion.

The apothecary told how the wagons were heaped with furniture—clothes, birdcages, mirrors, planks, all mingled anyhow; how women and children wearily carried parcels and baskets; how old and sick folk were jolted in the carts; how oxen lowed and sheep bleated; how a vehicle was overturned amid cries of fright and despair.

"Come into the cool parlour, out of the way of the flies," invited the innkeeper.

And as they drank Rhine wine out of green glasses, the innkeeper chatted of his hope that when the war with France was over, and anthems of praise had been sung in the church, Hermann would choose a bride and lead her to the altar.

A noise of coach wheels rumbled under the archway entrance of the Golden Lion. Hermann had returned. A manly fellow he was—quiet-spoken, hard-working, fond of horses, good to mother and father. He, too, had a tale to tell of the refugees from beyond the Rhine. And chief of all, he told of the sick woman, who lay with her baby on straw in a wagon, drawn by two oxen. A young girl who wore a red bodice, a black skirt, and a blue cloak, was walking beside the wagon and guiding the oxen. She begged Hermann to help them if he had any linen to spare, for the sick mother and the infant were in sore need. The young man had supplied them from his store, and, indeed, he gave them the whole of his load, begging the maiden to share the things with the other refugees. And this she promised to do.

"Ah," said the apothecary, "in these times of war and misery it is best to have no wife and children."

"I do not think so," said Hermann. "Is it right for a man to think only of himself? Should not an honest girl find a husband to protect her? And is it not a happy thing for a man in time of trouble to meet the comforting look of his wife?"

"I like to hear you talk so, Hermann," said the father.

And the mother recalled how she herself found a protector. A great fire had burned many houses in the town, and she, then a young girl, had met her future husband at the ruins of her father's dwelling. Each saw his and her home destroyed. And the young man asked her to be his wife, and so they would build up a new household in companionship and love.

The innkeeper was pleased at his wife's story. Turning to Hermann, he hinted that the merchant who drove in his carriage had two daughters.

No, no. Hermann had other thoughts. He said he had visited the merchant's house. The girls had found fault with his suit, sneered at the way his hair was done, and giggled when he did not understand the silly song that Minna sang about Pamina and Tamino.

The innkeeper was vexed. He had set his heart on Hermann's marrying one of the daughters of the rich merchant. Hotheaded and quick of tongue he blamed his son for being so slow and stupid.

Hermann raised his hand to the latch of the door, and went out silently.

The good and sensible mother presently followed and searched for him in the stable and the garden.

Meanwhile, the apothecary gave the parson and the innkeeper a long account of his house, and his garden with red railings, and the two stone figures in the garden—a beggar and a dwarf—and the wonderful grotto where he and his friends used to take coffee. And now, he said, he would like to go in for improvements, but the expense was too great. For instance, his St. Michael and the dragon were brown. Much would he like to have them gilt; but the expense!

The good and sensible mother passed through the gate in the wall, and through the leafy alley in the vineyard, and found Hermann seated under the big old pear tree; and she sat at his side; and they talked together—mother and son.

She wanted to know what was the matter. She was sure he had a secret in his heart. At first Hermann said he felt he must join the army, and go with the other young Germans to fight the French beyond the Rhine. When his mother questioned him deeper she learned the secret of his heart. He loved the maiden in the red bodice and black skirt, who was so good to the sick woman and the child in the ox-wagon.

Mother understood. Hermann must come with her, she said. Father must know; father would be reasonable; father would agree. Hermann must come to the parlour.

So mother and son faced the innkeeper, and, before the parson and the apothecary, the young man confessed how dearly he thought of the refugee maiden. The father's temper had cooled, but yet he looked uncertain what to say.

The gentle parson begged that he would let Hermann have his choice.

"Not too fast," cried the apothecary. "I propose that I should go to the village where the fugitives have halted and inquire as to this maiden's family and good name. I shall understand. I am not easily deceived."

And so it was agreed that both he and the pastor should go with the innkeeper's son in the coach. Hastily did Hermann harness the horses. The whip cracked. The vehicle rolled from out the archway entrance of the Golden Lion—Hermann driving, the two neighbours seated side by side. The father sat in the parlour at the table whereon rested the green glasses. The good and sensible mother watched her son disappear round the corner. Often-times she looked from the window for his coming again.

Out into the country rolled the coach. Hermann drove rapidly. At last he saw the tower of the village church, and he drew up under the shade of some very old lime trees.

At this spot the lawn was green, and it sank in a

hollow dell all under the boughs of the trees. You walked down steps and you reached a beautiful clear pool of water, made by a spring that here began its flowing life. And benches of stone were set about the spring, so that folk could sit and talk or dream; and the place was very quiet.

"Friends," said Hermann. "I will rest here, while you go to the village and inquire."

So the parson and the apothecary did as he willed, and walked on; and Hermann mused by the wayside spring.

In gardens, in barns, in cottages, the people swarmed. Carts blocked the road. Men tended oxen and goats. Women washed linen in the village brook and spread the white garments on hedges to dry. Children darted here and there.

A gracious old man, who looked like the father of the refugees, greeted the two visitors. They learned from him the story of the sufferings of the folk from over the Rhine—the terror spread through the countryside by the soldiers of the French Revolution, the robbing of people and cottages.

"Once," he said, "the Frenchmen invaded a farmhouse, where they found only girls and women. They were met by a resolute maiden who snatched a sabre, felled the leader to the ground, and scared the others out of the place."

At this point, the apothecary pulled the parson's sleeve, and whispered—

"I have found her."

Looking through an opening in a hedge, the parson and the druggist saw her—with the red bodice and the blue cloak—sitting under an apple tree, sewing garments for the children. And when they asked concerning her, the old man said this was Dorothea, who had defended the girls with the sabre, who had cared for her aged father till he died of grief at the horrors of war, and who had lost her sweetheart—he had been killed in Paris in the Revolution.

The two friends hastened back. They found Hermann at the wayside spring. But though they had a good report to tell him, he seemed sad and still. He begged them to go to the town in the coach; he would see Dorothea himself, and make sure that he could win her heart; he felt a fear lest she might be engaged to another, or not look with favour on him. And he would walk home over the fields, and by the pear tree. The friends mounted the coach, and the parson drove the apothecary to the Golden Lion.

A footstep was heard. Dorothea had come with two pitchers. Hermann sprang to meet her.

"You have come far for water," he said.

"I am glad I did," she replied, "for here I meet the generous man who supplied our wants; and I would like you to come to the village to receive the thanks of my friends. The brook in the village is soiled by horses, cattle, and the washing of linen. Therefore, I came to draw water from this sweet spring."

Hermann and Dorothea descended the steps. They bent over the pool, each dipping a pitcher; and they saw each other's faces imaged in the smooth liquid; and they smiled at each other in the water. When the pitchers were filled, the youth and the maid lingered under the old lime trees and chatted. He explained to Dorothea how he spent his time at home, in the stable, field, vineyard. His mother, he said (the good and sensible mother) needed a servant. Would Dorothea perhaps be willing to take such a situation?

"Oh, yes," she said. "It will be a home for me."

It was agreed that she should first bid farewell to the other refugees.

"Come," said Dorothea, "people always blame girls who loiter too long at the well; and yet, it is pleasant to gossip by the running stream."

They walked to the village. Hermann wished to carry a pitcher.

Hermann and Dorothea.

"No," she answered, laughing, "for I am a servant now."

In a barn lay the woman with the baby. To her and to others that sheltered there the maiden gave fresh water from the wayside spring. Some women entered to say they had obtained a more comfortable lodging for the mother and child. When Dorothea announced that she was leaving to take up service at the Golden Lion, the women embraced her and breathed many good wishes. The little children clung to her skirt and cloak as she walked from the village.

Now sank the sun among the evening clouds, and afar off there was a glow of lightning, as a storm slowly approached.

"I hope there will be no hail to damage the crops," said Hermann.

They walked through the fields of wheat; and Hermann described to her his mother and father; and Dorothea described to him the manner in which she was brought up in her village home. Children, she said, were taught to begin the day by kissing their hands to their parents and to behave well; and she trusted that now, as a woman, she would serve the household as cheerfully as when she obeyed her parents in her childhood.

The evening had closed, and when they reached the old pear tree on the hill near the town wall, the moon shone out in glory. Through the little gate they went, and along the garden path. Dorothea stumbled, and hurt her foot, and limped, and Hermann held her firm on his arm.

To and fro the good and sensible mother had gone impatiently, often looking from the window to see if Hermann was bringing his bride.

"You should not be impatient," said the apothecary, who sat with the parson and the innkeeper. "When I was a small boy, my father taught me a lesson. I was impatient because, one Sunday, the carriage was so long coming to take us out for a family

drive. Father bade me look across to the carpenter's shop. To-morrow, he said, the carpenter's saw would be heard, and a sound of nails being hammered. And some day, said my father, that carpenter would make a coffin, for I should be dead, and the coffin would bear me away."

"Your father spake not wisely," observed the gentle pastor, smiling. "He should not have shown the image of death to a tender child. Let children see —not death—but the hoary hair of a noble old age, and let age see the joy of children, and thus, when the old man dies, he will die in sight of life."

The door opened. Hermann and Dorothea entered, and a comely and beautiful pair they seemed to the beholders.

"Here is the maiden," said Hermann. "Father, be good to her. Mother, you will find that she understands housekeeping."

Then Hermann whispered to the parson. "Sir, what shall I do? I have not asked her to be my bride. She comes here as a waiting-maid."

"Ha, ha!" cried the host of the Golden Lion, "come in, my girl! My son has shown good taste in his choice of a wife. His father always knew how to select the prettiest maid for a dance."

Dorothea blushed a deep red.

"Sir," she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "it is not right of you to mock a poor and defenceless girl."

"Already," said the parson, "you have discovered that one of the trials of a servant is to bear the wayward words of a master. And yet he meant no harm in joking at your liking for Hermann."

"Oh," she cried, "your jesting words torment me. I come hither as a servant. I did, indeed, as I walked across the fields, have an unspoken thought that I might so well do my duty in the house that some day he might ask me. But I dare not stay after such things have been uttered."

She dashed to the door. Dark was the heaven, and

thunder pealed heavily over the hills, and the rain fell in floods.

The good and sensible mother clasped Dorothea's hands.

"I don't understand these scenes," cried the vexed innkeeper, and he rose to depart.

"Pastor," said Hermann, "do explain to my father, and to her."

"Would it not be better to explain to her yourself?" asked the clergyman, smiling.

"I did not," said Hermann, in a low voice to Dorothea, "I did not come to the wayside spring to engage a servant. I came to offer you my love. Alas! when I saw your face reflected in the pool, I saw only friendship—not love—in your eyes. But I beseech you to stay as my wife."

And Dorothea bent her head, and received his kiss, and all were glad.

Then the pastor drew the wedding-rings from the fingers of mother and father, and placed them on the fingers of Hermann and Dorothea.

Hermann said—

"Dorothea, much trouble is in the land. In the midst of this general shaking of the people, may you and I be all the more firmly united. We will be loyal to each other in the storm. You are now mine; and all the things I have are now dearer to me because you share them. If I should be called to the war, you will yourself bring me my weapons. I shall know that you will cherish the household in my absence; and I should go forth with courage to face the foe."

THE END.

APPENDIX A.

HISTORICAL TABLE, SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIAL LIFE FROM EARLY MAN TO THE PRESENT DAY.

The following notes are intended as a general guide to the course of social evolution, for the use of teachers who wish to give elder scholars (over the age of 14) a connected Socialist interpretation of history. Of course, much of the story-material can be imparted to younger children by way of preparation; but true historical connexion is not within their comprehension. Very much more is indicated in this Table than any teacher could possibly include. Each must select for himself. The important thing to observe, however, is the chronological order in which events occur and institutions arise. No attempt should be made to emphasize year-dates, except in a few cases like 1789, the year of the French Revolution. It will suffice to make clear that such-and-such features belong to Prehistoric times, or the Classical Age, or the Middle Ages, or the Renaissance, or the Age of Discovery (1492 onwards), or the Capitalist Period, which is now (in Europe and America) passing into the first stage of Socialism.

It seems unnecessary to draw up lists of books on evolution, history, etc. Karl Marx and Engels' *Communist Manifesto*, though only a pamphlet, is most valuable for a general view. Very instructive biographies, arranged on the systematic Positivist plan, will be found in Frederic Harrison's *New Calendar of Great Men*. Those who can get access to Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* will secure in his volumes a treasury of facts on the evolution of religion. It should hardly need saying that all faiths, past or present, should be treated with sympathy and respect; but it must also be understood that religious history is only here referred to in so far as it illustrates the industrial, social, and moral life.

The Earliest Ages.

By the earliest ages is meant the period from the birth of humanity to the threshold of the age when Homer composed his poems, and Rome and Athens were founded.

Prehistoric *scenery*, plants, animals. *Early man*; hunting; domestication of animals; tillage; use of fire; use of tools and metals; village communities; women's industry; barter; tribes and tribal law.

Folk-lore and religious legends, illustrating *tribal and village life; e.g.*, old Indian and Japanese stories; Irish legends; Norse sagas; African negro legends; Maori and Polynesian myths; Red Indian stories; stories from the earlier books of the Bible. Legends of Prometheus, Athene, Odin as culture-gods. Primitive magic and sorcery, illustrating man's first efforts to control

his world. Primitive ideas of number, measure, weight, astronomy, time, physics (*i.e.*, primitive *science*); calendar for regulating industry; early forms of money; first ideas of hygiene and sanitation.

Primitive *moral* ideas—obedience to nature and to tribal *law*; courage, prudence, persistence, industry, respect for property; *family life;* co-operation in hunting, agriculture, and war; personal and social value of truthfulness. All these topics may be illustrated from folk-lore, fables, fairy-tales, poetry. Primitive sense of beauty (*i.e.*, *art*).

City-States and Empires.

Here we study the rise of Western and Eastern civilisation till the Fall of Rome and the beginning of the European Middle Ages.

Geography and natural history of the *Mediterranean area*, Asia Minor, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, etc. Glimpses of the Minoan and Mykenœan civilisation which preceded the rise of Athens and Rome. Travels of Herodotus, Alexander, etc. Phœnician sailors and traders. Carthage and Rome as rivals in the Mediterranean area.

City-life and industry in China, India, Persia, Babylonia, Egypt, Judæa, Greece, Rome, leading up to sketches of life and labour and politics in the Roman Republic and Empire. General ideas of civic and economic life will embrace—*the family, city*, republic, colony, empire, tribute, law, tyranny, leagues, treaties, insurrections, revolutions, slavery, franchise, enfranchisement, etc. All these topics can be illustrated by stories from Homer, Virgil, Plutarch, the Bible, history of Egypt and Babylon, Persian poetry (as in the legends of the "Shahnameh") Indian poetry (the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana"), etc.

Castes and industries in India. Slavery and industry in Babylon, Egypt, Judæa, Greece, and Rome. *Social classes* in ancient Rome—patricians, knights, plebeians, and slaves. Slavery and the proletariat in ancient Rome should be specially described. Early trade and craft guilds, clubs, etc. General idea of Greek and Roman money, weights and measures, etc.

Early *science* (mathematics, astronomy, physics) in India, Babylon, Egypt, Greece. Simple notes on Aristotle's "Ethics" and "Politics," and Xenophon's "Economics."

Religious evolution, illustrated from the Old Testament, etc. (days of Joshua to Judas Maccabæus), Hinduism, Buddhism, Greek mythology. Note how economic and civic conceptions are often illustrated in religious narratives, *e.g.*, the gods of Olympus represent aristocracy; and, in the New Testament (especially the first three Gospels), the life of the proletariat is symbolised in the story of Christ's birth, some of the parables,

the Judgment Scene, etc. In the *moral* sphere, we see patriotism in its earlier and purer forms; courage, prudence, perseverance, friendship; family life (especially China, India, Judæa, Rome); vigorous civic and political action, above all in Rome. The idea of human brotherhood arises among the Buddhists, Stoics, Christians; and European slavery begins to diminish in the later days of the Roman Empire.

In this age, *capital* is known in the beneficent form of saved wealth used in producing further wealth, but there is no capitalism in the modern sense of capitalist control of wage-earners.

Change from Slavery to Serfdom and a Wider Personal Freedom.

Our geographical survey of the world and natural history only enlarges in a few directions between the Fall of Rome (5th century) and the discovery of America in 1492. Arabia and the East became better known through the Crusades and the struggle with the Moors in Spain. The travels of Marco Polo included China.

Village-life and *church-life* were characteristic of the Middle Ages (5th century to 13th and 14th centuries). Modern nations began to arise from out of the old Roman area—British, French, German, Spanish, Italian, etc.; and these nations would eventually colonise America and other over-sea regions. Ireland in the west, and Poland in the east of Europe were preparing for a tragic history. Russia was barbaric. Japan, like Europe, was feudal. India continued its ancient village life and agriculture, though disturbed by Mohammedan invasions.

From the *serfs* of the Middle Ages sprang the chartered *burgesses* of the towns, and from these burgesses the future middle class (bourgeoisie) began to emerge. The *social* classes of mediæval Europe were *feudal* lords, vassals, gild-masters, apprentices, serfs. A frequent arrangement of land-property was three-fold—the feudal lord held land which vassals cultivated; serfs held land on condition of agricultural and other service for the lord; and some land was "common." Gradually, the service was commuted by the payment of money-dues, which were rather a tax than a rent. Nobles despised manual industry and commerce. In some cases, monastic orders did good work in agriculture and gardening; and the Catholic Church provided for the poor. Many universities date from the Middle Ages. Peasants' wars (*e.g.*, Wat Tyler's rebellion) marked the increasing freedom of the villagers. Town Councils and Parliaments were now active. The States-General of France were assemblies of the Clergy or First Estate; the nobles, or Second Estate; and the deputies from the Communes, or Third Estate. Meanwhile intercourse and trade with the East increased.

Science, in the modern sense, had not revived since the Greek times, except among the Arabs. *Art* was embodied in cathedrals, missals, gild-halls, mansions, church-music, the poetry of Dante and Chaucer. The Renaissance gave the world marvels of painting and sculpture. Legends of the *saints* provided a rich literature, and these stories (*e.g.*, that of St. Francis of Assisi), as well as the popular tales (Mabinogion, Arthur Legends, Froissart's Chronicles, the "Arabian Nights," etc.) often yield illustrations of social life, industry, etc. The invention of gun-powder, by doing away with the need of knightly training, made war more democratic; and the printing-press prepared the way for progress of thought. The Latin language and the Catholic faith helped to give Western Europe a sense of unity and common ideals. In the East, also, art flourished, and left its witness in many splendid temples.

Manufactures were largely intended for local markets. *Capital* had increased, but capitalism did not yet exist. Wars were conducted for defence, or conquest, or religious motives, but not for markets.

Opening-up of the World and Beginnings of Capitalism.

The geographical view now embraces *America*, the Cape of Good Hope, the Cape route to India, the circumnavigation of the globe, and glimpses of Australia. Russia comes more into touch with Europe. Many new products reach Europe from the newly-found regions.

This period runs from the discovery of America and the break-up of the Catholic Church to the rise of the *Industrial System*, in the middle portion of the 18th century, in England and Scotland.

Politically, the feudal system gives way, in England, to a limited monarchy and a strong Parliament, which represents the aristocracy (House of Lords) and the Communes-men (Commons), *i.e.*, merchants, farmers, master-manufacturers; the proletariat not being represented at all. In France, the monarchy is powerful ("I am the State," said Louis XIV.), and the Three Estates control taxation.

The *wage-system* has arisen, and the modern proletariat begins (in the 18th century) to gather in British towns, where machinery has displaced hand-labour. Capitalists make goods for world-markets. Hence England, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland wage war for commercial purposes, and fight for *colonial* lands. *Negro slavery* was employed in industry. At the Reformation, the Catholic Church lost much of its wealth of land. Great landowners increased their number and influence, and *rent* became an exploitation of tenants. Prices rose. The old gilds declined. The Peasants' War in Germany showed how villagers felt the changes. Money-lending and *interest* (as

distinguished from usury) were active elements in business. The banking system was established, and companies were promoted. The *Poor Law* was a sign that the conscience of the propertied classes recognised the need of palliatives for the poverty of the proletariat. Wages were often, in England, fixed by Justices of the Peace. The *capitalist* and *profit-making* period had now opened, though it did not reach its strength till the 19th century.

Science and *Ideas* expanded remarkably. Witness the names of Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, Bacon, Descartes, Newton, Leibniz. *Art* also expanded. Witness the poetry of Ariosto, Tasso, Shakespeare, Milton; the paintings of Titian, Raphael; the sculptures of Angelo; the imaginative works of Cervantes ("Don Quixote," etc.), Molière, Bunyan, and Defoe.

In religion, the Catholics develop a new energy in the Jesuit movement, and in the foundation of great charities. The Protestants develop Nonconformity and Deism, and modern Rationalism begins. Capitalism spreads chiefly in Protestant countries.

Grammar schools arise in Britain, and charity schools are opened for the poor. Universities extend. The Royal Society is founded. The Press is increasingly active (*e.g.*, in the time of the Civil War in England) in the discussion of religion and politics.

The Reign of Capitalism and the Beginnings of Socialism.

The whole planet and its products—animal, vegetable, and mineral—are now virtually brought into our survey. The North Pole was discovered in the nineteenth century, the South Pole in the twentieth.

In *politics*, this period (from about 1750 or 1760 to the present day) covers the American Revolution; the Revolution in Paris in 1848; the French Revolution; the Paris Commune of 1871; the expansion of the British Empire (self-governing Dominions: municipal government in India); the rise of the German Empire; great increase of republics (South America, France, Portugal, China); widening of municipal government; extension of franchises to the workers, and, in various places, to women; abolition of negro-slavery. The middle classes have been in political and economic power. Church and State now tend to separation, France leading the way. Conscription becomes wide-spread after the Napoleonic wars. Conservatives and Liberals (Radicals) carry on political conflicts, which gradually lose their old earnestness; and these parties more and more coalesce against Social Democracy.

On the economic side, we see—enormous increase of machinery; great extension of markets; rise of joint stock companies, huge monopolies, and trusts. Common lands have been largely

enclosed. Industries are organised on a large scale in mills, factories, mines. Canals, railways, steam-vessels, aeroplanes, etc., provide transport. Postal and telegraph systems cover the civilised world. Rural populations drift into towns. Emigration carries new streams of industrial power to America, Australia, etc., and Hindu coolie labour fertilises wide areas of the tropics. *Capitalism* reaches its height. The Co-operative Movement assists in training the business faculties of some sections of the workers. The discontent of the proletariat is expressed in Chartism, the growth of Trades Unions, the multiplication of strikes, the widening of strike areas by way of check to employers' associations, and in the growth of *Socialism* since about 1860. The work of Robert Owen in the early part of the 19th century should be noticed. The Christian Socialists (Kingsley, Maurice, etc.) contributed their share. Then come Lassalle, Karl Marx, Engels, William Morris.

The *conscience* of the ruling classes, increasingly sensitive, expresses itself in the softening of punishments, prison-reform, greater care of lunatics, sick, defectives, etc., immense growth of the Poor Law and charitable societies (but note also the reaction of the people's mind against workhouses and "charity organisation"); Factory Acts, Employers' Liability Acts, Insurance schemes, old age pensions; and even war, though used by financial and commercial interests, is alleviated by Red Cross Societies, Arbitration Treaties, Hague Tribunal, etc. Primary *education* is generally free, and secondary and University education promises to be free (as it now is in the United States). Municipal hospitals, parks, trams, libraries, gasworks, waterworks, etc., help to counteract the misery produced by capitalist exploitation and the private ownership of land and machinery.

Science attains a vast intellectual and practical dominion. Witness the names of Priestley, Lavoisier, Lamarck, Faraday, Darwin, Lord Kelvin; and scientific industry and skill are associated with such names as Arkwright, Montgolfier, Watt, Stephenson, Edison, Marconi, Santos Dumont, Lister, Ross, etc. Science, as Auguste Comte taught, needs to be completely subordinated to the service of humanity, but it is still too much the servant of capitalism and militarism.

Art is represented by the poetry of Goethe, Schiller, Alfieri, Byron, Longfellow, Tennyson; the music of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner; the paintings of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Morland, Turner, Corot, Millet; the sculpture of Canova, Flaxman; the novels of Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Balzac, Hugo, Anatole France, Tolstoy. The best art (*e.g.*, in Millet's pictures, Dickens's novels, Tolstoy's tales, Ruskin's poetic prose) displays the moral and economic situation of the people; but art is largely rendered futile by the profit-making system and the artists' struggle for existence. Literature for children (Hans

Andersen, etc.) attains a wonderful growth. A long line of educators (Pestalozzi, Rousseau, Froebel, Herbart, etc.) have lifted child-training to a science and art.

Freedom of utterance increases, but is delayed by the influence of capitalism on church, platform, Parliament, and press.

Religious divisions gradually lessen under the pressure of knowledge, international travel and trade, international congresses, international Socialism. And though Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, and Christian traditions and ritual will long retain a hold on affection and imagination, the whole world slowly approaches federation under the banner of the Religion of Humanity.

APPENDIX B.

ABOUT SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Socialist Sunday Schools in Great Britain have arisen in response to a widespread feeling as to the inadequacy of the orthodox Sunday School as a training ground for the children of Socialists, and of the need for some organised and systematic method of presenting the Socialist point of view, and of teaching the ideals and principles of Socialism to the children, youths, and maidens in the country. The details of this teaching cannot be given here, but any interested readers can obtain information of the Socialist Sunday School movement from the National Secretary.

The first Socialist Sunday School was probably that opened in Battersea in 1892, by Mary Gray. The existing National movement, however, traces its origin to a school opened in Glasgow by the late Caroline Martyn and Archie McArthur. From this school the movement has spread throughout the United Kingdom.

There are now about 120 schools, with an average attendance of 7,500 children and 1,500 adults, though these numbers are always increasing.

For the purpose of transacting business these schools are grouped together in eight District Unions, which in their turn, and for carrying on work of a national character, are federated in the National Council of British Socialist Sunday School Unions, formed in 1909. The National Council holds Annual Conferences at Easter.

A monthly magazine, " The Young Socialist," is the organ of the movement. It was first issued in Glasgow in 1901, but now is the property of the National movement. It has a circulation of over 4,000 copies monthly. The Council has published a Hymn Book, a Tune Book, and Birthday Greeting Cards. A Badge has also been issued.

The most recent developments of the school work are the institution of classes for instruction in Art, Needlework (valuable articles on this subject having been written for us by Miss

Margaret McMillan), and the formation of "Young Socialist Citizen Corps."

The methods employed in carrying on this branch of our work are intended to counteract the influence of the "Boy Scout" movement which is so rapidly spreading throughout the country.

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